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THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1871.



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OF

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*The First Twenty Years of American
Spiritualism.*

I.

IT may well be that the philosophic minds in each generation of men are "few and far between," and that the cares, interests, and dangers of the day are sufficient to occupy the thoughts of most of us, leaving no time for speculation even as to the nearly immediate future. If this be so in general, it is probably more true of the men of our own than of other times, on account of the multiplicity and endless variety of modern life, of which the daily newspaper, with its telegrams from all parts of the world, its advertisements, promising us a easy and cheap supply of every conceivable need, its flashy superficial articles, in which some smart young scribbler with a cigar in his mouth settles the policy of Empires, its reviews of books on all imaginable subjects which the reviewer knows nothing about, its "own correspondents" writing about what they do not understand, describing what they have not seen, and sending as valuable private information the gossip of *laquais de place* and the surmises of flunkies—may be taken as the normal and visible type and expression. There are so many things moving and buzzing so fast all around us, that it requires a strong effort, stronger than most of the poor children of Adam nowadays are equal to, to think seriously about anything—and if time hangs heavy on them at some rare intervals which may break the universal round of frivolous excitement, is there not a whole library of the lightest possible literature ready to their hands to beguile their languid leisure, without calling on them even for the very slightest amount of mental effort—which would indeed be thrown away upon such productions? But if we have any thoughtful minds among us which occupy themselves about the future, it may well be supposed that their speculations must have been long ago turned to the future of America, especially, of course, of North America, the one country in the world in which the physical advantages

which are divided among the rest seem to be assembled in larger proportions and more boundless magnificence than elsewhere, and where large streams of emigration from the older nations of Europe, streams which would have been enough ere this to have founded half a dozen kingdoms under ordinary circumstances, seem to lose themselves in swelling the mightiest political unity which history has yet seen. The power, the population, the resources, the political system, and the activity of America, when we consider how short the time is since the Union came into existence, and how much room for its expansion yet remains, form a phenomenon such as the civilized world has not yet witnessed, and it cannot but be that the ardent lover of human progress and social advancement, in the true sense of those much abused terms, must feel that sort of enthusiasm with regard to the prospects of civilization in America which more than a quarter of a century ago moved the philosophical spirit of De Tocqueville in contemplating the Union under its simply political aspect.

We have lately alluded to the many social and political elements in European society under its present conditions which may seem to direct our eyes, almost in despair of any Christian revival at home, to the as yet partially unformed world of America, as at least admitting of the possibility of better things than many are inclined to hope for on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. What meets our eye is not altogether encouraging, though America is at least free from many of the bad traditions which haunt the social and political atmosphere of Europe. How is it as to religion? If we turn to the more strictly religious prospects of America, and endeavour to give ourselves some account of the elements out of whose combination and development the religion of the great nation of the West—if as a nation, it is ever to have a religion—must be formed, we are met by two remarkable phenomena, among a crowd of other noticeable facts on which we shall have no time to linger at present. Strange indeed is the confusion of creeds in the American Union, stranger still are the wild excesses of delusion which seem natural and ordinary in that land, where everything is exaggerated beyond the sober proportions and tamer outlines with which the Old World is familiar; but amid all this wilderness of rank spiritual vegetation there are two very dissimilar landmarks which force themselves on the attention. The one is the majestic form of the ancient

Catholic Church, rising silently and tranquilly yet with a growth of singular rapidity and wonderful vigour, adding day by day shrine to shrine, congregation to congregation, bishopric to bishopric, at one with itself, at one with the Churches of the Old World under the obedience of the Vicar of Christ, at one with all history, the same to-day as in the days of the Apostles and of the Martyrs. The other is not a form, for shape and consistency it has none—

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum,

—the mass, huge and monstrous indeed, which goes by the pilfered name of Spiritualism, whose growth has been even more rapid than that of American Catholicism itself, and which numbers as its children some eleven millions of Americans, most of whom, though not all, have probably become its converts from some form or other, however nominal, of Christianity. The eleven millions we consider to be an exaggerated estimate, formed by counting every one who has at all dabbled in Spiritualism as a disciple; but still Spiritualism is a portentous growth. It is but little more than twenty years old, it is if not exclusively, at least preeminently, American in origin and development, it differs from all other forms of error in resting for support almost exclusively on what are deemed to be preternatural manifestations, and what in a Christian view can be considered only as the result of the letting loose upon mankind of inventions of the powers of Evil new, if not in substance, at least in the degree to which they are there permitted, and it claims—as far as it puts forward any claim at all beyond the actual phenomena which it has developed,—to be nothing less than a new religion which is to supersede all others and finally perfect mankind.

II.

It is in many respects a gain to the cause of truth and religion that American Spiritualism has found an historian whose devotion to its cause cannot be questioned, and whose honesty, industry, and accuracy in collecting and setting forth her materials are above all suspicion. We are accustomed in this country—we may almost say, in this hemisphere—to hear of Spiritualism chiefly in its isolated manifestations, or, at the best, when some very remarkable phenomena or some very decided scandals draw the attention of the public to the general question through its connection with some one prominent person.

Such was the case a year or two ago, when a jury of Englishmen had to decide on the claims of Mr. Home to a large sum of money, which had been bestowed upon him by a lady whom he had persuaded to receive through him communications which professed to come from her deceased husband. Now and then a sensational article in a newspaper or magazine revives the old question as to the reality of the phenomena on which the spiritualistic cause rests and flourishes; but we are seldom led to consider the system, or movement, or whatever else it ought to be called, as a whole. It may be said, indeed, that it is better left in obscurity, especially at moments, when, for the time, the excitement concerning the matter seems to be dying away. Unfortunately, however, the "movement" is almost always going on, though it does not court publicity, and its direct results, the bewilderment and degradation of souls, and the ruin of the faith of not a few Christians, and, we fear, of the moral sense of many more, do not abate in their influence because newspapers are silent about it.

A certain amount of good may be done by considering the subject in its history and development, and for the facts of the case we can scarcely wish for any better guide in our investigations than the late work of Miss Emma Hardinge. It is a work which on many accounts we cannot recommend to the general reader—and we have some comfort in the reflection that any reader of these pages who may be tempted to attack it simply by the fact that he is recommended not to do so, will find it, like ourselves, very heavy and tedious; partly, no doubt, on account of the author's style, which is but moderately attractive, partly on account of the lumbering and pretentious language in which it seems natural for spiritualistic writers to veil their conceptions, partly, again, from the great sameness which pervades the multitudinous manifestations which are recorded, and, once more, from the alternating monstrosity and childishness which characterize these manifestations. Still, we may take Miss Hardinge's book as a true record in the main; true, we mean, in its statements as to the rise and progress of Spiritualism, the darker side and the apparent failures of which she is too honest to conceal; true also, we may add, as to details, even with regard to the alleged facts for which a preternatural origin is claimed, with that general truth which belongs to what is witnessed to by a multitude of human witnesses, some of whom may be deceived as to particulars, and some of whom may be deceivers and

impostors, without affecting the general result of the testimony of the whole, as to which we do not intend to raise any question here. "Spiritualists" like Miss Emma Hardinge admit that there have been instances of detected and acknowledged imposture in the course of the movement, and it is but reasonable to suppose that there has been a great deal more imposture which has not been detected. But we have no intention to argue now that these admitted or suspected instances of trickery are enough to invalidate the general testimony on which rests the reality of the phenomena which have produced so mighty an effect on the minds of so many millions, including many persons of much distinction, and many whose first idea of Spiritualism was that it was imposture from beginning to end.

Miss Hardinge's book (*Modern American Spiritualism, a Twenty Years Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits*. New York, 1870. Second Edition.) is a large bulky octavo, closely printed, of more than five hundred pages, many of which, containing documents, are occupied by very small and compact type. It contains forty-nine chapters, the last of which chronicles the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of what are called the "Rochester knockings," on the 31st of March, 1868. These "knockings," then, are considered as the first dawn of the Spiritualistic movement, and certainly it is a fact of momentous significance that that movement should have grown to such great proportions between 1848 and 1868. But the record of its progress is unlike that of any other similar phenomenon in history. It has a beginning indeed, or at least, a sort of beginning, but there is little connection between that beginning and the subsequent movement. A river rises on the breast of some great mountain, and grows to be a rill, a brook, a stream, and at last, by continual onflow and the accession of kindred rivulets, it may become

The bulwark of some mighty realm,
Bear navies to and fro
With monarchs at their helm :

—you can trace its course and ascertain its continuity. It is not so with Spiritualism. A cloud rises out of the sea into a sky of unsullied blue, where a moment before there had not been the slightest streak of white to fleck the heavens from the horizon to the zenith, and by and by the whole expanse above us is covered with rainclouds, which have come we know not whence,

and of which that little fleece may have been the harbinger, but to which it certainly has not given birth. This is the history of the strange phenomena before us—the history of an overclouding sky, not of the onward march of a river from its fountainhead to its mouth. These phenomena present themselves, if not altogether simultaneously at different points in the American Union, at all events, in a great number of cases, independently and unconnectedly; and this comparative independence has been preserved throughout in the main to such a degree as to make it difficult to give to their history any connection. They have their first start, and appear at first to belong to certain places and persons, and then they rush in upon us from every side, and in helter skelter confusion. There is a certain connection, to begin with, between the “manifestations” and the earliest “mediums,” but after a time manifestations and mediums are developed everywhere and anywhere. Moreover, it is confessed by Miss Hardinge, that from the very beginning, Spiritualism has resisted every attempt at organization. It has been a very capricious power, failing its best adepts at critical times, notably when there has been some public challenge and arranged examination of its claims, and it has certainly not succeeded in uniting its votaries, except in the negation of certain divine truths.

All this has made the historian's task somewhat difficult. Miss Hardinge has been obliged to adopt a geographical distribution for her chapters. After giving some space to an account of the beginning of the manifestations at Rochester, and the early history of the first “mediums,” she devotes three or four chapters to the rise of Spiritualism in Auburn, and then in New York itself; in which places the first impulse seems certainly to have been given by the presence of the heroines of the “Rochester knockings.” The next ten chapters give Miss Hardinge's account of Spiritualism in New York and the Eastern States; six more contain the history of the movement in New England. We have then a few chapters on some of the darker shades of Spiritualism, the “Mountain Cove” and “New Motor Power” phenomena, and the impostures and the recantations which have stained the history. A chapter on Pennsylvania follows, then ten or eleven on the Western States, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri (chiefly St. Louis), and the authoress then takes us into the South, the Territories, California, Canada, and South America. A few

more chapters conclude the volume. Everywhere, as a general rule, the phenomena are more or less the same, and to this, as well as to the want of coherence and method in the development of the movement, must, as we have said, be attributed a good deal of the tediousness of the volume. The general honesty of the writer, as we have hinted, cannot be doubted, though we shall have to point to instances in which she is, we conceive, unfair and illogical. Moreover, the reader who seeks in her pages for anything that might be called the philosophy or theory of Spiritualism, will be disappointed. It is a shallow as well as a patchy book; and we must confess that it gives us the impression that there are blacker and fouler things which fairly belong to the history of Spiritualism which the author might have told us if she had dared.

III.

It is obvious that so shapeless a mass of materials does not admit of being described succinctly by its salient points and vital elements, and that so unconnected a story cannot be abridged. We must content ourselves with casual selections, which may show the character of the phenomena. In the first place, the remark will occur to any one familiar with the literature of ancient or mediæval *diablerie*, that the thing itself which goes by the name of Spiritualism is nothing new. What is new, is the abundance and continuance of the manifestations, which appear to have been let loose in America from the restraining bonds which have held them in check in the old world and in earlier times; new also is the readiness of a large number of persons calling themselves Christians to look upon them as the evidences of a fresh and saving revelation, rather than as the struggles of Satan and his emissaries to perplex, harass, and delude mankind. The first "knockings" which disturbed the Fox family at Rochester after the disappearance of the mysterious pedlar in 1848, are very much like the old story of the "rapping spirit" at Tedworth in the reign of Charles the Second, a full account of which has been given by Görres.* In general the same may be said of the other manifestations. We may fairly doubt whether any of them have not been anticipated in earlier times. Any one glancing even slightly at the evidence accumulated in vast quantities in regard to the exorcisms of possessed or obsessed persons, will be struck by

* *Mystik*. We may quote the French Translation by M. C. de Ste. Foi, t. iii., l. v., ch. 21.

the similarity of the facts mentioned in these trials or causes to the facts of the Spiritualist movement. This holds true of the sounds of knocking, rapping, throwing down heavy weights, and the rush, as if of a multitude of bodies, whereas nothing is seen; of the sudden attacks made (in obsession) upon certain persons, who are lifted, thrown, or held by some unseen power, and whose limbs are sometimes suddenly and violently contorted; of the oaths, blasphemies, and vile language used by the persons under such influences, who are either not conscious of so speaking, or who do so under force and against efforts of their own.

The apparently most marvellous results of Spiritualism, such as the knowledge of things at a distance, the display of other knowledge which the "medium" had previously no means of acquiring, such as of foreign or ancient languages, the production of beautiful sounds, the bringing of birds or flowers to places where they could not have been expected naturally, and a number of other manifestations of the same character, remind us of a whole class of similar facts connected with obsession and possession, or with those unlawful dealings with the unseen world which are so often denounced in Scripture, and which are forbidden by the Church. It is clear on the face of the history of Spiritualism, when we read it in the light of Scripture and Church history, that it is the human side of this double movement which has the clearest marks of novelty about it, and that if in the manifestations themselves there appears to be anything unprecedented, we are still not justified in concluding that what is thus novel is the consequence of any change that has been permitted in the relations between the seen and the unseen world, while the more natural and obvious explanation remains that the frivolous laxity and childishness of our time makes men more ready than of old to play irreverently with phenomena of this kind, and that the level of belief and right feeling among many who call themselves Christians, has sunk low enough to make them accept without repugnance an influence which has so direct a tendency to undermine, not only the positive doctrines of Christianity, but also much of the moral foundation on which all pure and severe virtue must rest. We have no grounds for supposing that the whole development of Spiritualism, as it has manifested itself in the last twenty years in America, is unprecedented—except in its adaptation to the notions and tastes of the Americans of the nineteenth century—or that it is in principle

different from what has existed—unchronicled in the main—in ancient times among the heathen, or what exists at the present day, in unchristianized countries where the powers of Evil have never been cast out by the presence of the living Church of God. If we add to the novelty of the welcome reception of spiritualism the other novelty of its publicity, and of its immense and rapid diffusion in consequence, we have probably nearly reached the limits of what is really new in the whole movement.

As we may well believe that the presence of the Church in her full growth curbs and subdues the powers of Evil in any part of the world, so it is also natural to suppose that the conditions of the regenerate life begun in holy Baptism, and the other privileges of a Christian soul, especially the possession of the gift of faith, calm down and keep under many instincts of our fallen nature which are fostered by an unchristian atmosphere, and especially the craving after unlawful communications with the unseen world, and the disposition to yield to the fascination of such communications if they should present themselves. Such, at all events, is the effect produced on the mind by a perusal of the history of the earliest mediums, the daughters of a Mr. Fox at Rochester. The knockings and other noises which were first heard are exactly what are related in many other instances of "haunted houses," especially after murder has been committed; though it is fair to say that in the case in question there was no satisfactory evidence to prove the fact of the supposed murder when investigation was at last made by digging at the spot indicated. The children got so familiar with the knocks as to have no fear of them, and after a time the youngest discovered that "it" (the spirit) "could see as well as hear," by snapping her fingers and making other motions in the air without noise, calling out, "*Here, Mr. Splitfoot, do as I do.*" A more significant and characteristic invocation could hardly be imagined. It was some time after this that they hit on the plan of making the "rappers" answer questions by the alphabet, and began to hold communications with spirits of all sorts.

Sentences [says Miss Hardinge] were spelled out by which were learned the astounding facts that not only Charles Rosna, the supposed murdered pedlar, but hosts of spirits, good and bad, high and low, could, under certain conditions not understood, and impossible for mortals yet to comprehend, communicate with earth; that such communication was produced through the force of spiritual and human magnetism in chemical affinity; that the varieties of magnetism in different individuals afforded "medium power" to some, and denied it

to others . . . that the spirits chiefly concerned in the inauguration of this telegraphy were philosophic and scientific minds, many of whom had made the study of electricity and other imponderables a speciality in their earth life, and prominent among them the name of Benjamin Franklin was frequently given. . . . Numerous spirit friends of the family, and those who joined in their investigations, gladdened the hearts of their astonished relatives by direct and unlooked for tests of their presence. They came spelling out their names, ages, and various tokens of identity correctly, and proclaiming the joyful tidings that they all "still lived," "still loved," and with the tenderness of human affection, and the wisdom of a higher sphere of existence, watched over and guarded the beloved ones who had mourned them as dead, with all the gracious ministry of Guardian Angels. The spirits recommended the assembling of the friends of the family together in harmonious meetings, which have since obtained the name of "spirit circles," and at these the practice of animal magnetism to some of the parties present was suggested, as a means of evoking the phenomenon of clairvoyance (p. 39).

All this, however, did not at first go down with the Fox family. The movement began in trouble and perplexity. "Fanatical religionists of different sorts had forced themselves into the family gatherings, and the wildest scenes of rant, cant, and absurdity often ensued. Opinions of the most astounding nature were hazarded concerning the object of this movement, some determining that it was a "millennium," and looking for the speedy reign of a personal Messiah and the equally speedy destruction of the wicked. Boisterous sounds accompanied the fervent prayers of the ranters, and wild confusion, in which invisible actors played their weird parts, added to the distraction of the already tortured mediums." This is the account of the historian herself. There could be no mistake, then, about the character of the manifestations—at least, there would have been no mistake to a sound Christian mind; but though the Fox family "constantly prayed that this great bitterness might pass from them," though "they did not wish to be mediums, and abhorred the notoriety, scandal, and persecution which this fatal gift had brought upon them, and when warned that the spirits would leave them, they protested their delight at the announcement, and expressed their earnest desire that it might be fulfilled"—still their reluctance seems to have been on account of the trouble which their connection with the "spirits" brought them into at a time when the public mind was not yet familiarized with the movement, and so was instinctively given to question and even oppose it, rather than on account of religious

principle and sober reverent Christian feeling. And so it came about that when their wish was granted, they almost at once began to be sorry that it had been expressed. The condition insisted on by the "spirits," was that the girls should challenge a public investigation into the truth of the manifestations.

The spirits announced that in twenty minutes they would depart, and exactly as that time expired they spelled out, "We will now bid you all farewell," when the raps entirely ceased. The family expressed themselves "glad to be rid of them." The friends present vainly tried to obtain by solicitations, made, as it would seem, to empty air, some demonstration that this beneficent and wonderful visitation had not indeed wholly ceased. All was useless. A mournful silence filled the apartment which had but a few minutes before been tenanted with angels, sounding out their dear messages of undying affection, tender counsel, wise instruction, and prescient warning.

Then came the reaction. When the Fox family were asked whether the spirits had returned,

On the first few days a stoical negative was their only reply: after this, they began more and more fully to recognize the loss they had sustained. The wise counsellors were gone; the sources of strange strength and superhuman consolation were cut off; the tender, loving, wonderful presence no more flitted around their steps, cheered their senses, encouraged them in their human weakness, or guided them in their blindness. And these most wonderful and providential beings their own waywardness had driven from them. At last, then, they met their inquiring friends with showers of tears, choking sobs, and expressions of the bitterest self-reproach and regret. On the twelfth day of this great heart dearth Mr. Edward Capron . . . on receiving the usual sorrowful reply "that the spirits had left them," said, "Perhaps they will rap for us if not for you." They then entered the hall, and put the usual questions, if the spirits would rap for them, in answer to which, and to the unspeakable joy and delight of all present, they were greeted with a perfect shower of the much lamented sounds. Mrs. Fish (an elder sister), now Mrs. Underhill, often declares to this day, that if suddenly, fortune, friends, and all they had ever loved, had been snatched from them, and as suddenly returned in an hour of despair and agony, their emotions could scarcely have equalled the ecstasy with which they once more greeted those precious returning proofs that their spirit friends had not deserted them. In fact, in the enthusiasm of that returning morning of long quenched spiritual light, they knelt down and kissed the ground made sacred by the electric tones of the heavenly telegraph. And now once more the spirits urged them to make the manifestations public (p. 42).

There is certainly something very significant about this early history of the movement. The "spirits" would doubtless have tried other "mediums" to obtain that publicity which they

craved for the propagation of the delusion, if the Fox family had remained firm : but we may take the history as embodying the truth that willingness on the part of men to lend themselves to such a movement is a condition of its being let loose on the earth. The American public in general was well represented by these young ladies, and a right standard of faith and religious feeling would have kept the tide back. Of course the Fox family made no further resistance, and the public inquiry followed in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, where the rappings were heard, and the appointed Committee could find no natural cause for their existence.

The results of the inquiry were credibly attested by a number of the chief professional men in Rochester, and a curious letter from a minister, Mr. Hammond, relates that on his spending an evening with Mrs. Fox and her daughters, the room was soon filled with noises ; knocks, raps, the sounds of sawing boards, spinning and ruling flax, &c. The tables, chairs, and sofas swung and vibrated, and substances moved rapidly before him, so as to produce strong currents of air. A transparent, shadowlike hand touched his face and hair, while words which he had secretly written and folded up in his pocket before he left his own house, were spelt out by the disjointed alphabets which, according to the common custom at these meetings, were laid on the table. In consequence of attesting that the "Rochester knockers" were not impostors, Mr. Hammond forfeited his name, position, and preferment as a minister in that city.

IV.

The Spiritualist movement now began to spread through the State of New York, and thence to Boston. At Auburn meetings were organized by Katie Fox, in which music was heard, and spirit hands were seen, felt, and clasped, as they melted into the air. Crowds of people soon developed as "mediums," and obtained the faculty of healing diseases and discerning future events by clairvoyance in mesmeric trances. Children and many grown persons are said to have spoken several languages. These marvels, all partaking of an agreeable and somewhat elevated character, began to create a great excitement and interest, while the more fanatically disposed were inclined to believe that the prophetic age, foreshowing the approach of the millennium, as Christ's reign on earth, was dawning upon the world.

The beginnings of such a movement as that of which we are speaking are more interesting in an inquiry as to its origin than its subsequent developments, and we cannot attempt to follow Miss Hardinge through her large and crowded assortment of facts. Very early what we may consider the more serious features of the movement began to unfold, and the spirit seekers found that they had been playing with edge tools. At the sittings or circles spirits of manifestly evil origin began to "obsess" the mediums, to frequent the sittings when not evoked, and when exorcised and implored, they would not cease from frightening, and even injuring, those who had evoked other spirits of the departed. It seemed, too, that audacity grew with the danger, and mediums, either in a state of clairvoyance or not, began to summon Prophets and Apostles to the circles, to play with the most sacred names. Far worse things, however, were to follow as the movement went on. In New York a minister of some note, named Britain, was thrown into a trance for twelve days, and on his revival gave himself up entirely to the study of magnetism, clairvoyance, and the "philosophy of spiritualism." At a subsequent noted circle in New York, in 1850, Fenimore Cooper, Willis, Bancroft, Bigelow, Bryant, and other men well known in literary and scientific society, were present, having been formally invited to discuss and examine the subject. The result of this and other serious and searching inquiries was a settled concurrent opinion that the phenomena witnessed, besides being divested of all approach to imposture, were not the physical consequences of clairvoyant or mesmeric conditions, but were direct communications with the unseen world.

In 1851, Judge Edmonds and Mr. Partridge, a well known New York merchant, opened "circles" at their own houses, where a noted medium, Mr. Fowler, developed many new phenomena. Spiritist writings on scientific subjects, and in various languages, some of them Oriental, were then first seen, and the feat of floating in the air, so often since repeated by Mr. Home, was first witnessed. The variety and interest of these phenomena determined the circle to summon a conference to organize the spirit evidence so as to confront the materialism and disbelief in a future state so rampant in America. The conference was held at Mr. Partridge's house, and in the nineteenth century of Christianity and of revealed truth to the Church, we read with sorrowful amazement these first paragraphs of the circular afterwards issued—

1. That the Divine Author of the universe is a conscious spiritual being.
2. That He has revealed somewhat of the spiritual world in ages long since past, and especially that the Jewish people were a medium of such revelation.
3. That in our own day and through our own American people, manifestations are being made from the spiritual into the natural world, whereby the immortality and unbroken continuity of the personal existence of all men is being daily demonstrated.

At this conference the power of exactly imitating the handwriting of the departed persons was first shown, and odylic, or spirit lights, were first noticed round the table at which the circle sat.

The spread of Spiritualism naturally created a corresponding enmity and repulsion among the sober American congregationalists, and Mr. Partridge, Judge Edmonds, Mr. Fowler, and the Fox girls were assailed by every kind of attack and abuse. But curiosity, irreverence, and the immense fascination of unlawful communication with the unseen world prevailed, in the absence of sound faith and sacramental grace. In 1853 we find the practice of calling up the departed by name fully established, and an ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Tallmadge, records his evidence of a sitting at Washington, in which Mr. Calhoun was cited to the circle. The first communication was certainly in character with the fiery Carolinian, whom Miss Martineau well describes as "the cast iron man who looks as if he had never been born, and could never die," for it was stormy and tumultuous enough; but at a subsequent circle, bells and a guitar played soft music. In the end, however, the bells rang so violently as to lift up the table and the candlesticks on it, while a strong hand grasped Governor Tallmadge by the knee and ankle. These words were then telegraphed or rapped out: "It was my hand that touched you and the guitar.—CALHOUN."

Between 1853 and 1855 Mr. Willis computes the Spiritists in New York at forty thousand, the magnetic circles commonly held at three hundred, and the medical mediums and clairvoyants at more than four hundred. Besides these, the semi-mediums, or persons partially capable of conferring with spirits, amounted to several thousands. Some of them, as a daughter of Judge Edmonds, and Mr. Fowler, when acting under influence,* spoke and wrote fluently Greek, Latin, Italian,

* This must be understood as signifying the state of trance, magnetic sleep, or mesmeric *rapport*.

Portuguese, Polish, Hindostanee, Chinese, Hebrew, and Sanskrit. The Oriental writings were tested and verified by Professor Bush of New York.

Another development was the colouring of water, tightly corked in phials, and left standing on a detached table in sight of all; the appearance of magnetic drawings and paintings; while in Buffalo, Miss Brooks became celebrated as a musical medium. When the piano was turned with its keys to the wall, she had only to be "put under influence," resting lightly upon the instrument, when the most beautiful pieces of music were played by an invisible hand. These spirit hands, however, were not now always invisible. In 1853, in a sitting when Daniel Home was present, the circle was breaking up, when the spirits present begged the members to remain, and seat themselves round the table again. They were then asked how many hands were on the table? and as there were six persons still remaining, they answered, "Twelve." The instant reply was, "There are thirteen;" when at a vacant space on the table a *thirteenth* shadowy hand and arm were plainly visible. It had the appearance of silver, and was half luminous. The hand moved backwards and forwards, took up a bell and rang it, and was finally seized by the writer of the description, when it melted in his grasp.

At Cleveland, dancing mediums are first heard of, who were forced to dance for some time whether they liked it or not, and could neither stand still nor throw themselves down, while under the magnetic influence. Mr. Hammond records of this uncomfortable feature, that he thinks it might be a kind of preparation for mediumship. At Washington, a daughter of Mrs. Laurie was put under spirit influence, and made to drop a gold ring on a piano, and then to raise her hand, when the ring slowly followed it, floated over her head, and hung in the air. The ring was raised and lowered slowly several times, to show that no magnetic influence was possible, and was then struck against the wall, when it rang like a bell. This took place in broad daylight, in the presence of several persons.

But we find ourselves bewildered in attempting to give an account in a few paragraphs of these multitudinous phenomena, though we would not willingly omit enough, at least, to give our readers a fair idea of the facts of Spiritualism. The circle of "phenomena" seemed almost bound to range between what was horrible and repulsive and what was enticing and

agreeable to the senses. In Boston thirteen spiritualists were presented with a pretty white dove, which suddenly appeared in the hands of one of the party; and the same appearance of a white doves, perfectly tame, was found in a room hermetically sealed for the purpose of test. Mediums now began to find that they could stand the action of fire without harm; and others were marked with signs, writings, and drawings on the arm, standing out in deep red lines. Some of these drawings are represented as being beautifully executed, and as delicate as the finest etchings. Still, many of the results are simple puerile. It is difficult to imagine a constant succession of "circles" of grown men and women meeting night after night to see tables slide from their hands, to spell out unimportant sentences with the help of a child's ivory alphabet and raps, and to hear the creaking and whirling of invisible masts and wheels. Meanwhile, there was another side of the matter, and a darker side—the persistent march of irreverence, the scoffing undermining of revelation, and the alternate depreciation or assumption of divine power. Throughout it takes the character of a game; luring hither and thither with grotesque, frolicsome, or impish antics, alternating with uproarious audacity and fun; but always drawing the play-fellow victims engaged in it further and further towards the pit. The lights from this pit soon began to flash more vividly forth. In a discourse or lecture given by Mr. Harris we find these words—

Christianity needs not the sanction of authority. It sits in the sun, and says to all men: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." It may be objected that we are to try the spirits, and believe only those that teach that Christ was to come in the flesh. This passage of St. John has no certainty as a test. I believed it in my early experience as a medium, and acted on it. However valued it may have been in the period for which it was written, it is useless now.

The tide set in with an irresistible impetus, but always with the same double aspect of depreciating authority and arrogating it, and thus by both means undermining whatever faith remained. And with regard to the old Scriptures, there was scarcely a "circle" that did not advert to their history, probability, or the evidence of their divine origin, in the profanest manner. One spiritist proposed that Balaam should be called upon to appear and to lend his ass; another says that "Moses' account of his personal communications with God, to say the least, savoured of audacity;" a third sneers at the notion of "a

Deity Who could order bears to devour forty-two innocent children for calling a prophet 'Baldhead;'" another sets aside the authority of St. Paul's writings.

It was in Boston that the first spirit experiment is noted of turning water into wine. The owner of the "spirit-room," who opened free circles to the public, describes the event, and states that a phial of pure water was changed into sweet wine, of a dark red colour. The inference drawn from this fact by those who had now embarked upon the sea of misbelief can easily be imagined, and the Scriptural miracles generally came to be spoken of as the simple operations of nature, scientifically handled. At a revival in Pennsylvania, "as a minister of Brookfield, named Crapsey, was holding forth, when he quoted the words of our Lord on the Cross, *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!* five pillars of smoke and luminous vapour rose up in the midst of the crowded meeting, when men, women, and children began to prophesy, and speak various languages." This happened more than once, "when angelic forms and appearances of many people long dead were seen floating in the air." This was regarded as "a special Pentecostal outpouring, predicting the speedy approach of the Millennium."

In the far West, Spiritualism manifested itself very much according to the vast proportions and the enthusiastic temperament of the country and population. In a "spirit-room" in Ohio, fitted up with all manner of strange appliances, drums and trumpets were played, and spirit figures and filmy hands were seen moving here and there, carrying the instruments or playing upon them. After this, luminous hands were suddenly placed in those of different members of the circle, when they immediately melted in their grasp. Hundreds of credible witnesses attested having seen and felt this phenomenon, and were certain of the presence of crowds of their own departed friends, of whose existence no one else present was aware. Some spirits of this circle called themselves "the primal order of man, and spoke of the race known in the Bible by the generic title of 'Adam' as mortals of a comparatively modern date." They represented their leaders as "most ancient angels," . . . "rulers of different spiritual tribes"—and spoke of "bands of dark undeveloped spirits" . . . "enabled, through the strong corporeity of their spiritual bodies," to exhibit the strangest and most portentous feats of strength. Mr. Koons, the builder and owner of the spirit-room, relates in his account of himself, that

finding no comfort "in the mystical doctrines of orthodoxy," and not being able to believe in "eternal punishment, election, infant damnation, &c., as irreconcilable with the idea of a merciful Father," he at length became a confirmed sceptic; but after living for some time in that state, he was directed by "influence" to build a spirit room, and provide certain described instruments and appliances. Having minutely fulfilled these orders, and then closed, locked, and sealed the room for a specified time, on returning to it, he found on the table a number of written papers, which entered into a long explanation of the spiritist mode of action, and then propounded the now commonly known theory of belief. This laid down that the spiritual life of man consisted in "ceaseless progression," by which "every living soul becomes a participant in the divine glory." A chart of the grades and formation of heaven was drawn by one of Koon's family under clairvoyance, in which the centre is described as "the ancient pit or hell, the place of second death, the lowest and darkest sphere of probation, but by no means a final state. Indeed, the whole spiritual theory of a future life emphatically denies any finality, but asserts an eternal and ever ascending scale of progress, whose conditions are wholly dependent on the moral refinement and elevation of the pilgrim souls that tread them." The region called "the 'Star of Light and Beauty' signifies the unpenetrable, the inconceivable, the source, fountain, and centre of all light, heat, life, force, gravitation, and attraction, . . . in a word, the profound mystery . . . summed up in the grand, solvent name of God." Altogether, the chapter about Mr. Koon's revelations is a very extraordinary part of the book.

v.

In 1853, Professor Hare, known in his own country as the American Faraday, entered a very strong protest against "the trickery and delusions of spiritism," which he ingeniously attempted to prove were achieved by machinery previously prepared, and hidden behind the walls. But during the next year Dr. Hare was entirely shaken from his ground, and after many laborious and persistent experiments, he came forward at a New York conference to relate his own spirit experience, and to declare that if the evidence upon which spirit power rested was to be set aside, all scientific testimony must be also discarded. In 1854 a memorial signed by fifteen thousand persons was

presented to Congress, praying for a commission to investigate "modern spiritualism." This curious petition presents four subjects for consideration: (1.) The occult force exhibited in raising, arresting, holding, and disturbing ponderable bodies. (2.) The appearance of lights where neither chemical nor phosphorescent action was present. (3.) Unexplained sounds of rapping, knocking, creaking, and grinding, accompanied by concussions and oscillation, or vibratory trembling of strong and fixed structures; as well as by music or melodious intonations. (4.) The suspension of the normal state of the bodily and mental condition of persons acted upon by occult agency, which suspension was sometimes followed by permanent derangement, and sometimes by the removal of all disease. Two opposing solutions of these phenomena being held by responsible, instructed, and influential persons—one, that they are produced by the agency of departed spirits; the other, by mechanical and scientific natural forces—an inquiry was respectfully prayed, that the public mind might be set at rest. The petition, not unnaturally, was received in Congress much as if it were an excellent joke; one member proposing to refer it to a committee of three thousand clergymen, and another to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and it was finally ordered to "lie on the table."

In 1855, Miss Hardinge, an actress, left England for America, where she soon afterwards attended at a circle in New York, where, as she herself reports, her attention was drawn to the irreverent way in which the unknown speakers treated the Bible, and ridiculed its records as myths and absurdities. In her own words: "Let any of my readers recall their early opinions concerning ghosts, death, resurrection, heaven, hell, spirits, and angels, and even then they will form but a faint conception of a rather piously inclined young English girl's horror when informed that souls in bliss descended from their bright abodes to make tables dance, and that angels left the throne of God to say their alphabets to earth, and tell its inhabitants the price of stocks and the best time to buy and sell." The English girl's instinct, that traditional faith and reverence which we so often find among those not of the Church, was, however, insufficient to stem the tide. Emma Hardinge was soon swept away by the now fast swelling tide of excitement. She was taken to the house of the most eminent New York medium, Mrs. Kellogg, with whom she was put in mesmeric communication by rapid

rubbing with the hands. Mrs. Kellogg complained that the communication was interrupted by Emma Hardinge's wearing a silk gown, but at length she fell into a clairvoyant sleep, and on coming out of it, found that her mesmeric powers were thoroughly developed. That same day the *Pacific* steam-ship was due from England, and Emma Hardinge went to the wharf expecting to receive a parcel from England, but found that the steamer had not come in. At night, when she was going to bed, a strange, misty, cold sensation swept over her, she seemed to be floating in water, and a sense of the presence of some preternatural being could not be shaken off. Miss Hardinge's mother suggested trying the alphabet; and immediately and involuntarily her fingers spelt out, "Philip Smith, ship *Pacific*." An ice cold hand was laid on her arm, and something visibly pulled her hair—"my own convulsed hand was moved tremblingly but very rapidly to spell out, 'My dear Emma, I have come to tell you I am dead. The ship *Pacific* is lost, and all on board have perished.'" Philip Smith was the storekeeper of the ship, and a friend of Miss Hardinge and her mother. It is certain that neither the *Pacific* nor Philip Smith were ever heard of again.

In the year 1857, many well disposed denominational ministers were preaching vigorously against the "demoniac movement" of Spiritualism, and a New York minister named Harvey proposed to give a series of lectures at the Stuyvesant Institute, in defence of the divine authenticity of the Bible, which Spiritualism always impugned. As Mr. Harvey was beginning his first lecture, he was suddenly struck down as by a heavy blow, and after many attempts to revive him, a physician present pronounced that life was extinct. A spiritist, who was also present, then went to the spot. On his making some mesmeric passes over the apparently lifeless body, Mr. Harvey sat up, and declared that he was quite well, and that it was the devil who had struck him down. Order being restored, Mr. Harvey resumed his lecture, but was again stopped. A great struggle for mastery seemed to take place between himself and some unseen power; and at length Mr. Harvey ordered the door-keeper to return the money to his audience, and abruptly closed the meeting. This case, naturally enough, furnishes matter of triumph to the Spiritualist historian. Mr. Harvey had some time before, however, been a spiritualist, and had even written a pamphlet in defence of the manifestations. For this he had been suspended from his functions as a minister in the

Methodist Episcopal Church. He was, therefore, a renegade Spiritualist. Miss Hardinge censures him for having attempted "to vindicate the claims of revealed religion at the expense of Spiritualism," and remarks, "How far spirits may have been justified in silencing his erroneous doctrines by using his mediumistic organization in the manner above described, we do not pretend to decide. . . . This influence was obviously exerted to give Mr. Harvey a powerful warning, and the world an evidence that our perversions of divine truth do not always pass unnoticed by invisible powers" (p. 145). We must confess that the narrative brings to our memory the instance related in the Acts of the Apostles, when the Jewish exorcist attempted to invoke over them that had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus—and "the wicked spirit answering said to them, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?"*

These must suffice as instances of conversion to "Spiritualism," the honesty of which, in point of conviction, cannot fairly be questioned. But while they seem to establish the reality of the phenomena—a point on which it appears to us, in general, idle to dispute—they do not at all meet the argument that a certain uncatholic state of mind and religious feeling seems to be the required condition for the successful manifestation of the spiritualistic influences. Another feature in the movement, which we have already hinted at, is its great capriciousness. The "influence" has more than once left its possessors in the lurch at times of trial. Thus, when Mr. Willis, a theological student at Harvard College, became a medium, and was ordered to attempt to prove the reality of his powers, the result was at least a partial failure, and he was suspended from his studies on investigation. More notable was the failure at Cambridge in 1857, when Dr. Gardner, the conductor of the Spiritualist meetings at Boston, accepted the challenge of the editor of the *Boston Courier*, who offered five hundred dollars if the manifestations could be proved to the satisfaction of a Committee of scientific men. Some of the most famous "mediums" were engaged, but "the result of these meetings," says Miss Hardinge, "whether we take the acknowledgments of the Spiritualists, or the *pro tem* report of the professors themselves, was a decided failure" (p. 186).

* Acts xix. 14.

VI.

We soon find ourselves approaching a darker class of manifestations. Dr. Larkin, a Massachusetts physician, having studied Spiritualism as a means of bodily cure, magnetized one of his maidservants for fits; and while she was in the mesmeric sleep loud knocks and raps were heard in different parts of the room. The girl, named Mary Jane, became gradually violent and profane, and complained of being annoyed in her "sleep" by a drunken sailor, who taught her to swear and blaspheme. Through Mary Jane, the "sailor" also recounted everything that occurred to Dr. Larkin when he was on his visits to the sick. Finally, the same "sailor" brought to the house a number of other spirits, who related their own stories, with which Dr. Larkin was so struck that he wrote them down in a thick blank book, and afterwards verified them as facts by the names, places, and dates given. Mary Jane was at last subjected to such treatment by an invisible force, as strongly to bring before us the description of the possessed in the Scriptures. She was thrown down, her limbs contorted and dislocated, and during these attacks the girl foamed, cried out, and swore and blasphemed with loud bursts of laughter and ribald scoffing. There is a long story in this part of Miss Hardinge's book about a handkerchief which was snatched out of a Mr. Thatcher's hand, and disappeared, and was brought back again at an appointed hour of the night in an unaccountable way, which reads like a mediæval tale of *diablic*, and nothing else. An investigation was made, after which the wretched servant was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in Dedham gaol as a witch; and Dr. Larkin was obliged to sign a paper, which he afterwards acknowledged to be false, declaring the whole thing to be an imposture. He was forced to do this, on pain of exclusion from the "Church." "Dr. Larkin," says Miss Hardinge, "signed his name, handed the report to Mr. James, and declaring that it was the greatest lie that ever was written, and that he (Mr. James), as a Christian minister, ought to be ashamed to admit such a liar into his Church, burst into a passion of tears" (p. 163).

This mention of an enforced recantation which was protested against at the time by the very person who made it, may serve to introduce another class of phenomena connected with American Spiritualism, from which Miss Hardinge, with creditable honesty,

does not shrink. We mean what is called the "recantation movement," which seems to have reigned principally between the years 1858 and 1862. A number of "spiritual mountebanks" and "dishonest mediums" came forward, some to confess that they had been deliberately practising on the incredulity of their fellowcountrymen, and some to expose the frauds which, as they alleged, others were in the habit of practising. Miss Hardinge, though she does not blink these facts, speaks of the persons concerned somewhat too cavalierly. They must at all events be taken to have established beyond a doubt, not indeed the falsehood of the general phenomena of Spiritualism, or the individual imposture of others besides themselves, but the very great temptations to which men and women who were not mediums were exposed, of counterfeiting the performances of real mediums, or again, which might urge persons possessing one class of what are called mediumistic powers to pretend to the possession of other and higher classes, or again, to claim as permanent and at their own command what was only contingent on certain very precarious and capricious conditions. Sometimes machinery was discovered, by means of which the phenomena were produced—at other times the tricks were exposed by such a device as throwing a powerful unexpected light upon the medium while the phenomena were going on in arranged darkness. This was done at Cardington in Ohio, where a Methodist preacher and a girl "medium" were the real performers on drums and tambourines hung up in the hall, on which the spirits were supposed to beat an accompaniment to a tune on a violin. "During the exhibition of the third evening, two persons in different parts of the hall suddenly and simultaneously opened upon them the glare from dark lanterns, which disclosed the fact that the players on the drums and tambourines were none other than the Methodist preacher and the young girl" (p. 246).

It is clear that whatever may be thought of individual "recanters" and exposures, the simple believers in Spiritualism must have the uncomfortable conviction that they do not know who to trust. Miss Hardinge sneers at Bly, Von Vleck—"a little man, whose hardihood was displayed in continual alternations between the assumption of genuine mediumship and audacious acknowledgment of deception"—Melville Fay, Randolph, and others. Bly's "principle aim," she tells us, "was to procure notoriety and full audiences;" but what are we to think of Dr. Gardner, the leader of the Spiritualists at Boston,

who, after Randolph's recantation—of which Miss Hardinge says that it was the occasion of "great jubilee" in Boston, "proclaimed by the *societies of Christendom*"—got this very renegade to show off at his own public hall?

Randolph [says Miss Hardinge] was induced for a "consideration" to appear on the Spiritualists' platform at the Melodeon under the management of Dr. Gardner, for the sake of making his "recantation" more public, and proclaiming it in the very heart of the Spiritualistic ranks. Many of the sterner believers in the faith [she adds] highly censured Dr. Gardner for parading this unworthy subject on the Spiritual platform, and various motives have been assigned for the Doctor's conduct. *Some declared that he only desired to fill the hall*; others, that he was just then destitute of a sensation, and was glad to accept of anything short of negro minstrelsy (p. 243).

Miss Hardinge's remarks on the result of the confession of imposture are worth quoting. After repudiating the idea "that mediumship implies or creates a tendency to deception" as "wholly unphilosophical," she proceeds—

Highly refined and tenderly conscientious minds are to be found in the mediumistic ranks, while persons of *unmistakeably vicious proclivities* are equally susceptible of the spiritual afflatus. We can but record the fact, without at present attempting to theorize upon its character. The whole difficulty which it presents to the mind of the observer ceases, however, when we banish our preconceived and utterly erroneous opinions of what a medium between the two worlds ought to be, and simply acknowledge that which seems patent to the communion, namely, that it depends upon some electrical properties evolved from the physical organization of favourably endowed individuals. We must all admit that special temptations to practise deception, at times, overshadow the position of a medium. The scornful incredulity which defies them to produce phenomena; the intense and sometimes painfully exigent desire of others to witness it (?); their own professional pride, or the necessity which urges them to render the service promised, all these, together *with other sources of influence peculiar to the position of a medium*, are amply sufficient to account for fraud, without resorting to the farfetched and wholly undemonstrated theory that "tricky spirits" prompt the imposition (p. 247).

We, perhaps, hardly understand the theory of "tricky spirits," but we may surely consider it to be a well admitted fact—admitted, we mean, by Spiritualists themselves—that some "spirits" lie and deceive recklessly and portentously. But here Miss Hardinge is dealing with the fact which she acknowledges, that

The most severe blows that Spiritualism has sustained have been those aimed by unprincipled and avaricious mediums, who, when the

manifestations failed to come as freely as the circumstances required, practised imposition to supply the deficiency. The detection of this lamentable species of fraud [as to which, we may remark in passing, Miss Hardinge, though she confesses its existence, seems rather chary of giving us chapter and verse, names and places, as if such exposure might reflect on certain distinguished mediums] gave occasion to the opposition to charge an universal system of trickery upon the Spiritual ranks, while not a few of the most staunch believers themselves alleged that *nearly all the mediums* might be taxed with similar dishonest practices (p. 247).

A little further on, she confesses that "an opinion unfavourable to the genuine character of all the manifestations at one time gained ground amongst the highminded portion of the Spiritualists, producing a most patient revulsion to their feelings." We cannot be reasonably surprised at it. What security does Spiritualism give for the honesty and moral integrity of those through whom its communications are made? None whatever, on Miss Hardinge's own showing. It is confessed that the spirits themselves lie, and it is confessed that the "mediums" are strongly tempted by avarice and other even more detestable motives. The system, if it is so to be called, takes away most of the great sanctions of morality and conscience. Its God, if it has one, is not holy, or He would not sanction such lying as that with which Spiritualism is rife. Its moral code, its doctrines of retribution and judgment, what are they? We are but touching on a topic which might be worked out far more fully, and we content ourselves with inquiring, not of the "high minded" portion of the Spiritualists only, but of those like Miss Hardinge, who know its workings most universally and thoroughly, whether lying and avarice are the only forms of gross immorality with which mediums and "circles" have been from time to time connected? It requires very little knowledge of mankind to be aware that among the "unmistakeably vicious proclivities" by which our poor nature is beset, there are others even more mischievous, more shameful, more degrading, more destructive of moral purity and social and domestic virtue, than those two which we have named. And it is our firm belief that where those are found, the others also will be found, and that over the scenes of many a "circle" might be truly written the burning words of St. Paul, "*Quæ in occultis fiunt ab ipsis turpe est et dicere.*"*

* Eph. v. 12.

VII.

It is to speak of a kindred topic to add that Spiritualism has had what, if it could be called a doctrinal religion, would be termed its "heresies."

A fresh blow was levelled at it [says Miss Hardinge] from its own ranks, which threatened to destroy even its foundation and corner stone, the cherished philosophy on which its religious superstructure was based. This *coup d'état* originated with a Professor and Mrs. Spence, both distinguished members of the spiritual ranks, and persons whose influence was marked and diffusive. . . . About the time when "zeal waxed cold" and "the faith of many was shaken," from the causes above detailed, Mrs. Spence and her talented husband promulgated the strange theory that a large proportion of the human race did not attain to the glory of immortality, and that only certain souls, under conditions which seemed terribly vague and unsatisfactory, survived the shock of death as individualized entities, their spiritual essence being entirely absorbed in the great ocean of being, or reincarnated in some subsequent state of higher development. . . . Their doctrines were received with profound dismay, and in some instances with agonizing despair, . . . in fact, the promulgation of this repulsive theory, . . . coming as it did just when the cherished facts on which the whole spiritual superstructure was founded had to undergo the severe trial which a tide of recantations and exposures necessarily put upon it, seemed to fill the cup of feverish doubt and incertitude to the very brim (p. 248).

Miss Hardinge meets the authority of Dr. and Mrs. Spence by an appeal to experience. She says that so many thousands of Spiritualists have held communications with deceased children—for it appears that the Spence theory denied immortality to all who had not survived on earth to the age of seventy—and that, in fact, such spirits were among her own most frequent visitors. Then a celebrated medium through whom "spirit pictures" were produced, had furnished likenesses of several children of one family, including "a pair of twins represented in the pride of youthful adolescence, but who never showed signs of life, and in giving birth to which the mother died." They were represented as "growing girls, in age corresponding to what they might have been had they lived on earth." She mentions in the same way likenesses of still born children, and the like—likenesses as of what they might have been. Sons and daughters manifest themselves to people who say they never knew them, and then remind them that they gave birth to infants which never lived here. It strikes us that this argument from *recognition* is somewhat feminine—but we must not be too

hard on Miss Hardinge. What we may observe, however, is, that one Spiritualistic assertion is exactly as good and as bad as another, and that at least we fail to find in the system any test of the truth of one rather than another—more especially as it is confessed that what the “spirits” say is by no means to be taken for Gospel on all occasions.

But there have been far worse things in the Spiritualistic annals than this annihilation theory of Dr. Spence. Miss Hardinge herself seems rather to quail before the dark phenomena of what was called the “Mountain Cove” movement, of the Kiantone movement, and the “New Motive” power, with all the details of which we could hardly sully our pages, and as to which, indeed, the historian of Spiritualism seems herself to speak with studied ambiguity and reserve.

The “Mountain Cove” movement was the offspring of the union of religious fanaticism and personal ambition with Spiritualism, and, without charging all who maintain the latter with the full responsibility of the extravagances to which the movement led, we may yet fairly assume that the mere possibility of such extravagances, together with the absolute absence of any power in the Spiritual system to disclaim or put a stop to them, must be considered in all reason as an evidence against the claims of that system to any but an evil origin. Our historian confesses more than once, as we have seen, that the powers of Spiritualism are as open to bad as to good. “It will be seen,” she says, “that vicious persons hitherto deemed irreclaimable, have been led into the paths of virtue and goodness by the angelic ministrations of guardian spirits; on the other hand, it is certain that latent evil tendencies are not unfrequently matured into ugly prominence by the effects of magnetism, especially in its indiscriminate use or in heterogeneous circles” (p. 208).

In the case of the “Mountain Cove” movement, the leaders, Messrs. Scott and Harris, were declared by the mediums to be the “two perfect prophets,” “chosen mediums,” “perfect mediums,” and (in 1852) the two witnesses named in the tenth chapter of the Revelation, possessed “of the powers, to their fullest extent, spoken of therein.”* The communications professed to come from a circle of prophets and Apostles, who derived in their turn plenary inspiration from the “Lord

* “In one of his prayers, uttered about this time, Harris said, ‘O Lord, thou knowest we do not wish to destroy man with fire from our mouths!’” (p. 212.)

Supreme." "It was claimed through Mr. Harris that his interior revelations were dictated by Paul, John, Daniel, and other distinguished Biblical personages, whilst the poetry which enlivened the columns of the 'Disclosures' was the spiritual lucubrations of none less than Coleridge, Shelley, Pollok, and a few of the higher geniuses of modern times." Mountain Cove was a real settlement, a New Jerusalem, the Gate of Heaven, where the redemption of man would commence, "and all who opposed the two 'perfect prophets' would be driven from the mountain, from which there would be no redemption." It is not surprising to find, either that, with all the intolerable assumption of infallibility and personal inspiration on the part of the leaders, families enough were found to migrate to "Mountain Cove" for the formation of the settlement, or that the settlement was soon dissolved on account of quarrels, the cause of which is stated to have been licentiousness on the part of one of the chosen organs of celestial truth—charges which were never fully investigated, for, as soon as a meeting called for the purpose was organized, "he professed to pass into the 'superior or clairvoyant state,' and said, 'We'—himself and his particular friends—'must stand firm and say nothing unless the enemy make the attack.'"

In the case of the "Kiantone movement," another attempt to establish a little "kingdom of heaven" on the earth, Miss Hardinge tells us—

It has become a matter of too much public notoriety to veil or gloss over, that some of the inspired party who had assembled at Kiantone Springs, claimed to be the organs or human mouthpieces not only for spirits of an adventurous and scientific turn of mind, but also for others, who proposed to establish a new social order upon earth, in which the marriage obligations were not treated with any great amount of reverence or conventional respect (p. 231).

In her treatment of this detestable movement Miss Hardinge betrays the weakness of her logic as well as the badness of her cause. She complains, so far with reason, of the slur cast upon all Spiritualists by the disclosure of the hateful doctrines taught at Kiantone, as if they were each and all "Free-loveists," and as if "Freeloveism" was an essential part of the Spiritualist creed. She tells us that good and bad, robbers and murderers as well as saints and angels, have accepted the evidence of the fact on which Spiritualism rests. "It can be no matter of surprise that persons who profess the broadest license on the marriage question, should have accepted the demonstrations of spiritual

communion." She complains that "a few individuals, who desired to make the broad white standard of Spiritualism float over all the little hobbies which they thought proper to harness to its triumphant car, gave out as veritable communications from 'archangelic spheres,' 'spirit messages' endorsing, nay, enjoining, the practices and doctrines of 'free love.'" But why are we not to believe the spiritual phenomena in one case as well as in another? These people did more than accept the evidence: they were gifted mediums themselves. Why is Miss Hardinge a medium for true "spirit" communications, on whose authority we are to accept the fact that still born children grow in the unseen world to the stature, mental and bodily, which they would have had if they had lived eighteen or nineteen years on earth, so that their portraits can be taken by "drawing mediums" and sent to their mothers, who have never known them; and why is some one else at Kiantone, who tells us that the "spirits" enjoin the most abominable immorality in the world, to be held to be a false medium? In the case of Mr. Harris, whom we just now mentioned, Miss Hardinge confesses that "the improvisation of his wonderful poems" manifested brilliant evidence of "spirit power;" that when he claimed that the spirits of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, and others, were his inspiring genii, he "compelled from the grudging pens of his critics unqualified admissions of the striking similarity of style observed in the poems to their renowned spiritual authors;" that "these poetical marvels were acknowledged to be fully worthy of any names, however illustrious;" that "these efforts of genius were poured forth, wholly impromptu, in the presence of many witnesses, and under circumstances that could leave no doubt of their supramundane origin;" that he "frequently acted as a test medium, giving communications to strangers, and describing spirits with an accuracy which left no doubt of their identity." Why then is Mr. Harris to be believed as no impostor when he claims to be inspired by Byron or Shelley, and yet be disbelieved as an impostor when he claims to be guided by Daniel or St. Paul?

If there are any clear distinctive intrinsic marks of truth or falsehood in the phenomena or communications in each case, at least we must say that the faithful historian of American Spiritualism has not mentioned them. If there are none, then we arrive at the conclusion that Spiritualism must be responsible for all its manifestations, and that Spiritualists ought to trust all

or none; that it is arbitrary to limit its responsibility to the truths which Miss Hardinge seems to tell us make up its creed—"the soul's immortality, the unity of spirit, and individual responsibility." We hardly understand how this last is an essential result of the manifestations spoken of, but let that pass. Again, we may forbear to urge on Miss Hardinge that she has already told us that the soul's immortality, as regards the larger portion of the human race, is denied by some Spiritualists whose "gifts" are unquestioned. But any how, Spiritualists can only fairly question the doctrines taught by the Kiantone spirits and those who "inspired" Messrs. Scott and Harris, on the ground that they were truly spirits indeed, but that they lied in what they said. Well, then, and what is to prevent us from urging, in all reason, on any Spiritualist who knows what reason is, that they may lie just as much in representing themselves to be these or those persons, even "with an accuracy which leaves no doubt of their identity"—if only they are spirits who have the power and intelligence to deceive successfully?

As for the New Motive Power, which was embodied in a machine broken to pieces by an indignant mob in New York, Miss Hardinge's account of it is veiled in obscurity of language which we see no reason for wishing less obscure than it is. We shall only say that no one persuaded of the true origin of all this movement will be surprised at the announcement of a sort of parody on the divine birth of our Blessed Lord; or, as it was then given out to the world, "1. That spirits have revealed a wholly new motive power, to take the place of all other motive powers. 2. That the revelation has been embodied in a model machine *by human cooperation with the powers above*," &c. Only, we feel bound to add, that whatever the more respectable Spiritualists may say of Mr. Spear, who thus announced the birth of what was called the "electrical infant," we find no reasonable argument in Miss Hardinge's pages for thinking that he was a jot less of a real "medium," or that he had less real communication with "the spirits," than the most virtuous and decorous person who ever exercised "mediumistic" gifts. And we may say the same in favour of the secret organization which guided the wires of the "Sacred Order of Unionists," which Miss Hardinge also repudiates, or again of the Spiritualists who initiated the "Order of the Patriarchs" in Cincinnati, which got into trouble for the same reason with the Kiantone movement—the open teaching of profligacy as to marriage; or again, of Dr.

and Mrs. Spencer—singularly like in their teaching to the Dr. and Mrs. Spence of a former page—who established the “Harmonist Society,” or the “Angelites,” in a sort of community in Arkansas, whose doctrines on the same crucial point, if we understand them, went somewhat even beyond the most detestable Freeloivism. All that Miss Hardinge and others like her believe as ascertained truth in consequence of “Spiritualist” communications rests on the same evidence as the enormities taught by these fanatics, and has no more claim to be considered as true, on account of the medium through which it reaches us, than the wildest and most loathsome of the revelations of those whom she considers as disgraces to the Spiritualist cause.

VIII.

We shall add another and a still wider consideration, for we believe that the true way of arriving at a right conclusion concerning the phenomena on which Spiritualism is founded is to compare them in their most varied developments and class them with all such other manifestations as may fairly be attributed to kindred sources and powers. We believe that many of the adepts of European “spiritualism,” far on the road of evil and monstrosity as we fear it has already advanced, will have been shocked by learning the existence of some even of the facts which we have selected in this article, and we can assure our readers that we have not selected the most startling. In the same way as American developments seem more fearful by the side of European experiences, so there is a gradation to be observed, unless we are mistaken, in the American developments themselves: the wildest and most terrible meet us as we leave the comparatively civilized and sober East for the halfsettled Western States, as we touch on the Territories, and cross over to the Pacific seaboard in California. Indeed, the Californian phenomena are singularly terrible and diabolical. Here, for instance, is an incident which occurred in California in 1856, and was made fully public in 1863 by an eminent lawyer in Nevada, who, after this lapse of seven years, could not speak of the occurrence without the most painful emotion. He and a friend, an eminent banker and man of science, and a sceptic, were visiting the house of a wealthy Californian merchant, where they summoned a murdered friend, Mr. King, to the mesmeric circle. He appeared “precisely as in life, and in his usual attire,” and raised his arms in turn, and made other motions as suggested

to him. But when his living friend darted forward, as he said, "to grab him," "every article in the house seemed to be set in motion at once, as if by the shock of an earthquake," and the figure melted out instantly. Another time, after Mr. King's presence was made known, a certain new influence was detected by the whole circle, and in the usual manner it was asked, "Who was present?" The answer was, "Capitana." This name was recognized by some present as that of an old Kanaka woman who had died some years ago. She was then asked if she would materially appear, and if so, would she give a sign? The spirit answered that she would ring the door bell.

It was scarcely twenty seconds after the raps had ended spelling out their message, when the bell again rung furiously, and at the same time a bush, growing within a few feet of the window, was shaken so violently as to fix all our attention on it in the fear that it would be torn up by the roots. Then we [having our attention fixed upon the bush] distinctly and all together saw a gigantic human figure apparently rising and emerging from the bush, issue out into the broad moonlight, pass within two feet of the window before our eyes, and glide off towards the kitchen. By a common impulse we all rose and rushed to the window, but only in time to see the figure melt out, and another rise up, as it were, out of the ground, and immediately seat itself upon a bench before the kitchen door, and full in the glare of the moonlight.

And here I would fain pause, for I have no words adequate to describe what I then saw; and though its memory will be for ever engraven on my brain, I can neither communicate in words the least reality of it, nor yet attempt its description, without subjecting myself to the charge of the wildest exaggeration. . . . It certainly bore the human form, though in distorted and frightful disproportion. It was of gigantic height, and frightfully lean. Its face was hideously long, thin, and distorted, blacker than any idea of blackness I have ever seen before; but its expression I never can pourtray. I can only say it was an appalling mixture of rage, hate, and despair, so shocking that I cannot at any time attempt to recall it without a sickening sensation of horror. It was terrible to look at, horrible to think of, and I hope my mortal eyes will never again be blighted by so hideous a spectre. He wore a large white robe thrown fully around him, and partly covering his immense long lean head: and there he sat, reclining on the bench, full in the moonlight, silent, still, and ghastly in all his appalling ugliness. The face was turned to us somewhat in profile. . . . After looking on the goblin—for human I can never think it—till the sight overpowered me, I rushed to the piazza door, feeling the necessity for air. I was followed by the ladies, who were almost fainting; but on attempting to unfasten the door, which Mr. J. P. had opened with perfect ease but a few moments before, we found it barricaded. Mr. B., the bravest among us save Mr. J. P., remained watching the goblin, as did the family upstairs, till they saw it gradually and slowly melt out. They never lost sight of it till it disappeared. As we retreated, the sofas, chairs, tables, cushions,

globes, and mathematical instruments were hurled about in every direction with great violence. I was severely struck with a book, and one of the ladies had a cushion dashed on her face, the dust from which blinded her eyes for several minutes. Mr. J. P. and his wife now joined me at the door, and after great exertion we succeeded in forcing it partly open, when we found that the heavy iron gate at the entrance of the grounds had been literally torn up out of its sockets, and placed bodily against the piazza door. This must have been done in a few minutes, since one of the servants had just passed through and fastened it. It must have been accomplished without noise, though it would have taken several men to achieve such a feat, and we had sat opposite it, with the moon shining full on it, the whole period of the circle. . . . [As for the disappearance of the spectre] Mr. B. stood within eight feet of it, and just as we approached the kitchen door, he saw, as did those above, the creature rise with slow deliberation, standing a moment still, as if to display its enormous height, then, lightly lifting its robe, it seemed to float off a little way, and then instantly, in the clear space, became invisible. There were four witnesses of this scene, and each gave a precisely similar account when questioned separately. . . . We agreed to bend our minds and aspirations on the attempt to call around us kind, genial, and more human beings, and conjured some bright and happy spirits to visit us, and aid in dispelling the horrors of the last apparition. We had not taken our places five minutes before, nervous and distrustful as we still were, we were convinced our petitions were answered. Cool balmy breezes played around us, soft caressing hands stroked our cheeks and heads, more than a dozen small white human hands gleamed around the room, at first shadowy and like thin vapour, at last palpable, opaque, and seemingly as firm in sight and touch as our own hands (pp. 448, 449).

In a second account, the same writer says that his friend the sceptic, was afterwards taken up and thrown with such violence into a corner of the room, that if he had not been lifted or held by invisible force, he must have been killed. The house of this same Californian merchant continued, in spite of the shock he had received, to be the haunt and stronghold of spirit noises, meetings, and apparitions, during which hundreds of the townspeople collected nightly on Russian Hill, where it lay, to see what was going on in the "haunted house." He was obliged, in consequence, to procure a number of fierce watchdogs and a staff of watchmen, to guard his property. The circles continued until, as he told an intimate friend, there was not a single breakable article left whole in the house, and once, when in a mood of reckless daring, he "challenged the spirits to bring him what they could lay their hands upon," fifty dollars worth of the most valuable cut glass and porcelain was laid in fragments at his feet. It is, in short, confessed that on

Californian soil the "communications" took a very dark form indeed. A very handsome girl, of bad character, supposed to have been accessory to the murder of several of her accomplices in crime, became subject to violent attacks from spirits, who burst into loud fits of laughter, caused the miserable girl to fall into long swoons, and while she was insensible, stained her dress and face with clots of fresh blood. There are other similar horrors recorded in the same chapter of Miss Hardinge's book.

It is also allowed that the Indians of America have frequent communications with the unseen world of practically the same character with those of which we have been speaking all through, and Miss Hardinge dwells with much apparent delight upon the forgiveness and benignity of some of the Indian spirits who attend on white "mediums," minister to their comforts, and warn them of danger. But it is only one half of the subject, and the least important, to tell us about the manifestations of Indian "spirits;" and why does not Miss Hardinge tell us more distinctly that the Indian "mediums" professedly hold communications with evil spirits? She does not hide this altogether from those who know it already, for she confesses that "there is a still wider field of Indian spiritualism, occupied by beings of an unknown and doubtful character, and mixed up with rites and phenomena of a strange, occult, and repulsive character," and so on.* She gives a really striking account of the description of his power by an old Ches-a-kee (clairvoyant), which quite bears out her own remark—"The red Indian can do what we can neither explain nor imitate." The results are very singular, for this Ches-a-kee could tell his tribe where their enemies were, where game was to be found, or, again, could inform the men of a halfstarved American garrison at Detroit where the ship was which was to bring them supplies. But the spirits which visited him were "animals, some of frightful shape and size, monstrous snakes, serpents, and birds of a great variety," addressing him in human language, and offering to be his guardian spirits. He chose "one of the bird species spirits, resembling a kite in look and form." The Indians also invoke

* In another place Miss Hardinge says of the North American Indians—"The clairvoyant faculties, prescient powers, and general results obtained through their Spiritualism, correspond closely with that of their civilized neighbours; but the modes of invocation differ essentially, and the characteristics which seem to mark the communicating intelligences are equally repulsive and incomprehensible to the American Spiritualist" (p. 489).

devils, as Miss Hardinge seems to know. The explanation of all these phenomena is certainly not lucid.

Whether the red man succeeds in evoking and controlling to his service a race of beings hovering on the precincts of a submundane sphere, or his exercises predispose him to those ecstatic conditions in which the spiritual vision is broken and refracted, and he actually communicates with undeveloped human spirits, *but amidst the fumes of tobacco with which his system is poisoned*, he mistakes them for animals, birds, &c., we do not pretend to decide (p. 489).

We venture to think that in all reason the "bird species spirit, resembling a kite," which communicated with the old Ches-a-kee, must be taken to have been as truly what it represented itself to be as any of the numerous "developed" or "undeveloped" spirits which have held communication with Miss Hardinge herself; and although we must not suspect her, as a lady, of smoking, there are probably many white mediums of the masculine gender who would be surprised to hear that the fumes of tobacco were likely to poison their system. But it cannot be denied that the Indian Spiritualism is older, more serious, more simple—we had almost said, more respectable, because less frivolous and less afraid to call itself by its right name—than that of the white man in America. It has no need for concealment as to its diabolical character among the simple children of the prairies. On no ground of reason or fair argument can Miss Hardinge repudiate the connection between the two, or rather the identity of their substance and principle under the diversity of their manifestations. Nor, though she evidently labours to do so, can she with more justice free the "Spiritualism" in which she believes from the charge of practical identity in principle with the hideous and portentous practices of magical art which meet us in various parts of the heathen world. Miss Hardinge acknowledges that she lays herself

Open to challenge from the historians of Asiatic and East Indian Spiritualism or magic, whose narratives of marvels performed by fakeers, botke, dervishes, and other wonderworkers, would unquestionably throw all the occult performances of Western "spirits" into the shade, and make them appear, by comparison, as the sports of children pitted against the deeds of the Greek Hercules (p. 487).

But when she comes to try to defend her position, that she "fails to perceive any analogy between the two," she is singularly weak and hesitating. In fact, reasoning and argument do not seem to be strong points with spiritualists, if we may judge

from the historian of Spiritualism. She acknowledges the inferiority of the results, in point of marvel, of Western Spiritualism, and she tries to account for it by the difference of the means used in each case. In the case of the Eastern Spiritualists, she tells us there is "no evidence of the interposition of spirits at all." If this be so, we should have imagined that the results would have been inferior in power to those produced by the Western spirits, instead of superior.

But [says Miss Hardinge] the Easterns affirm that their powers are derived from a state induced in their own bodies, . . . that [under certain circumstances] their bodies are as naught, or entirely under their own control, . . . that by the superior power of their spirits, when completely exalted above natural laws, they can control the elements with the same ease that electricity, airs, and other imponderables, pierce and control the imponderables.

That is, as it appears reasonable to conclude, the Eastern Spiritualists try to place themselves as nearly as possible in the position of the "spirits" themselves, who act through Western mediums. How does this account for the inferiority of the results in the latter case? And how does this distinction, if it be one, suffice to draw any practical line of demarcation between Spiritualism and Asiatic devilry?

But it is time to make an end of these considerations. We believe that, though it may seem a long way from the raps which startled Mr. Fox and his family at Rochester in 1848 to the undisguised dealings with Evil Powers which prevail among Indian and Asiatic magicians, no honest Spiritualist in America or England is able to point to the spot where the links of the chain which connects the two extremes can be severed. No doubt, any survey, however partial, of the various manifestations of the Kingdom of Satan in the world, will surprise many a thinker of the nineteenth century by the vast extent and multitudinous developments which it reveals. And we would fain hope that some of those idle and curious beings who may be tempted to *séances* by the hope of having pretty flowers put into their hands and hearing soft sweet musical strains, or, as it is put in a passage we have already quoted, "cool balmy breezes" playing around them, and "caressing hands" stroking their cheeks and heads, and who cannot possibly imagine that the powers of Evil lurk behind all this seductive playfulness, may be induced to pause when they learn, even very imperfectly, whither Spiritualism may lead them, and what are its manifestations

elsewhere. We have not taken the line of questioning the reality of these manifestations themselves. No Spiritualist will deny that there have been actual impostures and delusions, nor will any most devoted disciple of the spirits assert that there is any certain safeguard against such imposture, or any security at all for the reality of anything beyond the actual sensible phenomena themselves. The error, and, as it appears to us, the wilful error, of Spiritualists, lies in going beyond the phenomena themselves and putting any kind of faith at all in conclusions drawn from them or assertions made in connection with them. What is certain—granting, as we have said, the reality of the phenomena—what is certain is, that we find ourselves in the presence of powers capable of producing them. But that these powers are what they represent themselves to be, that they tell the truth, that they are benevolent rather than malevolent—this is a step in the argument for which there is no possible reasonable justification in the phenomena before us, and which, we will add, no one who considers them as a whole, as a system, and taking into consideration all that may fairly be counted as furnishing the elements from which their character ought to be judged, can find himself able to make without doing violence to the instincts of his own moral nature and the voice of his own conscience. Nor is it any answer to this to say, that the three articles of the Spiritualist creed on which Miss Hardinge insists—"the immortality of the soul, the unity of spirit, and individual responsibility"—are undoubted truths; because, putting aside the fact that these truths are not proved by Spiritualism, unless we assume that gratuitous step in the argument of which we have just spoken, it is certain that every form of error that ever issued from the pit of Hell has fastened upon a certain kernel of truth round which to cling, in order to give itself any reality or chance of life and influence, just as Mahometanism itself fastened upon the doctrine of the Unity of God.

Of course, when we look at these phenomena from the Christian point of view, they appear portentous indeed, but there is nothing in them for which our faith has not an answer and an explanation. It is astounding, especially in times when so many are induced to catch from the shallow philosophies of the day a practical scepticism as to the activity, malignity, and nearness to us of the powers of Evil, when men are inclined to think of Evil more in the abstract than in the concrete, and to forget what St. Paul has taught us, that "our wrestling is not

against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places"*—to be suddenly confronted with multitudinous phenomena, which disturb our security, and reveal to us that the veil between the unseen world and ourselves is very thin, and may be continually pierced. No doubt, there are many questions suggested by these phenomena to the Catholic mind which may seem to point to new and strange answers, widening, at all events, indefinitely, within the limits of a true faith, our conceptions as to what may pass in that unseen world on which we so nearly border. The meaning of St. Paul's words in the passage just quoted and elsewhere, about the "rulers of the world of this darkness," the dominion of evil spirits over the world, the extent of their intelligence and of their power, the extreme subtlety of their deceptiveness, or, again, the relations which may possibly exist between them and souls in which their dominion has never been broken by the exorcisms of the Church in holy Baptism, or again, souls that have departed from this world in a state of wilful sin and are to be their slaves and companions for ever, or, again, even to other souls than those—these are among the points over which the Christian student may well bend in prayer, wondering at the marvellous dispensations and permissions which belong to the Divine Government of the universe. But no Christian can really doubt either as to the origin of the phenomena, or as to the power which God has put into the world to quell and cast out the forces which produce them. "For this purpose the Son of God appeared, that He might destroy the works of the devil."† "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things are at peace which he possesseth. But if a stronger than he come upon him and overcome him, He will take away all his armour wherein he trusted, and will distribute his spoils."‡ So it was when our Lord came into the world, so it was when His Church first went forth from the Cœnaculum to subdue the Roman empire, so, we doubt not, it will be, as she spreads herself over the length and breadth of the vast continent of America, exorcising by her presence and her breath the New World which she has only begun to conquer. Around her is worse than Egyptian darkness, in which the foulest and most frightful spiritual powers roam and prowl. Within the dwellings of her

* Eph. vi. 12.

† 1 John iii. 8.

‡ St. Luke xi. 21—23.

children there is light and peace. Every onward step made by her in the frontier land of America is like the planting of an outpost before which the powers of Evil must recoil. Every day that she stretches further or deeper her influence upon the multitudinous and heterogeneous masses of which American society is made up, brings nearer the discomfiture and flight of the agencies which work behind the transparent mask of Spiritualism. Every Catholic altar that is raised becomes the dwelling place of One Who is stronger than the "strong man armed"—One of Whom it was believed of old that His presence even as a Babe in His Mother's arms cast down the idols of Egypt and silenced the demons in the temples—

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.*

Such, we firmly trust, is to be the future of American Spiritualism. It may bring home to many Christian minds outside the Church the realities of the unseen world and the extent of the activity of the powers of Evil in a new and unthought of degree. It may run its course of mischief among those who choose to believe in it as a true revelation, until it makes them lay aside the obligations of morality as well as the doctrines of religion. But as we have no reason for thinking that its presence and influence in America is anything unprecedented and unparalleled in the history of countries which have never been occupied and subdued by the Catholic Church, so we may confidently reckon that it will recede and fade away as her powers become more fully manifested, and that after having tested her divine mission by opposing her, it will bear witness to her supernatural might by being trampled down and cast out thereby.

* Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*.

"Diffugere Nives."

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

(Od. iv. 7.)

THE bleak snows disappear
At the change of the year,
The new blossoms enliven each tree ;
The swoll'n rivers subside
While they peacefully glide,
Nor o'erflow to endanger the green mantled lea.

Now the Graces advance,
With the Nymphs to the dance,
Whilst each hour, and the flight of the year,
Steal the moments, my friend,
Which in pleasure we spend,
And forbid to expect immortality here.

For as Winter gives way
To the Zephyrs of May,
And the Spring to the fleet Summer yields,
So when Autumn's short reign
Has with fruit decked the plain,
The dull Winter returning brings rest to the fields.

The pale Queen of the skies
Soon her losses supplies ;
But when we sink to death's endless gloom,
We become dust and shade,
With Æneas are laid,
With Tullus and Ancus are heirs to the tomb.

Here no mortal may say
He is sure of to-day,
Or the Gods a to-morrow will spare ;
But the gift you impart
With a generous heart
Will be sure of escaping the grasp of your heir.

But when once you shall go
To the regions below,
And the Judge has passed sentence in state,
Neither virtue nor birth
Can restore you to earth,
Nor your eloquence save you, Torquatus, from fate.

E'en the Queen of the night
Can't restore to the light
Chaste Hippolytus, buried in woe ;
And bold Theseus in vain
Strives to sunder the chain
That Pirithous restrains in the region below.

The Revolution—in Logic.

THERE are two ways of filling a number of pages, and entitling them "Refutation of Mr. So-and-so." One plan is to bring up something which Mr. So-and-so has never said, and then prove to the world that, had Mr. So-and-so used that language, it would have stood in need of correction. As, however, no proof is offered even of the possibility of his having spoken such things, we cannot in this case so much as infer that he might have required a corrector, much less that there is actually any call for the refutation which his opponent has volunteered, and failed to furnish. For strategists athirst for glory, but afraid of blows, the simplest means of gaining victories is to choose some readily assailable position, and open upon it a heavy fire, which would certainly annihilate the enemy, if he were only there. Laurels, more genuine and more costly, are to be won by seeking him where he is. And that is our purpose—to seek Mr. Mill where he is, not as an enemy, but as one whose principles we detest, and whose belief in them we deplore. His theory of the syllogism, innocent and ingenious as it seems, is of a piece with the rest of a philosophy, which may be ingenious, but certainly is not innocent. We have doubts as to the soundness of this piece, and we here suggest them. Our first duty is to state Mr. Mill's theory, without perversion or obscurity, so far as our understanding and powers of expression will allow. We do not hope to speak plainer than the lucid author, and yet we think it advisable rather to introduce his ideas under a dress furnished by ourselves than to quote directly from his pages. A comparison of our paraphrase with Mr. Mill's text will show under which of the two classes of refutation ours is to fall; and we shall escape the reproach of having veiled our perplexity by repeating the puzzle, word for word, to our readers.

Some logicians have held that all reasoning, inference, or argumentation was, in the last issue, a syllogism, and derived its validity, in so far as it was valid, from its capability of being

thrown into a syllogistic form. To adopt an instance suggested by Mr. Mill, and which we shall find eminently serviceable as we proceed, the village matron, arguing that a certain recipe would avail for the cure of her neighbour's child, Catharine, because it had benefited her own Lucy under similar circumstances, was supposed to perform a mental reckoning of this nature—"All girls suffering from this illness may be restored by this medicine; Catharine is so suffering: this medicine, therefore, will restore her." The conclusion respecting Catharine was said to be inferred from a similar proposition regarding all sick girls; and the inference lay from the general to the particular. But contradictors rose up and multiplied, who maintained that whoever doubted of the particular, must also doubt of the general. "Supposing," they asked, "any one questioned whether Catharine would profit by that remedy, would he be likely to admit that all sick girls, Catharine included, would profit by it? If a dying man objected to pardon one enemy, would his objection be removed by an exhortation to pardon not only that one, but whatsoever other enemies he might have besides?" So the syllogism was accused of taking for granted what it had to prove, and more. "Lucy will recover, therefore she will," would have been a shameless begging of the question; but what are we to think of such unblushing assertion as the following? "Lucy will recover; and if there is any one else like Lucy, she will recover likewise: therefore Lucy will recover." Yet this, we are told, is a faithful "doing into English" of the so-called argument, "All sick girls will recover, and therefore Lucy will." It is considered highly indecorous for a stranger to come to dinner uninvited even once, but if he were to plead in excuse that he meant to dine with the family any day that he thought fit, his impertinence would be exalted to the sublime; yet he would not be more impertinent than is the syllogism. What some supposed to be the soul of all reasoning was thus discovered by other logicians to be utter unreason and monstrous imposture. Excuses were not wanting; but none of them found favour among minds of a certain class till Mr. John Stuart Mill came forward with mercy and justice to palliate and condemn. As an admirer says, "The consequence has been a total revolution in Logic."*

Considered as the type of reasoning, Mr. Mill condemns the Syllogism, not however to death, but to degradation. It is to

* Bain's *Logic*, Deduction, p. 208.

be retained in the useful, though lower, capacity of an interpreter and test of the conclusions that are drawn by induction. Induction is to him, more even than Syllogism was to the schoolmen, the synonym of argumentation and inference, the prime mover of Logic, the sole parent and protector of every conclusion that is born. But Induction may have unworthy children; and therefore she wisely commits her offspring to Syllogism, her handmaid, who with Spartan inflexibility decides what inference shall live and what shall die. The process here metaphorically figured is simply this. From a case that I have observed before, I inductively infer that a similar result will befall the similar case now under my present observation. My inference is complete, though there has been no appeal to a general rule. I have stepped from one particular set of antecedents to a set of antecedents like them, and, on the sole strength of that particular resemblance, without appealing to any universal law of uniformity, I have pronounced that the consequents of the second set will be a reiteration of those of the first. My conclusion is ready, completed to my hand. I may act upon it if I will: but where it is a matter of importance, I prefer to submit it to further investigation. I put this difficulty to myself. You have the case before you, and you predict that its result will resemble the result of a similar case which you observed previously. Are you willing to hazard the assertion that all cases like this present will end as you maintain that this will end? Say so, then, if you dare; interpret this general proposition, inductively set up, by a syllogism, and see the several particular affirmations which it involves: if you refuse your sanction to one or more of these, you cannot accord it to the generality that covers them, nor yet to the single conclusion with which you started, since there is no more evidence for that than for the parallel conclusions which have proved untrustworthy.

Our meaning will be clearer for an example. The village matron again awaits our questioning. How does she know that the treatment she recommends will do Catharine good? Because it did good to Lucy. That is the answer which we might expect from her; and Mr. Mill assures us that it expresses the whole of the process of inference that went on in her mind. She had no thought of girls as a class; Lucy and Catharine filled the whole compass of her cogitations; she knew something of one, and straightway affirmed the same of the other. This passing by a particular premiss to a particular conclusion is the simplest and

ultimately the only form of inference available either in politics or science or domestic life, or in any subject of ratiocination, from the taking of physic to the taking of cities. Still, what is true in a particular case does not hold for every case at all like it. If it were so, the coincidence of both the moon and green cheese together obeying the law of gravitation would for ever set at rest the question as to the composition of our satellite. There may, then, be false inductions. Catharine is, indeed, like Lucy; yet, perhaps, not so like her that the same medicine will profit them both. If she was another Lucy in all but personal identity, there could be no danger in arguing from Lucy to her. But the fact is, that while scarce any two things on earth are wholly dissimilar, and hence countless inductions are suggested to the mind, on the other hand, things the most alike have their mutual points of contrast, in consequence of which hundreds of inductions turn out unfounded, and all need care. Suppose, then, that Lucy's mother wishes to guard to the utmost against the possibility of a mistake, her best plan is, not to aim her conclusion direct at Catharine, but to make the round of a general proposition. "This did Lucy good; therefore it will be good for sick girls like Lucy; Catharine is such a one, therefore it will be good for her."

Here the reasoner uses that very syllogism which Mr. Mill seemed to forbid. Has he forgotten his interdict? No. In the first place, he says, the syllogism is merely useful, not necessary; secondly, the real inference lies elsewhere. By extending Lucy's experience to that of all sick girls, before applying it to Catharine's, a chance is gained of some counter experience recurring to nullify the original *datum*. Perhaps some other illness-worn child in Lucy's plight took the same medicine as her, and has found her rest beneath the green sod notwithstanding. What hope is there for Catharine that there was not for Cecily and Elizabeth? All four girls have fallen sick: for three of them the remedy has been invoked; two have died in spite of it, and one has recovered. Can we argue unerringly its future effect on the fourth? It was well, then, for certainty's sake to interpose the general proposition. But, after all, it was not necessary; the inference from Lucy to Catharine was complete, though not infallible. Either that transition from particular to particular was warrantable, or the passage from particular to general was not to be conceded. Either Catharine will recover because Lucy did, or it is untrue to say that all sick

girls will recover when treated like Lucy. If the particular instance holds good, why speak of the class? If it does not hold, it is no instance of the class. Anyhow, the fact stands clear, that the inference lies not in the syllogism, but in the process by which the major premiss of the syllogism was established from one or more examples of particulars; that is to say, in the induction, which it was the syllogism's office to explain and test. How do we know that such a medicine will cure such a patient? The defenders of the syllogism answer, Because that kind of medicine always has that effect. The reason which they plead involves two assertions, the first historical, that certain persons have owed their recovery to the medicine in question; the second prophetic, that all who resort to it in time to come will reap the same benefit. The historical statement they may be supposed to know from observation; but how came they by the prophecy? It is a genuine product of induction, or of the process by which we infer that what has occurred in a particular case will occur in all cases resembling that particular in certain assignable respects. It is the prophetic portion of the major premiss that implies the cure of the patient in whom we are interested. Now the prophecy is inductively reached from the historical fact, the general proposition from the particular observations: therefore, also, that particular evolution of the general proposition, which is the conclusion of the syllogism, likewise springs originally from particulars, and has in them its logical credentials and guarantees of reliability.

To resume. Every syllogism presupposes an inference; but the inference is not the syllogism. The inference is the inductive reasoning from particular to general, by which induction the syllogistic major was built up. When the major was complete, the inference was accomplished and the conclusion achieved, needing only, so to speak, to be unpacked from its case, which is the general proposition in which it lies. There was no absolute necessity for packing it up. The instances which yielded the major of the syllogism might have been turned to the direct production of the conclusion. The conclusion would have been no weaker for the omission of the intervening premiss only there might have been suspicion of its weakness. We are better certified of the result, when we are assured that a corresponding result would follow from any similar agglomeration of conditions.

It will now be plain, if we have spoken plainly, how Mr. Mill

disposes of the objection, that the syllogism does not prove its conclusion, but begs it. The syllogism is not meant to prove its conclusion, only to interpret a conclusion already proved by induction, and recorded in the major premiss. The enemies of the house of Aristotle in time past used to insist on the unsoundness of syllogistic proof, while owning that every course of argument might be thrown into the unsound form of a series of syllogisms. Mr. Mill agrees with them, that the syllogism is no mode of proof in its own right, but he has that at hand which shall supply its place, namely, induction. The essential feature of this process, the leap from the known to the unknown, transcends, if we mistake him not, every attempt to set it syllogistically.*

Two men, one of whom maintains that all reasoning is ultimately syllogism, while the other places it wholly in induction, must be expected to have very irreconcilable notions as to what reasoning is. And so we find that, whereas it has been the common doctrine of the schools, that a conclusion, to be authentic, must follow from the very wording of the premisses; it is Mr. Mill's glory and his boast, that his conclusions, and, as he maintains, the conclusions of every reasoning man, do not follow by verbal transformation from the assertions which he has established previously, but only from the ulterior meaning and scope of those assertions. If the zealots for the syllogism are right, we ought to be able, from every specimen of inference, to strike out the concrete nouns, putting symbols in their places, and have left a skeleton form, conclusive as before. Thus, when it is evinced that a certain gentleman must have worldly means, because he is a member of parliament, and members of parliament are persons of property; if "persons of property" be replaced by P, "that gentleman" by S, and "members of parliament" by M, the conclusion, "S is P," can be accepted as unhesitatingly as "that gentleman is a monied man." We may work out our syllogism with cyphers, and only substitute the real values when the final result has been attained: none can impugn that result without denying some one of the premisses. The premisses here imply the conclusion; and on that very account Mr. Mill affirms that they do not prove it. A logical

* We write this sentence with misgiving, as Mr. Mill (*Logic*, book iii., chap. iii., sec. 1) says something which goes near to contradict it. Mr. Bain, however, with perhaps a truer appreciation of the gist of Mr. Mill's theory, seems to coincide with the opinion which we have expressed (See Bain's *Logic*, Induction, p. 3).

proof, to satisfy him, must be quite another assertion from the assertion which it is invoked to establish. Thus his ideal of the reasoning process may be illustrated by an argument of this construction. "Messrs. A, B, C, and other parliamentary gentlemen that I know, have all considerable incomes; the gentleman about whom I am inquiring is a member of the house: he, therefore, like the other honourable members, will have a considerable income." This reasoning is valid, not from form, but from the matter of fact, that a seat in the great council of the nation requires a considerable expenditure in electioneering. That it is no formal validity is evident, since, placing "good speaker" for "monied man," the inference falls, though the form is preserved. Any one might admit that Messrs. Gladstone, Disraeli, Lowe, and others, were gifted each with his share of eloquence, and yet justly deny that the honourable member for —— had any share in that gift, though his right to sit in the house be as indefeasible as that of the premier himself.

But we feel that, in our anxiety to do justice to Mr. Mill's views, we are becoming his interpreters rather than his opponents. This last capacity is forced upon us by these two considerations—first, that he calls certain processes by the name of inference, which are not inferences; secondly, that he mistakes the nature of processes in which inference really takes place. We read in his pages of "brutes reasoning," how "not only the burnt child, but the burnt dog, dreads the fire." They have been burnt once—that is a very particular experience of theirs—and therefore, when they see the fire again, they are said to infer the contingency of a second burning. In reply, we submit that reasoning (*λόγος*, i.e., *ratio* and *oratio*) implies a mental proposition or judgment. The poor animal, whom cold and love of the comfortable have conspired to drive too near the cinders, does not say to itself, by an effort of the intellect, "that fire burns;" it simply *feels* pain, and retreats from it accordingly. Next time the hot embers are seen, the painful association is revived, and the accompanying act of avoidance automatically renewed. But nothing of this is done, so to say, "on principle." Now we can admit no inference except that which is made on principle; "secondarily automatic" actions, as physiologists term them, are foreign to the province of reasoning. Many such are done daily by every man. Mr. Mill sees in them so many cases of inference from particulars to particulars; even when

they are feats of manual dexterity, the fruit of practice and rule of thumb, or, to say all in one word, mere knack. He instances the Indian aiming with his bow and arrow. We might find him an instance nearer home, in our well-loved English game of cricket. If it is by inference that wickets are defended, there is no reason why logic at least, like other learning, should "make a bloody entrance," save such blood as a chance contusion on the turf may let flow. There, belted and padded, we may study the theory of proof, and laugh Aldrich and Whately to scorn.

It is not to be denied that as man is a "reasoning animal" everywhere, so he proves himself to be such even in his exercises of muscular agility, and thereby he outdoes the brutes, whose *vis consilii* *expers* surpasses his. But those sudden adaptations of a muscle to meet an emergency, which are executed too rapidly for their author to be conscious how or why he does them, are surely rather indications of keenness of sense and pliancy of limb than of argumentative capacity.

As some of Mr. Mill's illustrations fall short of what he seeks to illustrate, so there are others which rise above it. We allude to those intuitions of truth and expediency which are characteristic endowments of genius, whether in speculation or practice. Newton exhibited them when he identified the mechanisms of earth and the heavens; Cæsar also, when he knew his hour for changing his pro-consulate into an empire. Both these men, doubtless, were guided by past experience, but they cannot be said to have argued thereupon. Their thought flew too fast for argument. There is a point where reasoning vanishes into intuition, so that premiss and conclusion are one. We cannot pretend to fix this point; still, we see no objection to saying that it may be reached and occasionally passed by man. God for ever dwells beyond it. Reasoning supposes a temporary blindness; it is like opening one's eyes in a dark room. There we have the objects before us, but it takes time and deliberation to discover them. And this leads us to advert to what we believe to be Mr. Mill's misconception of the whole subject matter of Logic. Logic judges of proof. Now an assertion is usually supposed to be proved from some admitted assertion or assertions which imply it. Mr. Mill stigmatizes this style of proof as mere verbiage. He insists on the conclusion stating quite a distinct fact from any that the premisses can be construed to involve. In speaking thus harshly of "verbal transformations"

and "verbal propositions," he seems to have forgotten that logic and language itself are mere accommodations to the weakness of human nature. If we were all omniscient, we should neither reason nor speak. Here is a proposition—"Triangles have three sides," which Mr. Mill denominates "verbal," because the word "triangle" connotes or suggests the attribute of having three sides. No real information is afforded, but only the meaning of the word "triangle" is recalled, so he says. But tell an astronomer that "Encke's comet has just fallen into the sun," and the interest which he would exhibit in the statement, if he believed it, would be a clear sign that he had learnt a fact, and not been reminded of the meaning of a term. Suppose, however, the astronomer to know the whole past, present, and future history of every body in the heavens, then the phrase, "Encke's comet," in the dictionary of his mind, would have already an interpretation of this sort subjoined—"An erratic mass, of certain dimensions, which is first seen by man at such a period, which gives rise to certain speculations amongst physicists, &c. &c., and which takes a fantastic plunge into the solar photosphere on the 1st Nov., A.D. 1871." Such a "truly royal" astronomer would probably receive his informant with a nod, and a smile of self-complacent pity, like that which might be vouchsafed by a Yorkshire farmer to a townsman who told him that sheep thrive on turnips. If, therefore, every word in the language suggested to us all that it could possibly suggest with truth, we might safely close our ears against further discourse, and reserve them only for music. As it is, we learn by listening to conversation, inasmuch as the names of the things which we hear mentioned become henceforth more suggestive to us. This is growth of real information, to understand more thoroughly the meaning of a name.

So much for names, on Mr. Mill's own showing. Now for propositions. We maintain that, one or more of these being given, reason teaches us to appreciate what they imply. If we know it already, we have no need of reasoning. If we know it not, we pass from the known to the unknown in a matter of fact, by a more thorough developing of propositions, the process which Mr. Mill is pleased to call a "verbal transformation." To take an example. "That all Christians will not be saved," is a proposition forced on our credence by a most cursory glance at the lives of many; that "some of the lost will be Christians," is a consequence "immediately inferred" from it, in the phrase of

the older logicians, while the later school would probably view it as another interpretation of the same known truth, and therefore no inference at all. These men seem to have a total disregard of the difference between the *explicit* and the *implicit* meaning of a proposition. The *implicit* meaning is all that the proposition can mean to any mind; the *explicit* meaning is the peculiar sense which it conveys to some one special intelligence. In other language, the *implicit* meaning is what is *explicit* to him who understands the proposition best. The like distinction holds good with regard to names. Now, as it is a real gain of knowledge for me, ignorant and limited being that I am, to amplify the connotation which I attach to single terms, so is it also an equally real and precious acquisition, if, upon propositions which I already accept as true, I can put a further interpretation, which the propositions indeed will bear well enough, but which, in my shortsightedness, I had hitherto abstained from putting. In so doing, I pass from the known to what was, in my regard, absolutely unknown; and as a passage of this sort answers to Mr. Mill's ideas of reasoning, I cannot refuse that name to this conversion of implicit into explicit knowledge; for mere implicit knowledge, to him that has it, is actually no knowledge at all, any more than the capability of sinning is actual sin. But I am told that it is my own fault if I do not realize the full import of the propositions which I believe, since I might come to that by simply considering them in my own mind, without further experiment or observation; while, to reach the highest possible conception of the meaning of a name, to wit, the sum of all the predicates to which the name might stand as subject, I should have to seek instruction in the study of external nature, my own previously acquired stores of information on that head being insufficient. The tenour of my reply is not altered—"So long as I do not know a thing, is my ignorance less baleful, or my enlightenment less of a boon, because I have to seek the missing knowledge in my own ideas rather than in foreign experiences?" The man who finds what he has lost in his hand, congratulates himself with no less justice than another who has it brought to him in consequence of an advertisement. And as for saying that I ought to be aware of the products of the propositions which I accept, it is tantamount to saying that I ought to be possessed of the full possible meaning of every word which I use, a gift which, added to the former, would make me omniscient, and in no need of either speech or ratiocination. For the analysis of one's

own mind, which the coordination and development of accepted beliefs requires, is not a whit less difficult than the gathering in of fresh facts from without ; if the one operation is so very easy and obvious that I ought to have performed it, there is quite as much of obviousness and ease to force me to the performance of the other.

Having endeavoured to maintain that what our forefathers called reasoning is not to be cast off for verbiage, we take in hand the process which Mr. Mill describes, and endeavours to substitute in the stead of the traditional meaning borne by the term as he found it. He considers that men reason, or infer, from one particular, single, individual fact to another ; or, as we may express it, resuscitating our old example, from Lucy's case to Catharine's. We have read of a Scotch member of parliament under George the Second, who, hearing in London from one of the ministry that His Majesty's forces had gained a great victory over the rebels at a place called Culloden—the minister had his own pronunciation of the name—sorrowfully replied, "It canna be true, there's nae sike place in a' Scotland." We affirm that there is no such operation in the human mind as is here spoken of by Mr. Mill. An intelligent being cannot think one only particular thing at a time ; now inference is a passage from thought to thought : therefore, inference does not, cannot, lie from particulars to particulars.

Once more the standard example. The village matron unquestionably infers, if she believes something of Catharine because she believed the like of Lucy. The one preliminary to be ascertained is, whether her state of mind respecting her neighbour's child really amounts to belief, and is not a mere unaffirmed association, like that by which "giant-killer" is associated in many an Englishman's mind with "Jack," without his for a moment asseverating it for a fact that any Jack ever did kill any giant. But we suppose that the villager really believes, judges, or mentally and of set purpose asserts (*judicio confirmat*), that a certain remedy has benefited Lucy and will benefit Catharine. In that case, Lucy is no longer looked upon as Lucy only ; she is the type of an infinitude of possible beings that might be modelled after her. No one can think "Lucy" without viewing her thus. It is of the essence of thought to prescind from individual characteristics, and transform its every object into an ideal pattern, of which there may be countless copies taken, some more, some less, resembling the original, but

all, according to their degree of resemblance, included under the primitive idea. This we hold to be the true nature of Abstraction, the operation by which the mind contemplates a thing apart from its individuality. In this sense, not only expressions like "beauty," "goodness," "humanity," which are the abstract names of qualities, but even such as "beautiful," "good," "man," when taken for general terms, stand for the results of Abstraction.

This faculty, which distinguishes reasoning from unreasoning creatures, is the bar which baffles all attempts to unmake the lord of the universe and convert him into an exquisitely elaborated organism, having imagination for intellect, machinery for freewill, and the lusts of earth for the heirship of heaven. We advise our readers, whenever they fall in with a philosophy of this sort—we do not, of course, mean Pantheism, that is another extreme, though *les extrêmes s'attouchent*—at once to look out in the index for "Abstraction," and if the name be there at all, see if the account given of it be not both meagre and wide of fact, as compared with what is written in the book of consciousness. One account which they are not unlikely to find, is that we first observe a number of individuals mutually different in some respects, and alike in others; we fix upon the points of resemblance, and combine them into an Abstract Idea. This explanation masks the difficulty. The problem is not one of combination, but of separation; not how to gather attributes together, but how to tear them in thought from their subjects. It is as if I wished to cut a triangle out of a piece of glass, and some one advised me to take a number of window panes, and pile them one on top of the other, so that the amount of surface which they covered in common should have a triangular shape. One diamond edge and one window pane would serve my purpose, while all the panes recommended by my adviser would not dispense with the cutting tool. Nor will any experience, however extensive, of similar objects, suggest an Abstract Idea to a mind that has not the power of forming such an Idea out of one single object.*

* Archbishop Whately says: "The process by which the mind arrives at the notions expressed by these 'common' (or in popular language, 'general') terms, is properly called Generalization; though it is usually and truly said to be the business of *abstraction*; for Generalization is one of the purposes to which Abstraction is applied; when we *draw off*, and *contemplate separately*, any part of an object presented to the mind, disregarding the rest of it, we are said to *abstract* that part. Thus, a person

We cannot think without Abstraction, or as, if we remember right, the Angelic Doctor expresses it, "without prescinding from the material conditions of the object." This does not mean that a material property, for instance, "toughness," is not fit matter for thought, only that it is not regarded in a material way, subject, that is, to the conditions of space and time, so as to be "this toughness," and no other. In Platonic language, we apprehend a "toughness by itself," which is applicable to any tough body, past, present, or to come, actual or possible, in or out of the sphere of our investigation. A man, whose untimely loss philosophy must deplore, has some remarks on this point, which, by their clearness, will dissipate any obscurity that may hang about our meaning. We quote the lamented Professor Ferrier:—

When you look at a chair, so long as you have merely a sensation of it, your sensation is a sensation of that particular chair, and of nothing else. Such a state of mind is scarcely conceivable; but we may conceive it to be the predicament in which our domestic animals are placed when they contemplate our household furniture. Such a state of the *human* mind, I say, is hardly conceivable, because, in looking at a chair, we instantly think it. But in thinking it, what do we do? We think not only it, but much besides. We think it as one of a number of chairs, either actual or possible chairs, it does not matter which. . . . To think is to have the mind occupied with a thing and a class. . . .

might, when a rose was before his eyes or mind, make the scent a distinct object of attention, laying aside all thought of the colour, form, &c.; and thus, even though it were the *only* rose he had ever met with, he would be employing the faculty of Abstraction; but if, in contemplating *several* objects, and finding that they agree in certain points, we abstract the circumstances of agreement, disregarding the differences, and give to all and each of these objects a name applicable to them in respect of this agreement, *i.e.*, a common name (as 'rose'), we are then said to generalize. Abstraction, therefore, does not necessarily imply Generalization, though Generalization implies Abstraction" (*Elements of Logic, Analytical Outline*, sec. 6). We cordially endorse the Archbishop's last sentence; at the same time taking exception to his statement, that the acquisition of the ideas which answer to general names like "rose," necessarily presupposes a comparison of several objects. We maintain that, as by looking at the last rose of summer, when all the others have faded out of sight and out of mind, we may "make the scent a distinct object of attention," and thereby arrive at the abstract idea of *perfume*; so we may extend our attention to the colour, form, and to all the properties connoted by the name "rose," "laying aside all thought" of place, time, and other individualities, and obtain for our result another idea, no less truly abstract than that of *perfume*. We cannot see why comparison should be of absolute necessity in one case more than in the other. We think that something would be gained for the settlement of the Realistic controversy, by both these classes of Abstract Ideas being recognized. Those of attributes, like "mercy," "truth," might be called Logical Abstractions; those of things, as "flower," "saint," Metaphysical Abstractions.

In answer to the question, What is sensation? I answer, A sensation is always particular; it is not possible for a sensation to be more than a particular sensation; and if we suppose sensation to have an object, it is always a sensation of a particular object, and of this merely. In answer to the question, What is thought? I answer, A thought is never particular; it is not possible for thought to be merely particular. A thought is never the thought merely of a particular object, but is always the thought [of something more than this. . . . It seems to me that thought begins absolutely with classes, general conceptions, or universals, and that it cannot begin otherwise. Thinking is, in its very essence, the apprehension of something more than the particular; and, therefore, to represent it as dealing in the first instance with the particular merely, is to represent it as being what it is not its nature to be. To think is precisely not to think of any singular thing exclusively, but to think it as an instance of what may be again, and again, and again. Every thought transcends the particular object thought of, and that transcendence is not one mode in which thought operates; it is the only mode; it is the thought in its very essence. To take our former illustration. When I feel the prick of the pin, I either do not think it at all, or, if I think it, I do not think *it only*, I think it as one of other possible cases of the same. I think it as one of a class. I think it under something wider than itself; under a class, a conception, a universal. I do this, I say, at once, in the very first act and first instant of thought. I do not think first of the pain as an absolute singular, and then place it under a class by thinking of what it has in common with other pains. That is not what I do, though this is usually said to be what I do. I am convinced that thought *begins* by regarding the pain as one of a class; *begins* by thinking something more than the particular pain itself, and that that something more is a class, a genus, a conception, a universal, or, in the language of Plato, an idea (Ferrier's *Lectures on Greek Philosophy—Socrates*).

After this quotation, it will not be Professor Ferrier's fault, or our own, if the character which we ascribe to thought remains indistinctly understood.

We are now to try Mr. Mill's theory of inference on this understanding. Let us revert for the last time to our old illustration, and consider it as he bids us. Then, if that mode of consideration appear unwarrantable, we are to cast about for some other, and, if our anticipations beguile us not, our search will end in reinvigorating the syllogism.

To proceed. "This did Lucy good; it will also benefit Catharine." Here, we are told, are two particular statements concerning none but Lucy, and none but Catharine respectively. In that case, "Lucy" and "Catharine" may be revived sensations, but they are not ideas; and the same holds good of "this remedy." Now, without ideas there is no judgment: a sensation is itself and alone by itself, and cannot be declared connected with any

other sensation, as would be required were sensations to stand Subject and Predicate in a mental proposition. "Lucy only" is an object of consciousness which vanishes when the full light of our attention is thrown-upon it, and in its stead appears "Lucy and Lucy-like." Suppose we kept "Lucy only," what could we predicate of her that would not take the *only-ness* away? If, then, there can be no judgment formed in the mind relative to one sole subject, we are at a loss to tell how inference can lie between two of these impossible enunciations, that is, from particular to particular. "Lucy" and "Catharine," as Mr. Mill represents them, are unthinkable. Now, there is no judgment without thought, nor reasoning without judgment.

Three things, it seems to us, must be apprehended in every act of reasoning, namely, two facts, and the indissoluble connexion between them. The first fact is expressed in the minor proposition of the syllogism; the second is the conclusion; while the connexion is declared in the major, supposing the syllogism reduced to the first figure. And as the connexion is to be indissoluble, unfailing, it is required that that major be enunciated universally. "It was good for Lucy; it will be good for Catharine." Here are two statements of fact. Shall we hold them, as Mr. Mill declares that they are, mutually independent? How, in that case, can the first be an argument of the second? Perhaps Mr. Mill means that there must be a connexion, but that we need not assert the connexion to ourselves, in drawing the conclusion. How, then, do we come to the conclusion—blindfold, or with eyes open? If blindfold, what has become of the light of reason? Of what use is it to us who believe in the dark? What clue do we see to guide us from known to unknown? But if our eyes are open, if we do know what we are doing in making an inference, then must we see that the conclusion is connected with the premisses: it will not do to see conclusion alone, and premisses also alone; that were but to have an insight into two independent facts; and if that double insight be reasoning, who shall refuse the same title to the recognition of this couple: "The sun never sets on the British dominions"—"William the Third had his collar bone broken." The natural-minded reader sees no connexion here: he has yet to learn from Mr. Mill that no connexion need be seen. For ourselves, we had rather be natural than so scientific. Seeing that we can find no ease in the conclusion, without assuring ourselves that it does follow from a fact known before,

we think that the statement of the observed fact, and the general statement of the consequences which facts of that sort imply, form two indispensable preliminaries to any inference concerning a fact that has not been observed. These conditions the syllogism alone fulfils; it, therefore, and not induction, is the proper tool of discovery. Induction does but discover, because it is a syllogism roughly hewn, readier to hand, and therefore oftener used than a formal argument in *Barbara*, *Celarent*, *Darii*, or *Ferio*, but having its value solely from its adaptability to one of those four forms.*

We conclude that there is a connexion, mentally asserted, between Lucy's good and Catharine's good. The reasoning does not jump through vacuum from the matron's own child to her neighbour's. And in accordance with the nature of human thought already declared, such a connexion is not long to seek. "Lucy," thought of, becomes the type of a class. "Lucy recovers," which is the judgment compounded out of this object of thought and another, is really a universal proposition, to the effect that, "All beings in Lucy's circumstances recover." The minor is supplied by observation, "Catharine is circumstanced like Lucy;" and the conclusion follows legitimately, "Catharine recovers." Certainly Mr. Mill's "inference from particular to particular" seems to us a very syllogism in disguise; the disguise consisting in the character of particularity wherewith the original *datum* is invested. If Lucy is to be in what a Frenchman would call "a particular boat," she must not take Catharine on board with her. If we mistake not Mr. Mill, his virtual reply to this is, that the inference lies in the generalization from the girl herself to all those of her class and condition. We cannot accept this explanation, if what we quoted from Professor Ferrier is true. There it was laid down as the essential characteristic of thought,

* It is well to look a difficulty in the face. Far from breaking Mr. Mill's weapon, we seem to have tempered it anew. If, to argue from fact to fact, we must mentally assert the connexion between them, in other words, enunciate the major before we can pass from the minor to the conclusion, what becomes of what we termed "Immediate Inference?" "All Christians will not be saved; therefore some of the lost will be Christians." Here are two facts, the latter inferred from the former. Where is there any assertion of their necessary connexion? The truth is, that they are not two facts, but two views of the same fact. Mr. Mill is at liberty, if he chooses, to say that the major and minor of the syllogism together on the one side, and the conclusion on the other, represent but the same fact. He cannot, however, identify either premiss singly with the conclusion. Nor are both premisses at once conjoined in the reasoner's mind to form the conclusion. Reasoning is a process adapted to the nature of a being, that does not always know the truth when it has it.

that it took in all members of the class of which the object considered was a specimen. To a thinking mind, an individual is a class type, a universal, an idea. That mind judges the class in the individual. Now, inference is not judgment, but a coordination of judgments and a summing up of their result. When a phenomenon occurs before my eyes, and I mentally declare its occurrence, not even Mr. Mill himself would call that declaration inference. Yet it already extends, not only to the case observed, but to any that may possibly resemble it. It is not without significancy, that singular propositions have, for syllogistic purposes, always counted as universal. In reality, they seem to be both singular and universal; singular, in so far as they point to one individual especially; universal, inasmuch as they apply to all beings like that one, according to the degree of likeness, irrespective of the individualizing adjuncts of place and time.

Yet a last remark, to crown these hastily amassed reflections. Reasoning, we say, is a crutch to help out imperfect apprehension: to an intelligence that saw the full import of its own perceptions, every argument would appear tautological and question begging. Such a *petitio principii* do we detect, when we take a conclusion that we already know, and examine the syllogism which proves it.

J. R.

*The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power.**

III.

THE third and last of the heads or questions I have proposed to treat is this : What is the bearing of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the Civil rights of the Roman people ?

The Pope's civil territory comprised, from the commencement, the city of Rome and certain provinces which have long been called the Papal States, or States of the Church. By the Roman people I mean the inhabitants of Rome and of these States, as held by Pius the Ninth at the commencement of his Pontificate. At this moment he holds nothing. I shall, however, for the sake of convenience, speak of his former possessions in the present tense, as still his, and take as still existing the condition of things which preceded his spoliation.

I will begin by a brief statement of the condition of the people.† They are, in general, well off as regards the necessities of life. They have enough to eat and drink. They are sufficiently clad and provided with dwelling accommodation. There is but little distress, and, I may say, no misery ; certainly much less want than is to be found in many countries which are set up as models of prosperity. The taxation is very moderate. There are abundant means of education for the different grades of society ; nay more, the children of poor parents have opportunities of high education without expense and at the same time without discredit, such as are certainly not to be found in these countries, nor, probably, in many others. There is every facility for literary pursuits, which flourish there extensively. The fine arts, too, are largely cultivated, and with great success. Commercial and industrial enterprise is also encouraged, and is progressing. It does exist, and has always existed, in a degree sufficient for

* Continued from p. 207.

† For information concerning the government and temporal condition of Rome and the Papal States, the reader may consult, among other authorities, Mr. J. F. Maguire's *Rome and its Ruler*, or his *Pontificate of Pius the Ninth*, which is a third edition of the former work.

a fair state of well-being of the people at every given time, and could exist and have existed in a higher degree if individuals had wished to carry it further; so that the government is not and was not the cause of a great deal more not being done. Now, as to the sufficiency of which I have spoken, my idea is this. A certain amount of industry and of commerce are necessary for the comfortable condition of a people in the various grades of society to be found in a civilized nation, and for the maintenance and promotion of civilization. A people may be very comfortably circumstanced and very fully civilized, with an amount of industry and commerce that is small compared with what might be attained, considering the resources and opportunities there are. It is desirable that this amount should be increased, and obstacles to its increase should not be created; on the contrary, those that arise ought to be removed. Yet the advantages of material progress, in the sense in which it is understood by those who are the most ardent in calling for it, are, in my mind, much exaggerated. In order to express my views somewhat clearly, I will put them into the shape of a few reflections on this subject.

1. The immediate object and end of the promotion of industry is the temporal happiness of the population, subordinate, of course, to their spiritual interests, of which, however, I have no occasion to speak just now.

2. The credit, respectability, glory of a *nation* enter into the sum of its happiness, but do not form the whole or even a very large proportion of that happiness. For the happiness of a nation is the happiness of its inhabitants, of the individual men who make up the people. Now, the influence of any kind of collective national reputation on individuals and on their contentment is comparatively small. Their enjoyment is mainly derived from those things which more closely touch themselves, with reference to personal wants and personal interests. A man who is oppressed by poverty will receive but middling consolation from his country's fame. I am not speaking of *personal* honour or celebrity in connection with a public cause, for this is an individual advantage. After all, few members of any state have each a large share in its renown.

3. The wealth of a nation contributes to its happiness chiefly by diffusion through the whole body of the inhabitants. This is obvious, because *the nation*, of whose happiness there is question, consists in, and is identified with, the whole body of the

inhabitants. They *are* the nation. I do not pretend that it is either possible or desirable that all individuals of a state should be equally rich. There may be a considerable disparity. There may be many men much richer than the bulk of their neighbours; but if a large majority be excluded from all appreciable participation of this wealth, or if a large minority be kept in destitution, the country cannot be reputed happy on the ground of its wealth. The first step towards wealth as a source of national happiness is widespread and even universal sufficiency. I do not say this is always necessarily the first step in point of time, but it is the first in point of eventual order; it is the most fundamental, and the want of it is not compensated by the existence of large fortunes in the hands of comparatively few. The next step is a very extensive enjoyment of moderate comforts beyond what I have called sufficiency. There are other steps which it would be tedious and difficult to specify, but which belong to the completeness of that diffusion of which I have spoken. Of course the distribution of wealth cannot be of a mathematical character, like scales of fees and salaries. There always will be a considerable number of poor. This is, we may say, the order of Providence. There are many causes of poverty, positive and negative, culpable and inculpable, and these will operate everywhere pretty extensively. There will also be most legitimate cases of exceptionally large fortunes amassed by individuals and continued in families. It is quite right that great gains should be attainable, and should, in prospect, afford incentives to active exertion, provided always, as far as the moral and spiritual interests of the persons are concerned, that the means employed be thoroughly lawful and the intention pure, and the snares which beset the pursuit of wealth be guarded against. To return to the maxim with which I have started in this reflection, namely, that wealth contributes to a nation's happiness mainly by its diffusion; I will develop the maxim more briefly in another form. If the wealth acquired by a greater or less number of citizens of any state does not beneficially affect the great mass of the inhabitants, it cannot be said to contribute very considerably to the happiness of the state. This view is, of course, applicable not only to a whole kingdom, but to a city or a province. The progress of industry or commerce in a province or a city, if largely beneficial to the people of that province or city, will contribute to its happiness. We must observe, however, that the city or province is *not* the

kingdom, unless inasmuch as the rest of the kingdom participates of the advantage. It is not quite enough that the rest of the inhabitants have *the honour* of belonging to the same country.

4. As a matter of fact, great commercial and industrial enterprise, leading to great pecuniary gains, is found united in some countries with a large amount of squalid poverty on the part of the inhabitants, and the gains are not diffused at all proportionably to their greatness through the population. Further, a very large number of those who contribute by their labour to what are considered glorious results, lead a hard and painful life, and often a life which seems scarcely fit for human beings. This last circumstance is specially observable in those who are engaged in working mines, more particularly coal mines. There are various occupations, too, prejudicial to health. The whole of what I have said in this paragraph is verified in the British dominions.

5. A nation which is backward in commerce and industry may be happier—that is, may have a happier population—than another which is much more advanced in these respects. Perhaps the former would be happier still with greater material progress. I do not wish to depreciate the advantages of this progress. It ought no doubt to be encouraged; but it is not *everything*. Let those who are interested—prince and people—make every reasonable effort to push forward all kinds of improvements; but let not established order and substantial contentment be disturbed and destroyed under the pretext of bettering the condition of the country, with the absolute certainty of much mischief and misery, and no security of eventually attaining the proposed object.

I will conclude these reflections by stating the fact that the Roman people are happy, leading a peaceful life, with almost universal sufficiency of means of support, and widely spread comfort and no oppression. They would not have found out any ground for unhappiness had it not been suggested to them by strangers. I do not mean, of course, that there were never any murmurs against the government, that every one was perfectly satisfied with everything that was done. Nor do I mean that the Papal government never made any mistakes. But on the whole, and allowing for human infirmities and shortcomings, I say that the Papal States are a substantially happy country, and much happier than many others which are unfavourably contrasted with it by writers and speakers.

A variety of motives may be assigned for false judgments on this subject. Hatred of the Catholic religion naturally enough leads to condemnation of the Pope and whatever he does. This hatred is found extensively in Christian sects and in the multitude of infidels scattered over the world. Then, among Catholics—even otherwise apparently attached to their religion—besides their unconscious adoption of false maxims propounded by the enemies of our faith, there is a certain jealousy of the interference of Church or Churchmen in secular matters; a notion, too, that Ecclesiastics do not understand, much less appreciate, the natural interests of society, that the affairs of this world belong of right to themselves, and that priests and bishops should be confined to religious doctrines and preaching and sacraments. Hence, real or supposed abuses or deficiencies, which would be overlooked in lay princes, are unmercifully and unreasoningly criticised and condemned in Popes. Another motive is found in what may, without exaggeration, be called *a mania* for material progress. I say *a mania*, not a mere desire for it, nor a zeal for its promotion, nor an earnest inculcation of its advantages—for all this is reasonable—but an insatiable longing for it, joined with a belief, either express or tacit, that all earthly good, depends on it, joined likewise at times with a certain disregard of possibilities and a forgetfulness of the old proverb, that “Rome was not built in a day.”

Having stated what I call *the present* condition of the Roman people, that is to say, their condition under the Pope's sway now interrupted, I come to the question of their political rights. A prevalent doctrine in our days is, that every nation has a right to insist on being governed as it pleases, and by whom it pleases. This is, perhaps, rather a crude way of putting it, but there is no substantial exaggeration. Of course the opinion is often obscurely expressed and more or less masked, and is, besides, really modified by many who would not adopt fully this political latitudinarianism. They would, however, consider it very moderate to assert to every country the right to a constitutional government framed on a thoroughly liberal plan; and if this could not be otherwise obtained, they would authorize the throwing off of allegiance to the existing sovereign. What, then, are we to say of the Roman people? They have the same political prerogatives as any other. The Pope's civil authority over them is merely human; it is no more Divine than that of any other temporal prince. They may, then, get rid of him if

they do not find his sway satisfy them. They may give themselves up to the King of Italy, and do their part in establishing that glorious Italian unity which he has undertaken to effect. This is still more obvious if they cannot obtain a free constitution from the Pontiff. At any rate, whatever may be said concerning actual circumstances, a case *might* arise in which they could legitimately throw off the Pope's yoke, and what would then become of *the necessity* of the Temporal Power of the Roman Pontiff?

For the sake of clearness in answering this difficulty, and, at the same time, solving the last of the three questions I originally set down to be treated of, I will divide my observations by numbers.

1. The principle—if principle it can be called—that a people fairly governed by an otherwise legitimate sovereign are at liberty to dethrone him because they prefer another prince or another form of government, is quite inadmissible. I have no objection to allowing that the people are the original immediate source of civil authority. But, once they permanently confer this authority, they cannot arbitrarily take it away from the person or persons to whom they have given it. They have entered into a lasting contract which involves obligations on both sides, and cannot be rescinded at pleasure.

Besides the manifest intrinsic unlawfulness of casting off allegiance through a mere desire of change, though it were done but once, the admission of the doctrine would involve a continual state of uncertainty and instability, to prevent which governments are instituted. I may be told that this, at most, would only prove the inexpediency of the doctrine, not its unsoundness. I answer that a moral doctrine which is essentially inexpedient is necessarily false. The natural law prohibits whatever is of such a character that its lawfulness would be a radical evil. There are many things severely forbidden by natural law, not so much on account of the serious turpitude of each act as on account of the mischief which would arise from their not being so forbidden. This, for instance, is the reason assigned by Cardinal de Lugo and others for there being an absolute *materia gravis* in theft, independently of the *relative* grievousness of the injury done to the individual whose property is stolen; because if a sum so considerable in itself as to be notably attractive could be taken without mortal sin, a great mischief would result to society.

2. What I have said of the unlawfulness of dethroning a prince because some other person or some other form of government is preferred, holds also for the case of discontent with the present ruler on grounds which may seem plausible, and are even to a certain extent real. That is to say, a people which is substantially well and fairly governed cannot revolt legitimately for the sake of what would really be an improved state of things. The reason assigned in the preceding observation applies here too. The notion that every people has a right, at every given time, to improve its condition by a change of sovereigns or form of government, is monstrous. Even supposing the proposed improvement would be real if once effected, the attempt is unlawful, because revolution is assuredly forbidden, at the least, except in a case of necessity, and the case supposed is not such. The evils attending resistance to established authority are too great to be incurred for the sake of mere progress. Then we must take into account the uncertainty of attaining that amelioration which is looked forward to, the uncertainty of its continuance if attained, the errors which may be easily committed in judging of the reality of the improvement. For although I have supposed that in a particular case the ultimate change would be in fact for the better, if the principle of revolution is so far admitted its application cannot be confined to such a supposition. For the principle would come in practice to this—that wherever a change is *judged likely* to be beneficial, it may be made. Now those who desire a change will always represent it as beneficial, and will, with some sort of plausible reasoning, work on the minds of the people, and turn to account that spirit of uneasiness and that love of novelty which are part of our corrupt nature. In one word, the principle of the lawfulness of revolution for the mere sake of rendering better a condition of things already good and happy, is a principle of instability, than which nothing can be worse.

The erroneous character of the views I am condemning ought to be brought home to us by considering the sort of men who start undertakings of this kind. We shall certainly find on examination that they are for the most part bad men—men of little or no religion and of corrupt morals, men who it is difficult to conceive can be seriously aiming at a good object, though, of course, they take care to give themselves credit for high public virtue, and exaggerate the excellence of the result they propose for attainment. I am speaking at present of revolutions directed

to mere advancement, not of those which seek to throw off a manifest and grievous oppression; though even in these bad men often take the lead, but not so exclusively, and even such revolutions are commonly criminal, at least in their working. Indeed, whatever may be said of the abstract lawfulness of revolution in certain cases, it is hard to point out instances of revolutions confined to legitimate objects and conducted on legitimate principles. The anarchical element generally enters largely into such undertakings.

3. There is one political privilege which is, in our times, looked on as specially necessary, and such that every people has a right to insist on its possession. This is a *free constitution*. The question, therefore, comes before us, whether a nation is entitled to go to extreme lengths in demanding a constitution, so as even to cast off allegiance to its otherwise legitimate sovereign because he will not yield to its wishes? Of course a people may lawfully make the demand and persevere in urging it with moderation—but can they go so far as revolt? I say they cannot, if they are in other respects fairly governed. Certainly a free constitution is not in itself necessary for the happiness of a people. It is no more necessary now than it was in former ages. The mere fact of such things being the fashion in our times does not create a title which can be enforced legitimately by arms. It does not enter into the original contract with the sovereign, who, on the other hand, is fulfilling his part. He might do better by granting what is asked, but he cannot be dethroned for refusing. This would be true even if constitutions were always a certain and unmixed good. But such is not the case.

A constitution well framed and firmly established may be a great political benefit; though indeed seldom so great in practice as in theory. Our own British Constitution, which is the most ancient and the most genuine thing of the kind, the growth of ages, the result of long experience, well adapted to the temper of the *English* people, and at least tolerably acceptable to other parts of the Empire—the British Constitution, I say, is not so thorough a guarantee against oppression on the part of the State as its written description would lead a reader to judge. There are, no doubt, safeguards for the liberty of the subject, but they are far from being so complete or absolute as never to be set aside. But I have no desire to quarrel with our constitution. No matter what be its excellence, we cannot hence infer that

similar blessings are to be expected from attempts to establish a similar system elsewhere. It is not every people that is fit for a constitution such as ours. In saying this, I do not mean to depreciate other nations. They may be as good as we are or better, but they may still not be, so to speak, made for a *British Constitution*, and yet it is a *British Constitution* they are to get ; for ours is the model. They may not be made for any constitution of the same character—for what *we* should understand by a constitution. Then, to *have* a constitution, and to *build one up*, are two very different things. Ours built itself up by degrees, with occasional shocks and struggles, no doubt, but still it was in the main a work of time. It was not made to order. We did not set about playing at parliament like some of our neighbours.

The starting of a constitution is a perilous enterprise for many reasons ; and very specially for this, that the party most active in *getting up* a constitution is usually an *ultra* party aiming at a revolutionary liberty, which is the same as licentiousness. This party, both before the assembly of the first parliament and in that parliament, which has on its hands the finishing of the constitution, will strive to work out its own purposes, and will keep the country in a state of confusion. It may be a long time before things settle down and the new government becomes consolidated, if it ever becomes consolidated, and is not, on the contrary, overturned in the process.

4 There is a peculiar ground on which the Roman people have, if possible, less right than others to insist on a constitution of the same character as that proposed elsewhere. The Pope's temporal sovereignty is annexed to his Spiritual Primacy, fundamentally annexed from the commencement of the former. The Pope is first Bishop, and then King ; he is King because he is Bishop of Rome. This has been going on for eleven centuries. The Pope's civil authority, though otherwise of the same nature as that of any other prince, is, by its origin and by very long custom and thorough prescription, determined to be of a character consistent with his position as Head of the Church. Now, as Head of the Church, the Pope must be independent of any control which might interfere even indirectly with the freedom of his spiritual government. It will be well to look a little more closely into this matter, so as to avoid mistakes one way or the other.

First of all, then, the Pope could not safely put into the hands of the people or their representatives any power over

ecclesiastical affairs. These belong to him as Pontiff and not as temporal sovereign, and it is incumbent on him to manage them, partly in person, partly through an ecclesiastical organization distinct from his secular government as such.

Secondly, there does not seem on the other hand to be any essential obstacle to constitutional government as regards the internal civil administration of Rome and the Papal States. Without a constitution, the Pope's absolute government ought to be carried on in the same way as the absolute civil government of any secular prince ought to be carried on. The Pope's civil relations to his people are exactly the same as those of any other temporal sovereign. Of course, he is emphatically bound to govern justly and even religiously, but not more justly nor more religiously than another monarch. If we may so speak, he is *more bound*, but not *to more*; because every King is under the obligation of doing what is morally his best to conduct his administration according, and quite according, to justice and religion. The temporal and spiritual interests of the Roman people are exactly the same as they would be under a lay Ruler, and, therefore, ought to be dealt with exactly in the same way by the Pope as they *ought* to be dealt with by a lay Ruler if he were there instead of the Pope. I am speaking of what *ought to be*, whether it *would be* or not. It is needless to say that no Christian can legitimately claim for any nation a sinfully lax rule. Well, then, if the Pope, as an absolute sovereign should govern just the same way as a perfectly right minded absolute lay sovereign, what is to prevent his giving a free constitution so far as internal government is concerned, if a lay sovereign could give it? He is not bound, but he *may* act thus. There is no essential obstacle, but there are difficulties, as we shall see.

Thirdly, although a constitution might answer at Rome with regard to internal affairs, there is a special difficulty concerning foreign relations. It is a matter of vital moment that the Pope should, as far as possible, be always at peace with all other nations. He should never be placed in a position to be forced by his own ministers to undertake a war against his will. He should never be liable to any restriction in his intercourse with princes or peoples. Now a thoroughly complete constitution would place the Pontiff in this position. The Roman Constitution would therefore require to be of a more limited character than what might be allowed in another country.

Fourthly, it is not very easy to construct a constitution so

as that it may be effectually kept within certain prescribed limits. Once the power of the Sovereign is largely shared by a representative body to which his Ministers are responsible, it is hard to prevent encroachments on the Royal prerogative. If a nominally restricted Parliament set its heart on something that is not within its legal competence, there are appliances available for pursuing the desired object; among the rest, that very obvious one of stopping the supplies, as the imposition of taxes is a leading parliamentary privilege. Suppose a Roman parliament thought fit to trench on ecclesiastical ground, or to interrupt friendly relations with another state, or to effect some serious change in the representative system itself, what trouble might they not give the Pope! Add to all this the fact that—as I said before often happens in such cases—those who are pressing most for a Roman Constitution are men well enough inclined to go further than the Pontiff could in reason allow. Still, I am prepared to admit that some steps might be taken towards a constitution in the Papal States. The present Pope was taking steps, and had actually established a parliament when he was stopped by revolutionary violence, his Prime Minister assassinated, and himself soon after obliged to fly from Rome. These are certainly sufficient motives for waiting awhile.

5. So far, we have not found any very decisive influence of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the political rights of the Roman people. For their condition is such temporally and politically that, if their sovereign were not Pope, they would not, on sound principles, be entitled to insist, by means of a revolution, on a change of government. Supposing, however, that in the case of a lay sovereign they would have a right to so insist, there is a reason why they should not have the same right as against the Pope, and that reason is not taken precisely from the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power, but from the original and long established actual relation between the Roman Episcopate and the civil sovereignty of the Pontiff.

I come now to the only case in which there would seem to be a possible collision between the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power and the genuine rights of the Roman people. Fortunately the case has not arisen, and we have every reason to hope it never will arise, but will remain in the category of imaginable hypotheses. What would have to be said if the Pope's government became manifestly and intolerably oppressive? Suppose a Pope to turn tyrant in the fullest sense.

Suppose a Pope to treat his people in a way which would justify revolution were there question of a lay prince. It is not my business to define what amount of oppression would suffice for this in the case of a lay prince. I believe things must have reached a very bad state before revolt becomes lawful; but I do not undertake to say that it may not ever become lawful. On the other hand, I will not pretend that the Pope is exempt from liability to go astray to any amount in his temporal government. There is certainly no divine promise to this effect traceable anywhere. The thing is unlikely, and we may go a good way in reliance on the Providence of God to prevent it. But we cannot affirm with certainty that such a misfortune is impossible. What, then, could be done if it occurred?

Is the Pope to be deprived of his civil sovereignty notwithstanding the need the Church has of this provision for her Head? If not, are the Roman people to pine on in a sort of slavery? Both alternatives appear inadmissible. But a middle course may be found. Surely there are other remedies against oppression besides depriving a sovereign of his throne—remedies which, if not so peremptory, are quite efficacious enough for the purpose and often likely to turn out better, even politically, than that extreme measure, which I would altogether exclude in the case of the Pope. These remedies are various, at least in degree. I will not enter into any discussion of them, but will content myself with saying that, in the circumstances contemplated, whatever measures would be lawful in the case of a lay sovereign would be so in the case of a Roman Pontiff, excepting two, which I by no means affirm would be allowable with reference to a lay sovereign. These are, first, deposition; secondly, any compulsory change in a previously just mode of government. The reasonableness of these exceptions is sufficiently obvious, and will be further established by what I have to say under the next number.

6. Although in reality the legitimate—the only true—rights of the Roman people are not in any great degree compromised by the fact of their sovereign being the Head of the Church and by the connection between his civil authority and his spiritual Supremacy, still it may be well to consider how far this connection could be a ground for the curtailment of their rights, were such curtailment necessary to the maintenance of the connection. Let us suppose—though the supposition is untrue—that were the Roman people under a lay sovereign and governed by him

as they are by the Pope, they would be justified in throwing off their allegiance and choosing another Ruler or another form of government, does it follow that they would be justified in setting aside the Pope? Has the Pope any claim to his temporal sovereignty different from that of a lay Prince? or again, has *the Church* any claim to his maintenance in that position? It appears to me that the Church *has* a claim upon the Roman people in this regard.

In order to establish this view, I will recall what I have already said in the course of this paper,* that the Catholic Church was intended by its Founder for all men, intended to be coextensive with the human race; that all men as men are bound to be Catholics, though many may, through invincible ignorance, be free from sin in not fulfilling this objective obligation; that the Catholic Church, wherever it exists, is identified with human society; that it is itself *one* vast community. From all this it follows that every member of the Church is bound to the rest of its members and to the whole community. So, too, is every Catholic nation bound to the Catholic Church and to every portion of it. Every Catholic nation is bound to do its part in sustaining the Church. This is a duty towards God, towards the Church itself, and towards the other portions of the Church. The part which any given nation is called on to do is to be determined by circumstances. If a nation is so placed that a particular—much more a singular—mode of cooperation is specially within its reach and specially required for the well-being of the Church, that nation is peculiarly bound to so cooperate, even at some sacrifice. Now this is exactly the position of the Roman people.

Rome was chosen by St. Peter—no doubt under Divine direction, though not necessarily as a matter of Divine right—to be his Episcopal See, whose Bishops were, as a consequence, to be his successors in the Primacy. Rome, being the See, is the proper place of residence of the Popes. The good of the Church demands that the Popes should be temporal sovereigns of a moderately large territory including and surrounding their place of residence. Such a territory, including and surrounding Rome, was bestowed on them eleven centuries ago, directly by men and by human right, but unmistakeably under the action of Divine Providence, and has been preserved to them with little interruption ever since. The Roman people are the inhabitants

* MONTH, September—October, p. 201.

of that territory ; they constitute a nation which has the Vicar of Christ for its King. Surely this people—this nation—has specially within its reach the maintenance of a great good which the whole Church needs, and which the whole Church calls on this nation to preserve to her. Here is a special mode of cooperation to the well-being of the Catholic Church, imposed by circumstances most marked and singular. This cooperation consists in faithfully remaining subject to the Pope as a temporal sovereign.

It seems clear that the Roman people owe temporal allegiance to the Pope on two titles, one common to all subjects of any legitimate prince, the other special, arising out of their duty towards the Church. This latter title of the two is more sacred than the former, and more definite. For when another people, rightly or wrongly, transfers its obedience to a new government, whether monarchical or otherwise, this new government, once firmly settled, *may be* an adequate substitute for that which preceded, under all respects of public utility. Not so when the temporal sovereignty of the Pope passes into other hands.

My conclusion from these considerations is, that the Roman people are more extensively bound to remain faithful to the Pope than they would to a lay sovereign, so that circumstances which might justify a change in the latter case would not in the former.

The Pope himself is sometimes spoken of, and most justly, as a Trustee for the Church in the administration of his temporal sovereignty. The same idea may not improperly be extended to the Roman people. They hold those States as subjects of the Pope, and maintain him as their King, for the benefit of the Catholic Church. Those States are the patrimony of the whole Church. There cannot be States without a government and a people. The Pontiff governs, the inhabitants of the States are the people. We may add that if they perform a duty they enjoy a privilege. They possess as their capital the metropolis of the Christian world. We may add, too, that if in the Papal States there is not that blazoning of constitutional liberty, so often more apparent than real, there is sufficient substantial freedom and more justice in the political administration than can easily be found elsewhere. Having come to the end of what I think it necessary to say on the third and last of the questions I proposed answering, I will, before summing up on this question, make one

or two remarks in connection with the late unhappy Roman transactions.

The Pope, as I have already observed, is as a Temporal Sovereign but a Trustee for the Church. He holds his States not in his own name, but in the name of that widely spread Catholic Community of which he is the Head. He has not the power to resign those States into other hands. Hence that famous, and I will say glorious, *Non possumus*, sneered at occasionally by his enemies—the enemies, very many of them, of Christ and of God, men who care as little for the Almighty as they do for His representative. The Pontiff has not the power to dispose of what is really not his own. Of course, if the case could arise, and did arise, of a cession being beneficial to the Church, the Pope, as supreme administrator of her property, could yield up his dominions; but not otherwise. He knows well it would not be for her advantage, and therefore he cannot do so. He firmly trusts, and so ought every earnest Catholic to trust, that the present storm will pass, and the States will be restored to himself or another successor of St. Peter. He knows that it would be a far less evil that he alone, or even three or four other Popes after him, should lose their lives by violence than that their Temporal Power should be finally lost to the Church, and he has, and we may hope they would have, the courage to face death for the sake of duty.

The last invasion of Rome and what the Pope still retained of his States, as well as the previous invasion of the other parts which Pius the Ninth held at the commencement of his reign, is a manifest violation of all right. The substance and the mode and the results, all combine to make up a glaring case of injustice and wickedness such as cannot be sincerely defended by any honest man, unless he be labouring under ignorance otherwise disgraceful. Abundance of attention has been called to these proceedings, and they do not come within the range of my subject. I will just say a word or two about the Roman *Plebiscite*. What is its value? I answer—None whatever. Had it been honestly taken, and really and freely and universally given, it would have been unlawful and invalid; because the people had no right to transfer their civil allegiance from the Pope. But speaking of the fact as it happened, there was neither honesty nor freedom nor universality. In very plain terms, we may say the whole proceeding was a ludicrous and disgraceful imposition.

I see no need of dwelling on *the actual state of things* at Rome, although in the course of treating my second question, I hinted such a purpose.* The substance of that state is well known, and I could not enter into its circumstances, or comment satisfactorily on it, without extending a good deal the limits of this article, otherwise sufficiently, if not more than sufficiently, long.

I will now conclude by a short summary of what has been treated of under the third of those heads or questions I proposed at the commencement—namely, What is the bearing of the necessity of the Pope's Temporal Power on the political rights of the Roman people? I have stated that the Roman people—that is to say, the inhabitants of the Papal States—were, at the time which immediately preceded the changes of the last few years, well and comfortably off, fairly provided with the necessaries, and even the comforts, of life, and with the means of education; that literature and the fine arts were flourishing among them; that there was light taxation and no oppression; that commercial and industrial enterprise were encouraged and progressing; that whatever backwardness existed in these last particulars involved no want of civilization, and left the mass of the people much better off than they are in some other countries which boast of great material progress; that the Roman people were, in fact, a happy people. I have then gone on to show that a nation has no right forcibly to change its sovereign or government merely because it prefers another, nor yet for the sake of even a real improvement not necessary for its happiness, nor for the sake of a free constitution. And with regard to this last object there is a special reason affecting the Pope's subjects—namely, that the civil government is fundamentally annexed to the Pope's Spiritual Primacy. Now the Primacy occasions special difficulties in the framing of a constitution; for no risk must be run of compromising the Pontiff's liberty in what regards the government of the Church.

In the improbable case of intolerable oppression in the civil rule of the Roman people, they could not lawfully set the Pope aside. It does not follow from this that they would have no sufficient remedy. Such a remedy would be found in a pressure brought to bear on the Pope or his ministers, whereby they would be constrained to desist from tyranny. Finally, I have endeavoured to prove that the Roman people might be bound,

* MONTH, September—October, p. 205.

in duty towards the Church, to forego rights which they would perhaps possess and could exercise were their sovereign any other than the Pope.

Having closed my Paper on "The State of the Question as to the Pope's Temporal Power," I will subjoin a few words of explanation regarding an important point touched on in the course of it. I was driven by the nature of my subject to allude to revolution and the causes or motives of revolution, and the degrees of such causes or motives. There are circumstances in which revolution is more obviously unlawful than in other circumstances. I willingly took occasion to condemn it in some of these contingencies; but I had neither inclination nor need to pronounce on the question, when or whether ever it be allowable to revolt against and set aside an existing government, whose title was originally legitimate or has become legitimate in a long lapse of time. I speak of a government taken in its full comprehension, and outside of which there are no rights expressly reserved, so as to have modified the original title from the beginning.

The Popes have spoken very strongly against resistance to the civil power, urging, for instance, and stringently interpreting the doctrine of St. Paul—"Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation."* This has been done, among the rest, by Gregory the Sixteenth, in an Encyclical of August 15, 1832, and by Pius the Ninth, in an Encyclical of November 9, 1846. The sixty-third proposition among those enumerated in the Syllabus of 1864 for condemnation, runs thus—"It is lawful to refuse obedience to legitimate Princes, nay, to rebel against them." It is certain then that, at least, excepting some very extraordinary conjunctures, revolt is contrary to the Divine law. I will not venture to say that all possible cases are comprehended in these declarations, or, in other words, that their terms rightly understood include all possible cases; nor do I believe that it is so.

But I had really no need to enter into the question as to when revolution may be allowable. My business was with the position of the Roman people, so far as that position is affected

* Rom. xiii. 1, 2.

by the necessity to the Church of the Pope's Temporal Power. Whatever is forbidden to all subjects of all legitimate Princes in the civil order is, of course, forbidden to the Romans, and has nothing to do with their special position, since the Pope's title to his secular sovereignty is humanly legitimate in the highest degree. The whole difficulty I had to meet concerned an imaginable curtailment of civil rights—a curtailment resulting from the Church's need of the Pope's temporal authority over the Roman States. The question was whether *any* of the rights which another people *would* or *might* have are to be denied to the Roman people on account of the peculiar spiritual position of their sovereign. In order to treat this question, allusion had to be made to the rights which another people would have or might have in peculiar circumstances. It was not, however, by any means necessary that I should absolutely affirm the existence or define the limits of such rights of another people. It was enough for me to speak hypothetically of certain rights which may or may not be justly attributable to another people. It was enough for me to say, for example—*If* another people would have a right to do so and so with regard to their prince, the Roman people *would* have the same; or—*Although* another people would have a right to do so and so, the Roman people *would not* have the same. In this sense only I intended to speak.

E. J. O'R.

Hawthorn Park.

'Twas summer time. Ah, the long sunny days !
I think that May will never come again
With such a wealth of love for thee and me
And all the world. The park was full of bloom
When Mabel entered by the lowest arch,
And sought the dingle hollowed near the gates,
The frowning entrance towers with ivy heaped,
All gray, like age that drags its weight of years
And peers from underneath its shaggy brows
Into the vigour and the shine of life.

And Mabel sought her haunt beside the brook,
And saw it flashing pearls into the Sun
In very wantonness of summer glee ;
And saw the May flowers gem the river bank,
Like hoard of amber spilt among the grass,
The primrose drifts amid the knotted trees,
And all the purple sea of violets
That broke upon the hollow's bank of moss,
Creeping anear the proud exclusive ferns
That stood apart in groups of stately grace.

And Mabel lifted up her girlish face,
So full of childhood's trust and woman's thought,
And sent her gaze to seek the distant blue
That lacing leaves had almost woven o'er ;
And smiled to see a Sunbeam strike her breast
And touch her cheek as warm as mother's kiss.
While so she stood, the river's mirror pool
Gathered her image down into its breast.
Her hair luxuriant, rippling from her brows,
And hued like autumn foliage in the sun ;
Her tender cheek so delicately pale,
Her rounded form so stately and so lithe ;
E'en her slight hand that plucked a willow leaf,
And in the water stirring, summer-faint,
Gleamed like a snowflake quivering down the deep.

Now rings the quick, impatient peal of bells,
Jangling, discordant, on the blackbird's tune ;

The clang of bells, the distant hum of speech,
And then the click of hoofs upon the path,
And dust upscattered on the vivid air.
Then Mabel, flushing crimson to her ears,
Crouches among the ferns upon the bank,
But vainly; for a mocking voice cries out—
"Good morrow, Mabel, pretty Mistress May!"
The girl upsprings and meets the rider's eye,
While he, the gayest, laughingly spurs past—
Young Maurice, ficklest, handsomest of youths.
Then Mabel, lofty in her maiden pride,
Stands till the thicket takes him from her sight,
Then flings herself in shame upon the grass,
Scorching the gentle flowrets with her tears—
Anguished that thus should ever be outwung
The secret that is burning in her heart,
By him who should have known it for his wrong,
The doing of his cruel, careless will.

For often once he came to Mabel's home,
The low roofed cottage bower among the trees,
And wiled away the time with idle love,
For lack of better pastime playing slave,
Till he had won an unsuspecting heart,
Its childish trust, its woman's ardent love.
And Mabel dreamed, forgetting she was poor,
And thus not fit a wife for Maurice Knight;
Nor that the first new face that hit his whim
Would lure him from her side. But so it was;
Laughing he went, nor recked his broken vows;
And as he turned his face from Mabel's home,
The shadow fell and darkened all her life.

Alas! the girl was scarcely more than child,
And revelling in youth's first spring of hope,
And found it hard to own her lifeboat wrecked
And tried to play and jest and laugh it off.
It would not do. And then her step was slow,
And dark her eyes, and wan her face and thin;
And she would pale and shudder at a name
That once was frankly sounded by her voice;
Hiding herself in dread of sneering smiles
That said, "Poor thing! she thought he cared for her."
But fearing most to chance upon his path
And meet his eyes that, laughing, dived in hers
With glance that mocked and triumphant spoke—
"Pity I cannot wed thee, pretty May!"
Just as upon this singing summer morn
He smiled upon her, gaily spurring past.
And Mabel, quivering o'er with wounded pride,
In grief and anger wept into the grass.

Hawthorn Park.

Ah ! Maurice, thou art towards the castle bound,
 Where noble Laura dwells in highborn pride,
 Dreaming, methinks, of other lord than thou
 While late she slumbers on her purple couch ;
 The jasmine's incense stealing through her sleep,
 The flash of golden foliage sweeping by,
 The blush of roses ripening by her side,
 And arrowy sunbeams darting through her hair,
 Gemming the fervid pictures of her brain.

Ah ! Maurice, she will enter by and bye
 Into that chamber which thou know'st so well—
 That amber room resplendent with the sun,
 And lay her lily hand so light on thine ;
 And with her tresses' cloudy curling flow,
 And with the witching flash of dusky eyes,
 The gleam of pearls 'twixt ruby curving lips,
 The crystal laugh like fall of summer stream,
 Will charm thee for her victim of the hour.
 And thou wilt stand enchained, almost abashed,
 And swear within thee she is beauty's queen,
 More regal than the tenant of a throne.

Not that thou lovest her ; no—oh, no ! thy heart,
 If ever such a foolish thing was thine,
 Went with the other pretty toys thou gavest
 To Mabel in the garden, months ago.
 But to be spouse of such a queen as this,
 And monarch of such lands as these—what gift
 More rich, more full, could come from fortune's hand ?

Ah ! pity Laura's smile was turned away,
 And pity Laura's whispered words unheard,
 As, sweeping on her robe's luxuriant folds
 Of satin coloured like the olive's cheek,
 Across the marble to the branching vines,
 She murmurs low and plucks the purple fruit—
 " This saucy boy will wear the time away ;
 Ah me ! how slow the hours ! when will *he* come ? "

Dear Mabel, little maiden, child, look up !
 No longer drain thy simple heart for tears.
 I see a day not far within thy fate,
 When thou wilt spurn that fickle heart and hand,
 Laid lowly down beneath thy very feet,
 Which once thou prized'st more than life itself.

Something like this was whispered in her ear,
 By flower, or spirit voice, or passing breeze.
 And Mabel hearing, dried her running tears,
 And lying wearily among the ferns,
 She yielded to a gentle power and slept.

And in a dream her life dissolved away—
The old life with its shadow and its sting.
Mysterious mentors preached into her ear
Lessons of light and power for future songs.
And one, called Grief, who wore a sombre robe,
Enwoven all with silver, plucked a reed
And placed it in her fingers, and said—"Write!"
And all the dingle, with its flowers and birds,
Its whispering leaves, and lurking lazy winds,
Throbbled with a sudden passion into speech,
With one spontaneous impulse echoed—"Write!"
And Mabel, wakened from her fateful dream,
Gathered a reed, and kneeling, kissed and vowed.
Then left the dingle in its sunset flush,
Passing the entrance through the lowest arch.

Ah! Maurice, thou hast wandered o'er the world,
And yet not found a heart so pure and true,
So full of trust, as that once freely given
By Mabel in the garden years ago.
Restless and roving over foreign climes,
A poem's magic breath stole o'er thy life;
For Mabel's genius, offspring of thy wrong,
Stooped in its flight upon thy changing heart,
And slit the worldly sheathing of thy soul,
Setting the God-created spirit free.
Thou threadest once again the summer park,
Pining with humble heart for little May;
Seeking for Mabel, Lady Laura's guest,
The magic songstress—she, the loved, the praised.

Ah! 'tis the self same scene, the self same sound,
And scents are busy in the evening air.
Thou turn'st aside as, from the dell anigh—
That shady dingle hollowed near the gates—
A spicy greeting trembles on the breeze,
From violets and stirring brier wreaths.
Thy head is turned away, they steed half checked,
But Fate is fingering now thy bridle rein,
And onward fast thou boundest at her touch.

Mabel has wearied sore of lover's sighs,
And praises daily sounded in her ears;
And yearning for the converse, frank and true,
Of nature, dear companion of her youth,
She seeks the oriel window to the west,
While o'er the dark fired forests glares the sun,
Heaving his last triumphant passion throb.
And Mabel, with her forehead to the light,
Upon the crimsonpaved verandah stands;
Her lily robe all dyed to roseate hues,

A thousand stars reflected in her eyes,
And tinted fires entangled in her hair.
She leans against the marble column near,
And nestles in its amber fount of leaves,
Redstained and burning in the kindled air.

A start, a flush, then, pallid as a mist,
The worshipper is summoned from her dreams,
And gazes on a figure by her side—
A grave and bearded man, with foreign tinge
Of travel on his weatherbeaten cheek.
A hush. The nightingales have held their breath,
The heavens pale, the clouds are crouching low
On the horizon, reverent to hear,
As Maurice, in a rushing tide of words,
Pours out his suit upon the listening air—
Pleading his years of grief, his altered life,
His yearning gratitude towards her—the star
That, shedding holy radiance on his soul,
Had bathed it deep in life regenerate.
Another hush. Then, as the gathering winds,
Choke down a rising sob, a saddened voice
Comes forth with quivering, calm and slow replies—
“No, Maurice; Mabel ne’er will be a wife.
Nor thou nor I can call to life again
The love thy falsehood murdered years ago;
There is no second blooming for the flower,
No resurrection from the grave of trust.
But let us yet be friends and live at peace,
Await the opening of th’ eternal gates;
And on that day have harvest from our lives
Of noble deeds, grief soothed, and righted wrong,
The blessings of the suffering and the poor;
And garnering up our treasures as we go,
So let us tarry the resplendent dawn.
Thou hast thy sword, and Mabel hath her pen.

A. D.

An Attempt to Canonize John Huss.

IT is, we suppose, because we live in an inventive age that, unless a writer can startle us by some decided novelty in the matter or the manner of his productions, unless he can destroy a reputation or rehabilitate a black sheep, he is not considered to have added to the sum of truth. To undo the renown of a popular saint, or to disperse the ill fame of a notable sinner, is probably just now the most acceptable novelty with which the uneasy public can be presented. We desire the comfort to be had from the information that there has been exaggeration in the records of such saintliness as might eclipse our own. Having arranged our plans of progress on the theory that men are "masses," we are glad when critics lessen the individualism of historical Confessors, and we welcome the assurance that the figures celebrated in mediæval annals are as ignoble as our own; if they are especially beautiful, we are relieved to hear that they are Christian myths, and their story a pious fraud. How often lately has historic truth been sacrificed to flatter the vainglorious public, and long received traditions been disingenuously attacked by the clever hypothesis, the bold denial, or partizan rhetoric which serve to titillate the habitual but uneasy scepticism of the ordinary reader! Englishmen are not so interested in historical puzzles as are the nations unprotected by the "silver thread," and to whom history has a more personal meaning than to us; but now and then echoes of Continental disputes reach us. By the time, however, that the various arguments vibrate on our ears, half of them are inaudible, and we accept the conclusion that suits our temper, often without knowing the grounds for it.

As an instance, we may adduce the meagre treatment which the Bohemian controversy touching St. John of Nepomuk has received in England since its introduction to the public in 1866

by the *Times*' correspondent at Prague. Already in *Good Words* of May, 1863, the suggestion started in Germany for political reasons that St. John of Nepomuk is the usurper of honours meant for John Huss was ingeniously offered to the somewhat credulous readers of that periodical. Doubtless, the followers of the revolutionary Huss, who with unconscious irony is often styled the "protomartyr of the reformation," revered him, and of this there is curious proof in an old choir book found at Leitmeritz, which contains the form "Missa Sancti Hussii;" but not even the authority of *Good Words* can reconcile the death by fire at Constance of Huss with the death by water at Prague of St. John. Even insular ignorance can hardly so forget the history of Bohemia as to imagine that the people of Prague, learned and accomplished before the Hussite civil wars, could have been deceived by so impossible a hoax. It is true that we are not as nationally interested in the martyr of the Moldau as is the Czech people, but still the story of St. John of the Confessional is not one that Catholics can allow to be denied without an appeal to the good sense and candour of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The attack made at once on St. John's existence and on the tradition of his martyrdom, and the effort to identify his fame with that of John Huss has not, however, been sufficiently serious to demand more than the slight review of the facts which we propose to lay before our reader. We can assure them in the meantime that our remarks are supported by an array of authorities, and have been verified by searching criticism that would be impossible to cite at length within the necessary limits of this article.

Some five years ago, in 1866, the *Times*, with its usual eagerness for information that can be warranted new and original, inquired whether any one could give an account of St. John of Nepomuk. The writer probably hardly suspected that he was entering by chance on a delicate subject. A learned, if sometimes a bitter, controversy has gone on for eighty years over the grave of the hero of Prague. Authorities have been ransacked, and even the somewhat biassed historian, Palačý, has been left in doubt as to the nice points at issue; but with a hardness only to be accounted for by pervert zeal, the *Times* was immediately assured by a Mr. A. H. Wratislaw that "no such person is known to history" as St. John Nepomuk. Mr. Wratislaw's letter was quickly followed by a rejoinder from Mr. J. A. Fox, who, animated by worthy indignation at this imputation on the Roman

Calendar, but also apparently unacquainted with the progress of the German discussion on the subject, only replied superficially to the shallow attack. Again Mr. Wratislaw, who had meantime looked up the topic in one or two histories, replied with more subtlety than he had shown in his first letter, though with no less unfair use of English ignorance and prejudice; and the *Times*, refusing to give further space to the discussion, closed it with characteristic arrogance by the expression of its belief that the history of St. John Nepomuk "had never excited so much discussion as since our correspondent described the annual procession of his relics." The *Times*, however, was not able to quench Mr. Wratislaw's ardour. It broke forth with concentrated but discreeter strength in the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1869. We are not aware of any particular results from his efforts, and we have left them for some time unnoticed; but as the mischiefs of such insinuations as his may work secretly in the thoughts of unlearned but sincere Protestants, and may increase existing prejudice against the cautious action of the Church in the canonization of her Saints, it may be worth while to see how the controversy touching the date of St. John of Nepomuk's death really stands.*

In truth the foundations on which rest the fame of St. John of Nepomuk have been so laid bare, and their witness is so confirmatory of the legend we have loved to cherish that we are well pleased to set both Mr. Wratislaw's assertions and their refutation before our readers, as an example of shallow and uncritical disparagement of a great historical figure and of the slow but sure reply, satisfactory to the candid if not to the perverted mind, which honest examination can elicit from obscure but all the more trustworthy evidence. Meantime Mr. Wratislaw shall state his own case, and to do him more than justice, we shall not quote his ill considered letters in the *Times*, but only his latest and more cautious attack on

* Much as we dislike personal remarks on those whose literary disingenuousness we are forced to expose, it is well for our readers to know that according to a printed memoir of his family, with which we have been favoured, Mr. Wratislaw traces kinship to Wenzel (St. Wenceslaus), the patron saint of Bohemia, and descent from Benitz Wratislaw, who commanded the imperial or Catholic army in the Hussite battle of Wissehrad, and was killed by the fanatic Ziska. The Roman Breviary tells us that a Wratislaus was the father of St. Wenceslaus (Sept. 28). Mr. Wratislaw appears to be determined to wipe out the stain of such a connection by being the destroyer—if he can—of St. John of Nepomuk, and by substituting in his place so sound a heretic as John Huss.

the canonization of St. John of Nepomuk in the *Contemporary Review*. He says—

In 1393 King Wenceslas the Fourth of Bohemia was contemplating the erection of a new episcopal see in the south-west of his kingdom, for the benefit either of a "wild," *i.e.*, titular patriarch, or one of three titular bishops, who enjoyed his favour, and was waiting for the death of the old Abbot of Kladrau, to establish a cathedral instead of the Benedictine abbey in that place. But the Abbot was scarcely dead when the monks proceeded with their election of a successor, and the vicar of the Archbishop of Prague with his confirmation of their choice, so rapidly, contrary to the express commands of the King, that the latter received intelligence of both events together. At a meeting for the purpose of reconciliation with the Archbishop and his clergy at Prague, the King was completely mastered by a violent fit of passion, and had John of Pomuk, the archbishop's general vicar, and others, arrested, and taken first to the Hradschin, and then to the Town-hall of the Old Town of Prague, when they were put to the torture, and all save John of Pomuk eventually released after more or less ill usage. "But," says Palačý [and we are content to follow Mr. Wratislaw's translation of the passage that he imagines will tell in favour of his assertion, that "no such person (as St. John Nepomuk) is known to history"], "the general vicar, John of Pomuk, who was especially implicated in the eyes of the King, endured all the tortures of the rack, wherein Wenceslas himself is said to have assisted in performing the part of executioner, without satisfying his vengeance. Finally, he caused the already half inanimate priest to be bound, carried to the Prague bridge, and thrown thence into the Moldau. This took place on Thursday, March 20th, at about nine o'clock in the evening."

Mr. Wratislaw, constrained by the eminent historian of Bohemia, has told the story of John of Pomuk's martyrdom fairly, but even were we unable to throw some additional light on the facts he is obliged to relate, our readers could hardly mistake the sophistry with which he endeavours to distort them in the remarks he makes on Palačý's narrative.

Out of this historical personage [continues the learned and accurate censor of Jesuits, whom, in an obscure sentence of his letter to the *Times*, he asserts to have in the fourteenth century helped to exterminate Protestantism in Bohemia!] has been manufactured the celebrated St. John Nepomuk, the patron of bridges, whose legend asserts him to have been put to death in the manner and form above described, on May 16th, 1383 (ten years previously) for refusing to divulge to King Wenceslas the confession of his wife, Queen Johanna, at a time when Wenceslas was, and had been, on excellent terms with the archbishop and clergy. Queen Johanna died in 1386, and in 1389 Wenceslas married Sophia of Bavaria, who was more than suspected of favouring the Hussites. The legend cannot, we believe, be traced further back than the publication of Hajek's *Chronicle* in 1541, a work

which Palačy after careful examination discards as utterly useless for historical purposes. John of Nepomuk is moreover by no means an ancient saint, but was only canonized in 1729, so that we do not see how the Jesuits can clear themselves from the charge of procuring, and the memory of Pope Benedict the Thirteenth from that of sanctioning, the canonization of a saint under false pretences. This they are with great probability supposed to have done in the shortsightedness engendered by the plentitude of power for the purpose of altogether eradicating the memory of another John, even of him whose works in his native tongue have now wonderfully been restored to light.

Mr. Wratislaw relies much on Palačy; he should not have omitted to favour his readers with the note that historian has attached to the passage cited, and which is written in a tone that contrasts favourably with Mr. Wratislaw's shallow disingenuousness.

Regarding the identity or non-identity of this vicar general, John of Pomuk or Nepomuk, with the saint of the same name canonized by Benedict the Thirteenth on the 12th of March, 1729, there has been since the seventeenth century a great deal of dispute, conducted not altogether without passion. Persons with authority, and persons without authority, have raised their voices upon either side. To allege a proof that will exclude all doubt is a thing no longer, according to our opinion, within our power to accomplish. The conciliatory view, however, which was first adopted by Asseman, Wokam, and Father Athanasius, and which was afterwards brought forward by the master in criticism, Gelasius Dobner, in his book entitled, *Vindicia sigillo Confessionis divi Joannis Nepomuceni protomartyris penitentiae assertæ* (Prague, 1784—8), possesses the highest claim for consideration before the tribunal of historical criticism. Although Dobner in his treatise has left himself open to remark, the general point of his proposition is nevertheless by no means so ungrounded and improbable as was supposed by Dombrowsky in his *Magazin von Böhmen und Mähren* (Prague, 1787).

In Mr. Wratislaw's letter to the *Times* he says, with really singular coolness, that Palačy "knows no such person as John of Nepomuk." How he can so understand the language of the learned if somewhat pan-Sclavist historian is a problem which Mr. Wratislaw's readers must solve, but the uncandid economy of truth he has shown in his citation from Palačy inclines us to leave further refutation of his very haphazard assertions to the good sense even of his most Protestant readers.

But it is interesting to know how, as we believe is possible—even probable—the dispute concerning St. John of Nepomuk's identity with the historical vicar general of the same name, arose, and the "conciliatory view" of which Palačy writes we shall try to set before our readers. Dobner and Athanasius have

argued, and we think their argument must commend itself to the candid mind, that St. John of Nepomuk is identical with the well known general vicar John of Pomuk, who suffered martyrdom in the Moldau on the 19th or 20th of March, 1393, and they reject the date of 1383 with the whole dualism that has, as our readers will see, grown out of that erroneous date. Following Palačky, we not only admit the untrustworthiness of Hajek, but we believe that Hajek's carelessness has originated the series of mistakes by, so to speak, creating a second St. John which have been used to throw doubt on St. John's existence. Balbinus, the learned author of *Boemia Sancta*, and who has been followed by the Bollandists, appears not to have detected Hajek's error, and hence it is not strange that subsequent accounts of the martyr's life should have been often clumsily made to correspond with the wrong date. Hajek von Lobocan wrote in 1535, and has been followed by many, if not most, of those who have treated of St. John of Nepomuk. Pinning their faith to his figures, they immediately came in collision with history, and sacrificing probability to a cypher, insisting on the figure 8 instead of the figure 9 at the expense of contemporary facts, they have roused criticism far more profound and searching than Mr. Wratislaw's. Hajek wrote that in 1383 St. John, the Queen's chaplain, was martyred, and certainly that almost impossible date might throw discredit on the legend; but the rectification of what was probably at first but a clerical error, or possibly a Hussite gloss, reduces the whole dispute to quite unimportant and easily explained details. Nor was it left for moderns to trace the error and correct the date. In 1680, ten years after Balbinus published his great work on the Bohemian saints, by which he gave unfortunate currency to Hajek's figures, the Jesuit Father, Andreas Freiburger, found fault with the version it contained of St. John's life, and took up a position which, however neglected before the canonization of the saint, has been since accepted by the more learned of the disputants, and approved, as we understand, by the cathedral chapter at Prague, of which St. John was so eminent a canon. We beg our readers to observe that it was Jesuit research which in the first instance corrected the error that Hajek had brought into the tradition of St. John's death. Father Freiburger's work entitled *Animadversiones in vitam S. Joannis Nepomuceni (a Balbino, 1680, editam)* was probably overlooked in the great popularity of Balbino's work.

In comparison with the difficulties raised by Hajek's date, those founded on the variance of the names Pomuk and Nepomuk are easily removed. As we have seen, Palačky treats them as identical, and careful research has found that they were used indifferently for the Cistercian Abbey, built in 1146, by the lords of Sternberg, and for the town close by. The place of St. John's birth is, for instance, called Pomuk in records of the years 1188, 1234, 1246; and again Nepomuk in 1176, 1219, 1224, 1239, 1252. Therefore, though it happens that in the Chapter records the saint is called of Pomuk until the middle of the fifteenth century, and afterwards of Nepomuk, the variation is as trivial as though a similar difficulty were raised about the Frenchman who is sometimes styled Montalembert and sometimes De Montalembert. But to fix the date of St. John's martyrdom is really important, as on Hajek's record that it took place in 1383, rests the whole structure of spurious dualism which has tempted unfriendly critics to attack one of the most beautiful, and we may add, one of the best attested of mediæval legends. There is such abundant witness to the career and martyrdom of the vicar general drowned by Wenzel's orders in the Moldau and it is so inwoven with the story of St. John as the martyr of the Confessional, that we need but get rid of the phantom of 1383 to touch as historical and undeniable a figure as any in the Calendar.

The records of the Chapter of the Cathedral of Prague are copious, yet in them there is no mention of any John of Pomuk until after 1390, when the well known vicar general of that name was made Archdeacon of Saaz, a dignity which carried with it a canonry in the Metropolitan Chapter. Yet between 1378 and 1393 no fewer than nineteen canons bearing the name of John are mentioned; as for instance, John the provost of Breslau in 1383, John custos of the Wischrader Chapter in 1380, so that it would seem to the last degree improbable that so distinguished a person as John of the Moldau should have escaped notice in the carefully kept books of the Chapter. Nor can we trace the error of date which might have prompted Hajek's dualism to any authority prior to the town annals of Zittau, of probably the middle of the fifteenth century. In them is an entry which says, "Anno 1383 capellanus submersus Johannes de Nepomiez;" but there is no record of the Vicar General's martyrdom in 1393, an omission so unlikely that we are almost forced to believe that the *Chronicle* related his

drowning under a wrong year. And our readers will remember that before Hajek none of the many annalists and chroniclers of the martyrdom of 1393 make any mention of the event of 1383. In any case we invite attention to the antiquity of the record which celebrates St. John as capellanus rather than as vicar general, for reasons which our readers will presently appreciate.

Next in order among the scanty arguments adduced by those who would throw back by ten years the death of St. John, are two notes made by Dean John of Krumau, towards the end of the fifteenth century. The first is in the Chapter day-book of the Cathedral, and says, "Johannes de Pomuk 1383 submersus de ponte." The second is in the first page of an old MS., "1383 Johannes de Pomuk submersus de ponte decretorum doctor." Yet we cannot, with all respect for Dean John of Krumau, believe that these entries, resulting possibly from study of the *Zittau Chronicle*, can establish such an extraordinary coincidence as the martyrdom under identical circumstances of two canons John of Pomuk during the same reign and at exactly ten years' interval, and of which we should almost certainly never have heard had it not been for Hajek's careless embroideries on the historical fragments which he thought fit so unfortunately to "restore." The third, and we believe the only pre-Hajekian authority for 1383, is the description by the historian Pubitschka of an old portrait of the saint, at the back of which was described, "Anno 1383, 20 Maii ex deposito corpore in ecclesia S. Crucis Joannis de Pomuk Canon. a Wenceslas IV. ex ponte in Moldavam dejecti vera vultus et corporis depicta imago." But it is hardly needful to point out how little valuable testimony itself if so uncertain a date must be. Even if the portrait were of a more ancient style, the inscription might have been affixed by some student of the *Zittau Chronicle*.

Our readers need not be troubled by even a selection from the mass of evidence that witnesses to each detail of the vicar general John of Pomuk's martyrdom in 1393, except as it connects that most authentic personage with the saint known to Catholics as the courageous confessor of Wenzel's queen.* The

* We may mention, among authorities which confirm the history of St. John of Nepomuk as vicar general, martyred in 1393, the confirmation and erection books of the Cathedral, the register of the Cathedral, the contemporary Austrian chronicler Hagen, the chronicler Andrew of Regensburg, the Palatine Chronicle, and that of Lipsius, the old Bohemian MS. of Zetschen, and the equally old MSS. of Budweis and Kuttenberg, besides others equally genuine in antiquity.

parentage, education, and distinction of the murdered vicar general are singularly well known, and we get a glimpse of the advanced culture of Bohemia at that time in the numbers of documents and annals that speak of him, from the registers of the Prague cathedral to the *Chronicon Anonymi Pragensis*, which, under the date 1393, has this noteworthy entry: "Eodem anno submersus est inclitus doctor Johannes vicarius archiepiscopi Pragensis de ponte. Eodem anno fuit magna siccitas in Boemia in memoriam hujus doctoris." It is interesting to connect this with the narrative of the chronicler Paul Zidek, who, writing in 1471 of the martyrdom of the Queen's confessor, though he does not name the year in which it occurred, identifies it with that of the vicar general by the drought which nearly dried up the Moldau in 1393. Annals compiled within seventy years of the event are evidently more trustworthy than the witness of a cypher, misused as it has been by a Hajek. Indeed, instances of mistaken dates are not far to seek even in this case, for other respectable chroniclers have given the years 1390 and 1392 for St. John's martyrdom, but as Hajek and his followers have not adopted either of those dates we have heard no more of them.

And more useful than any single chronicle in establishing the identity of the Queen's confessor John of Pomuk with the vicar general John of Pomuk is the constant recognition of the grave in which the latter was notoriously buried as the venerated place where lay the martyr of the Confessional. The *Zittau Chronicle* in 1452 mentions an iron grating that protected his grave. In 1530 we hear that Dean Wenzel of Wolfenberg added to the height of the grating and provided an inscription, both of which were renewed in 1679. "No one," declares a Hussite annalist in the fifteenth century, "might with safety tread underfoot the figure of the cross cut in the gravestone."

Some discussion has been raised by the circumstance that a certain sacristan Krcinsky imagined that he found the bones of a second Canon John near those of the vicar general, but there appears to have been no confirmation of his guess that they were those of a second John of Pomuk. This was probably one of the many suppositions that sprung to being when it became an object to account for the discrepancy in the dates that had crept into sundry chronicles and inscriptions.

The view advanced by Dobner and supported by authorities which, as we have seen, commended themselves to Palačky, has, we trust, explained in some measure the confusion that was

introduced by Hajek. We now ask our readers to consider some further difficulties in the history of St. John, confident that discussion, even such as is permitted by our limits, will strengthen reasonable assent to all that piety has venerated in the martyr's life and death.

Immediately on the death of John of Pomuk in 1393, a minute report of its circumstances was sent to Rome by the Archbishop of Prague, John of Genzenstein, and at first sight it might provoke surprise that no mention is made in it of the private reasons for Wenzel's especial cruelty to the vicar general of the diocese. "The holy martyr," as he is styled in the report, is represented as having incurred the King's violence by his official confirmation of the Abbot of Kladrau's election. But there was obvious cause for this reticence in a formal document which could not impute to the King other than his ostensible motives. Yet personal spite is evident in Wenzel's conduct to the "pious and God fearing priest," and it suggests another and deeper cause for hatred that was not shared by the other ecclesiastics concerned in withstanding the King's encroachment on the Church. Some extraordinary motive must have stung the "supine and voluptuous" Wenzel, as Hallam calls him, to the special torturing in which the King personally assisted, and to the sudden murder of the respected and learned canon and vicar general. In 1383 it does not appear that the circumstances of Wenzel's private life were likely to provoke him to such violence of tyranny; but the knowledge we possess of him and of his court in 1393 fits well with the tradition of his jealous rage against the eloquent vicar general, the resolute confessor, and the obedient son of the Church, which had its issue in St. John's martyrdom. For the details of the martyrdom we may refer our readers to Butler. His life of St. John is taken from Balbinus, and, careful allowance being made for the results of Hajek's mistake, it is sufficiently in accordance with the ancient tradition. The extreme probability of the Queen's having sought spiritual help and shelter in the confessional under the pressure of Wenzel's brutality contrasts with the extreme improbability of there having been a second John of Pomuk, and increases reasonable conviction that the dualism made general by the followers of Hajek is certainly a blunder. Wenzel's second marriage with Sophia of Bavaria, in 1389, was notoriously unhappy; nor are even details wanting of the causes that estranged the King from his wife. The annalist,

Adam von Necetic, cited by Pubitschka, records, "Susannam illam balneatricem, quam ut conjugem habuit, D. Wenceslaus non sprexit, etiam cum Sophiam de Bavaria in thalamum duxit." Discord and jealousy were of rapid growth in the rank atmosphere of the Emperor-King's court. "Dum haberet malam suspicionem de sua domina," says Paul Zidek, writing in 1471, the King insisted on hearing what her confession had been from her chaplain, John of Nepomuk, "et dum nollet ei quidquam dicere, jussit eum submergi." Or according to the *Zittau Chronicle*, "Et dum confessarius sæpius id regi denegasset, jussit illum Rex in aquam Moldavam dictam præcipitari." So that as our readers will observe, there had been prolonged resistance by the confessor to the King's sacrilegious inquiry. There is no reason to believe that, as some later writers have said, there was discord between Wenzel and his first wife Johanna. Her name was first brought into the tradition of the saint's death by the historian Martin Boregh towards the end of the sixteenth century, and is unmentioned by the earlier authorities. But once the error of date by which the martyrdom of St. John was altered from 1393 had become general, of course the existing queen of the earlier year was compelled to take the place of Sophia, Wenzel's outraged wife in 1393.

The perplexities that have arisen in consequence of that error are of course increased by the disappointing but natural fact that for many years the historians of Wenzel's crime left the more secret motives to it in obscurity. We have already noticed, in the reticence of the Archbishop's report of Wenzel's crime, the same caution ascribable to the same reasons. It is obvious that the King would not have acknowledged that he had tortured and murdered a priest because that priest would not betray the queen's confession. Though Hussite revolution was at hand, the times were not then ripe for open outrage of a Sacrament. The public opinion of the day was, however, quite used to conflict between secular and ecclesiastical power in questions of investiture and patronage, and nothing could have been more likely than Wenzel's actual conduct under the circumstances. He seized the occasion of the Abbot of Kladrau's election to wreak his personal revenge on the Archbishop's representative, who was also the Queen's chaplain. Yet, at the time, it was impossible, except in whispers, and those of the lowest, to have imputed any but the ostensible motive to the Emperor-King's conduct.

Therefore, in the official appeal to Rome which followed the murder of the vicar general, nothing could be said of the martyrdom of the Queen's confessor. Nor could the secret of that night's doings be embodied in any formal document, while yet the people well understood, and by their enthusiasm and veneration witnessed to the truth that the King's frantic violence was an outburst of thwarted vengeance on the resolute and faithful confessor. The storm of popular anger that arose against Wenzel is consistent with the constant and widening tradition of St. John's death in a cause very otherwise precious to them than the due election of an Abbot; and we are not here concerned to show how valuable such tradition is in support of such a story as this, how in comparison the importance of an isolated date is small, though in this instance the use of it by the followers of Hajek has certainly provoked not unreasonable controversy.

Nor do we regret that controversy, when candid, should bring to larger notice such stories as that of John of Pomuk. Its truth and beauty remain the same under the closest examination; but it is cleared of the cumbersome dualism which has blurred the historical figure of the saint, if we perceive how slight was the original blunder and acknowledge how its probability grows into certainty as we review the impossibilities that there should have been two canons John of Pomuk, holding the same offices and martyred under precisely similar circumstances at an exact interval of ten years. The mazes of Bohemian history may seem dim to us, though in truth Prague was foremost in cultivation among European cities at that time; but let us suppose a somewhat parallel case as occurring in English history. If in one or two MS. chronicles the murder of St. Thomas à Becket were minutely described as having occurred in 1160, and if a later historian had adopted that date, and been copied by subsequent writers, however respectable, it would hardly be a reason for setting up a duality of St. Thomas à Becket and arranging history to suit the hypothesis. And still less would a chronological confusion of ten years with all its consequences be a reason for altogether denying the existence of the Canterbury martyr, and for accusing those who procured his canonization of fraud.

We do not suppose Mr. Wratislaw equal to a dispassionate judgment on the significant fact that St. John of Pomuk has been held in continuous honour from the time of his con-

temporary—indeed, his successor in the vicar generalship of Prague—Nicholas Pucknik, down to the crowd of witnesses examined by the Commission for his canonization in 1719. Did Benedict the Thirteenth and the Congregation of Rites “manufacture” at Jesuit instance the various records of the uninterrupted veneration in which the martyred confessor of Prague was held? In 1396 Nicholas Pucknik founded a yearly gift of 120 Bohemian groschen to be applied in memory of John of Pomuk. In Archbishop Genzenstein’s official report to Rome he is styled a “holy martyr.” In a contemporary biography of the Archbishop, the vicar general is said to have been “through God’s grace a martyr.” The *Zittau Chronicle*, in the fifteenth century, declares of the saint—“This John of Nepomuk worked through God’s power many wonders, and his grave is railed in with an iron railing, so that no man may tread upon it.” About 1530 this railing was heightened and an inscription was added, both of which were renewed in 1679. Pictures of him, distinguished rather by the legendary stars and flame than by any attempt at personal likeness, are traceable as early as 1522 and 1552. Mr. Wratislaw ingeniously accounts for their widespread popularity by the suggestion that the innumerable representations of St. John of Nepomuk bear a strong likeness to the portrait of Huss, but we confess that we do not see why that personage should be depicted with the stars and the miraculous flame which have ever commemorated the sight seen on the Moldau after the patron of bridges had suffered drowning in its current. In the seventeenth century we find that a church was erected by one of the Counts of Sternberg on the site of the house where St. John was born, according to the local tradition; and before the bull of canonization was issued altars were placed under his patronage in both the Cathedrals of Leitmeritz and Prague. Few saints of mediæval times have from the day of their death gathered round their memory a more enthusiastic cultus than has the martyr of the confessional. Through the Hussite disturbances, and the sufferings endured by Bohemia in the centuries that succeeded Wenzel’s reign, her people faithfully and with unbroken tradition maintained the honour of their beloved confessor. They did not want for national saints in “Boemia Sancta,” but the desire that Wenzel’s victim, the defender of the Christian right to Christian Sacraments, the undaunted opposer of royal sacrilege, should be honoured in the Roman calendar by the faithful throughout the world,

was emphatically national. Round the gravestone in Prague cathedral public veneration had gathered until, at the instance of Emperors and Kings, priests and peasants, solemn inquiry was begun into the long buried John of Nepomuk's title to canonization. In 1719, the place where he lay, and which had been long esteemed miraculous, was visited by a commission of learned men, whether ecclesiastics, lawyers, physicians, or other scientific persons. The remains of the vicar general were identified. During a minute examination, that lasted two hours, marks of violence were found on the skull and on the right knee bone. The tongue was in an extraordinary state of preservation, that was declared to be miraculous by the Commission.

We have refrained from remark on the supernatural evidence of St. John's sanctity, which, if admitted, must necessarily prove his identity. We have limited ourselves to a meagre review of some salient facts which support the reasonable probability that the received tradition of St. John is historically exact, except for some errors and the troublesome dualism which have come of a mistaken date in an old chronicle. At any rate, we trust that it is evident that St. John of Nepomuk is not a fabrication either of "Jesuits" or other scapegoats for the world's evil. It is true that the influence of Huss for some time bred schism and revolutionary troubles in Bohemia, but gradually veneration for the martyr of Obedience quenched enthusiasm for the apostle of Disobedience, nor need we do more than point out the weakness of those who would account for this decision of the *vox populi* by assuming as probable the most persistent fraud and incredible ignorance alike in the Church and the Czech nation. Our readers will remember that men of the eighteenth century were not more likely to be imposed upon in matters of fact than existing partizans such as Mr. Wratislaw seem to be, and the canonization of St. John of Nepomuk was not done in a corner. The revolutionary pantheism of Wicliffe's pupil had borne much evil fruit. The greed and tyranny of the civil power had made for a space all authority—even the authority of the Church—odious to the people, yet through all, as we have historical witness, they clung to the memory of the faithful priest, whose story was a reply signed by his blood to those innovators who, among other items of their revolt, denied the Sacrament of Penance.

A visit to Prague, a day spent in observation of its people as they pass by the spot where St. John was cast into the

Moldau, an hour by the splendid shrine which is a chief glory of St. Veit's Cathedral, would convince a just thinker of the impossibility that fraud should have planted so ardent a faith in the Czech race. It remained for an Anglicanized Bohemian to suggest such blind delusion in his people. For an Anglicanized Bohemian it also remained to use the threadbare controversy touching the date of the Saint's death as a reason sufficiently good to convince Protestant Englishmen that the Saint never existed save in Jesuit intrigue and Roman fraud. Mr. Wratismaw, in his elaborate article on Huss, from which we have extracted his attack on John of Pomuk, provides by more than one backdoor for retreat from his original startling remark that "no such person is known to history;" but we cannot congratulate him even on having adroitly used the weapons furnished by former controversialists. The dualism introduced by Hajek, and which misled Balbinus, the Bollandists, and Butler in their record of St. John, has found very much more subtle champions than Mr. Wratismaw. These have, however, provoked a searching examination of old records, and a learned and impartial judgment in favour of that theory which we have endeavoured to set before our readers. To the kindness of the Bishop of Budweis, and the means of information with which he supplied us, we are indebted for our appreciation of the now nearly settled controversy which called in question, not the existence of St. John, but his identity with the undoubted vicar general John of Pomuk.

M. C. O'C. M.

Lord Monboddó, his Ancestors and his Heirs.

"WHAT is it that hath been? the same thing that shall be,"* are words of which we often find a verification where we were far from expecting it. Even in the external order, all is not really new that is hailed as a discovery. The opening of the ocean route to India in the fifteenth century was looked on as a rediscovery of the East, and now the Isthmus of Suez is again to become the highroad of nations, and the day is perhaps not far distant when the old road of the middle ages through Central Europe will be resumed. It is now known that the waters of the Nile mingled with those of the Red Sea in the days of the Ptolemies; there are maps existing of at least a century ago showing the great lakes of Central Africa, the discovery of which is the boasted achievement of our own generation and race. Humboldt tells us that the coast of Massachusetts was colonized as far south as the latitude $41\frac{1}{2}$ by Norwegian adventurers in the year of our Lord 1000, and that the same hardy fishermen frequented Barrows Straits for fishing purposes six centuries before the voyage of Parry.

What is true with respect to subjects so obvious as geographical discoveries is still more so in the world of thought and of error. The mysteries of spirit rapping played their roll in the days of heathen superstition, when every phenomenon of nature was attributed to an unseen spirit peculiar to itself, and they are again exhibited to us as the revelation of an age in which matter promises to reign triumphant, and its votaries affect to acknowledge no principle that is not dependent on it. Those who in our own day pretend that there is nothing above nature in the Evangelical record, are only reproducing the errors so natural to a pagan mind, which were met and dissipated by the Apologists of the second and third centuries of our era, and which disappeared from view as the light of Christianity replaced the darkness of heathenism, only to appear again when

* Eccl. i. 9.

the infidelity of the eighteenth and the materialism of the nineteenth century should give a fit occasion for their redevelopment.

No one, again, who has paid the least attention to the course which scientific inquiry has taken during the last few years, whether expressed in scientific works, meetings of learned bodies, articles in newspapers, or the conversation of well nigh every railway carriage and pleasure steamer, can have failed to be struck by the impression which certain theories respecting animal species, and notably the human race, have made upon the minds of the public, and by the importance which the upholders of these theories have consequently been able to assert for them. We refer principally to two points; the evolution of one species from another, and the descent of man from an inferior race. That these questions have engrossed the public mind more than any other scientific problem, and that the sound of supposed discoveries in these subjects has been heard above the roar of cannon and the strife of sects, is a fact which no one can dispute, and which we can only attribute to a vague feeling that they import something very close to ourselves, though we believe that the public have very little notion in what precise respect they affect us. We are convinced they do not understand how merely scientific the first question may be considered; they fancy that it must necessarily be in opposition to revelation. But, on the other hand, we feel firmly persuaded that those who argue so freely in favour of the lower origin of man, have no conception whatever of the deep, we shall say tremendous, consequences of what they so lightly accept; they do not know how in one blow it would sweep away the whole basis of faith and morality in the world, and how, under the pretence of union, it would dissipate and even annihilate the whole consistency and harmony of nature by degrading its head, and by making it clear that Christianity, which, to the avowal of even its greatest enemies, so perfectly meets every want of our nature, is but a vast system of deceit—a system false in its first principles, vain in its hopes, contemptible in its terrors, a splendid dream indeed, but destined to give way to the true day of reason now beginning to dawn.

Our readers must not mistake our meaning. We simply mean to say that *evolution* of species, in a certain sense, and considered in itself, appears to us purely as a scientific question, and if it be rightly understood, we are at a loss to see what

magic interest it should have except for those deeply versed in natural history. On the other hand, the theory that man in his complete nature is the term of a series of evolutions from lower animals, and, consequently, that there is no essential distinction between man and the brutes—this we look on as a doctrine nothing less than absurd in itself, and monstrous and appalling in its consequences if they are legitimately drawn out.

With these preliminary observations we now propose to our readers to examine at no great length whether this doctrine, which Mr. Darwin has put before the world as the result of a long life of study and observation, and as the capital of the pillar which he has during so many years been rearing to science, is really as new as it has by many been thought to be; in other words, whether this new light of the latter half of the nineteenth century be not, instead of the dawn of a bright and as yet unrevealed day, nothing less than a return to shadows of an evening long past. Have we here an instance of that "reversion" of which Mr. Darwin has so often spoken? Can it be that as lower varieties are said to reappear amongst animals and plants, so, too, error that was once rampant in the uncultivated field of human thought, may now have again pushed itself forward, when the steady hand of the husbandman has been removed, and the guiding voice of the Church is no longer heeded?

Mr. Darwin, it must be remembered, does not claim to be the real discoverer of our origin, but mentions several contemporary authors, and amongst others the infidel Vogt, who hold the same opinions as himself. He mentions also the name of La Marck, which is generally, we may add, associated with the most extreme views of development; but it is of interest to ask whether there is not yet another philosopher, still older and better known in this country, who could claim Mr. Darwin, and the whole catalogue of what might be called extreme naturalists, as his disciples? We are quite sure it will be interesting to our readers if we can inform them who really was Mr. Darwin's master.

Would it surprise them to be told that his master was Lord Monboddo?

Our readers north of the Tweed will need no notice of the life and character of this remarkable man, but for those whose acquaintance with characters who flourished beyond the Scottish Border is less familiar, it may be useful here to state that Lord Monboddo's real name was James Burnet. He was born

in 1714, and assumed the Brobdingnagian name by which he is generally known on his appointment to the Scotch Bench. That he was a man of wit and entertainment in conversation is sufficiently proved by a remark of Dr. Johnson, whose predilections for what we now call North Britain were not such as to make him a too partial witness. Speaking of a short detour he had made to visit him, he says—"The magnetism of his conversation easily led us out of the way, and the entertainment would have been a recompense for a much greater deviation."* Lord Monboddo was remarkable for his admiration of the ancients and his high appreciation of savage life; but it was his theory that our ancestors had tails, which they wore off by the practice of sitting, which gained him most notoriety. We propose to point out some curious points of correspondence between the results of modern theory and the opinions which made Lord Monboddo so remarkable.

Perhaps the most specious theory which has been introduced into these questions, is that, as the individual, so too the race, has an infancy and a period of maturity—though it is not added, as analogy might seem to demand, a period of decreptitude and decay. We need hardly remark that, unless the analogy is carried out, it fails to be of any value, but we prefer to point out that the whole assertion is an assumption of a likeness which does not at all exist. If it is indeed true that races have had their origin in inferior forms, and have gradually developed as each succeeding generation produced individuals of greater perfection, till, after many generations, the cumulative advance has resulted in a race of individuals of superior order, much as we see the scientific acquirements of man to have made progress by accumulation—then the analogy between the race and the individual certainly exists. But this is precisely what has to be proved, and what we contend, except inasmuch as regards a development of civilized life, never can be proved. If it is argued that what is true of the individual must also be true of a race, we answer that there is no real parity whatever, and that to assert it would be to deny the power of the Creator to produce upon the earth a creature in the perfection in which we see man. We are told that the powers of nature are gradually developed, and by Nature, if we mean anything, we must here understand that law by which an individual is produced by its like, and is gradually

developed from an elementary existence to its perfect form. But we see no reason why this law should have varied, nor can we accept such a statement, unless it be proved to us that it has done so. If it has not varied, then the results of the gradual development in each individual have remained the same, nor have we any reason to assume a progressive advance in the individuals of each generation, unless such can be shown to exist. A race is in no sense comparable to an individual, and we could only suppose it to be so by attributing to nature, not only the power of producing its like, but the faculty of constantly producing something better, and as this faculty would be necessarily propagated in every individual, the indefinite advance of every creature on the earth must be the result. We are far from quarrelling with those who institute inquiries in natural history to determine whether any such advance really does take place, and we believe that the results will be found to be quite in the opposite direction. But we protest against any assertion of an *a priori* argument based upon a pretended but deceptive analogy. Much account has been made in this matter of the resemblance of the embryo of higher and lower animals in the earlier stages, as illustrating and confirming the theory of a gradual advance from the highest to the lowest form of life. We have in a former paper shown how little is to be drawn from such similarity.

Let us now see how far such notions are from being original in our generation, and how very similar is the argument now used to what was advocated a century ago, but treated with the contempt which it deserved and as justly forgotten. "The species Man," says Lord Monboddó, "consists, like every other species, of individuals, and I think there is nothing more natural than to suppose the same progress in the species that we observe in the individual, that is from the mere Animal to the Intellectual being."* We have here then a distinct statement of this boasted discovery of our own age made a century ago, but already involved in oblivion with its author. A little earlier he had said, "I will begin the inquiry with that part of Man's Animal Nature when he was only an animal, for all parts of his composition did not exist at once, but there was a progress in his formation as well as in other things in Nature. While he is in the womb he is no better than a vegetable. . . . By degrees he becomes an animal, but is an imperfect

* *Metaphysics*, vol. iii, p. 28.

animal even when born."* And a little further on he says, "For man in the first ages of Society is exceedingly different from man in the later and declining state of it." In the state of Nature, he tells us, "man had not the use of Intellect, which was then latent or dormant in him, as it is in a child among us, till it was produced by the intercourse of Society, and the invention and practice of Art. Man, therefore, in that state could be nothing but a mere animal without clothes, houses, the use of fire, or even speech." The noble Lord thinks he has elsewhere clearly proved (in his *History and Progress of Language*) that such a state did once really exist. And in this it is quite clear that Mr. Darwin agrees with him, for, to say nothing of the period of the Ascidians which no doubt preceded that of which we are now speaking, the era of our "apelike progenitors" and "semi-human" Ancestors† is here not unfitly described.

Lord Monboddo is clearly anxious, as Mr. Darwin has been after him, to clear himself from the imputation "that it is from any design to disgrace and vilify our species, as some may suspect," and not without reason, "that I have," he says, "so much insisted upon it, but because I could not reconcile the miserable state in which men are now to be found in almost all the nations of the known world, the more miserable the more the nations are civilized, with the administration of a wise and good God, otherwise than by showing that man is in this life in a state of progression from the mere Animal to the Intellectual Creature, of greater or less perfection, and a progression not to end in this life."‡

We cannot help comparing this passage with a portion of the concluding paragraph of Mr. Darwin's work. After having expressed his regret that his theory may be highly distasteful to many, he says, "Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen instead of his having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hopes for a still higher destiny in the future." It would be sad to think that Mr. Darwin based his hopes of a better future state on the proofs of progress from a lower condition already made, which are here referred to, and it is equally sad to think that men of Lord Monboddo's attainments should have no higher idea of human progress, even in their belief of a future state, than an extension of the ascent from the brute to the human

* P. 25.

† See Darwin, *Descent*, vol. i.

‡ P. 76.

nature. If it were not for the solemnity of this parting appeal of our great naturalist, we should have thought that there was more love of the marvellous than sincere belief in the views here expressed. And we are half disposed to lament how many will be misled into the belief that there is a serious argument in what may, after all, be only intended as a clever jest. We are curiously reminded of that passage in the life of Dr. Johnson, where Boswell says to him, "Is it then wrong, sir, to affect singularity in order to make people stare?" To which Johnson replied, "Yes, if you do it by propagating error. . . . If you wish to make people stare by doing better than others, why, make them stare till they stare their eyes out." This conversation was the sequel to one in which the Doctor peremptorily silenced his companion on the subject of the blessings of savage life, with the emphatic words—"No, sir, don't talk such paradoxes to me. Let me have no more on't."* And on his companion venturing to cite Lord Monboddo in his defence, he was met with the still more humiliating rebuke, "I suffered him, but I won't suffer you;" and he added, "Rousseau knows he is talking nonsense, and laughs at the world for staring at him; . . . but I am afraid Monboddo does not know that he is talking nonsense." We can hardly help wishing that we had a Johnson among us now. The "magnetism" of Lord Monboddo's conversation did not lull his powerful mind into a slumber deep enough to make him accept the vagaries of a dreamer, however in himself gifted, as the dictates of his sound reason. And we are firmly convinced that future naturalists will be ashamed of the conclusions to which an ardent imagination has led men whose names would be otherwise ever venerated in science.

We shall now pursue our remarks on the points of agreement between the systems put forth in the middle of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries respectively. We shall afterwards show some important points on which they differ. We have seen the coincidence of the opinion that the early state of our race was purely animal. Our readers will be surprised to observe to what details this coincidence extends. Speaking of the canine teeth, Mr. Darwin says, "Nevertheless, this tooth no longer serves man as a special weapon for tearing his enemies or prey."† And a few pages further on: "The early male progenitors of man were, as previously stated, probably furnished with great canine teeth; but as they

* Vol. ii., pp. 75, 76. Octavo Edition.

† Vol. i., p. 126.

gradually acquired the habit of using stones, clubs, or other weapons for fighting with their enemies, they would have used their jaws and teeth less and less."*

Lord Monboddo was of opinion that in their original state the progenitors of men lived on vegetables only, and only lately became "carnivorous animals." "This change of diet," he says, "... made him of a tame and gentle animal such as the Orang Outan is, an animal of prey, for it was in this way that I believe the first flesh was eaten."†

This is interesting, as, combining his Lordship's view with that of Mr. Darwin, we must suppose that our earlier progenitors were deficient in the canine teeth, whence it may be suggested, according to Mr. Darwin's argument, that we are returning to the happy state of which the noble Lord speaks before our decline began.‡ For though he acknowledges that in intellect we have advanced beyond our ancestors, yet he considers that in strength and health of body, and notably in independence of fire, house, and clothes, we have lamentably degenerated from them.

Another important point in which, according to Mr. Darwin, a change has come over our habits, is the substitution of an erect posture for that of a quadruped. Speaking of the changes that must have taken place in the great series of Primates, he says, "Man alone has become a biped; and we can, I think, plainly see how he has come to assume his erect attitude."§ This took place, of course, by degrees, and he tells us, as if surprised at the result he has attained, "If the gorilla and a few allied forms had become extinct, it might have been argued with force and apparent truth, that an animal could not have been gradually converted from a quadruped into a biped."|| We confess that we are stupid enough to think this still, and we look in vain in Mr. Darwin's works for anything approaching a proof that such a change has taken place. And we repeat that to prove this is the one thing he had to do which he has not done. We should like to know if a monkey was ever known to *begin* to stand erect, or a baboon to *begin* to throw stones. It is true, these steps of progress are supposed to have commenced innumerable ages before there were men to chronicle them; but it is easy to make assertions that no one can deny, but their worthlessness in argument is evident to a child. We shall now see what was Lord Monboddo's opinion with respect to this matter. "After

* P. 144. † Vol. iii., p. 175. ‡ P. 175. § P. 141. || P. 142.

what I have said," we read, "of Peter the Wild Boy and other solitary savages that have been found in Europe, the reader will not be surprised when I tell him that my opinion is that walking upright is likewise an acquired habit." And he illustrates his opinion by an appeal to the habits of infants, and the children of the Caribs, who, he tells us, "run about in their huts on all fours like little dogs."* In another place he says, "There are not, as far as we know, any men at present to be found, in the pure natural state, that is, going about on all fours, and without arts of any kind, for even the Orang Outan walks erect, uses a stick as a weapon, and covers the bodies of his dead with branches and foliage. It comes, however, nearer to that state than any other of the human species that are to be found in numbers or living in any kind of society."

As it appears that our philosopher founded many of his arguments on the accounts that he received of the poor idiot, as he really seems to have been, here referred to, it may perhaps be useful to inform our readers that, on the authority of the *Edinburgh Caledonian Mercury* of December 21, 1725, Peter was "found some time ago in a wood near Hamelin, about twenty-eight miles off Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees."† In the spring of the following year he was brought to England, and evidently made rapid progress in civilization, for we read in the same paper of April 12, 1726, "The wild youth mentioned in our last is dressed in green lined with red, and has scarlet stockings. He *walks upright*, and has begun to sit for his picture." So great an improvement would surely have charmed the most sanguine developist, but unfortunately we find that though he lived to the age of seventy he made very little progress after the first.

It would occupy too much space to enter in detail into the arguments by which both philosophers maintain their views. The earlier writer supports his theories mainly upon facts misinterpreted, such as that of Peter the Wild Boy, or on the veriest travellers' tales, which in our day would not be admitted for a moment. We are sorry that in a period like our own, when so great a mass of reliable facts is in the hands of the naturalist, Mr. Darwin should still borrow so largely from conjecture; and here we must beg our readers' leave to cite an answer of Dr. Johnson to Boswell, which is not far from the point. "Know-

* P. 74.

† P. 78.

ledge of all kinds is good," he says, "conjecture as to things useful is good ; but conjecture as to what it would be useless to know, such as whether men went on all fours, is very idle."*

We must here notice a coincidence which might be said to show that the two schools of which we are speaking carried their agreement to an *extreme length*. We mean the theory that our ancestors wore tails. This opinion on the part of Lord Monboddo was so notorious that it was the occasion of much merriment among his more learned acquaintances, and of not a little curiosity among the vulgar ; for it appears that the latter really believed, while the former affected to believe, that he possessed such an ornament himself. It is related that on one occasion a Brother on the Scottish Bench, Judge Kames, having been requested to precede him to the dining room, declined the honour with these words, "By no means, my Lord, you must walk first, that I may see your tail;" and Dean Ramsay tells us that being only a child at the time himself, he nevertheless remembers his elder brother watching to see Lord Monboddo pass along the street for no other purpose than to catch a glimpse of the appendage.† Be this as it may, it is undeniable that he held strongly to the opinion that our early ancestors possessed tails, and even that the phenomenon might yet be found, and that those who refuse to believe it are as prejudiced as those who deny the Orang Outan to be a man, and are incredulous "because they think the addition of a tail to the form would be a disgrace to human nature."‡ In the first volume of the *Origin and Progress of Language*, he argues at length in the support of this view. Unfortunately, we have not the volume at hand, but in his work on *Metaphysics* he supports the same opinion by additional testimony, and in particular from Pausanias, who gives an account from an eye witness of a ship being driven to an island in the Atlantic Ocean which was "inhabited by men with tails." "They had tails," he said, "not much less than the tails of horses, but they made no use of speech."§

It is hardly necessary to state the opinion of Mr. Darwin on this subject, as it is well known that he carries the pedigree of man back to a period when the tail had not even begun to grow ; but we shall take his own statement with respect to the condition

* *Life*, by Boswell, vol. ii., p. 244. Octavo Edition.

† *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, p. 131. Nineteenth Edition.

‡ Vol. iii., p. 251.

§ Vol. iii., p. 251.

at a subsequent and intermediate period. "The early progenitors of man," he tells us, "were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail having the proper muscles. . . . The foot was prehensile, and our progenitors no doubt were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons."* We do not know whether Mr. Darwin is aware that in the travels of Struys it is related that that traveller saw, in the Island of Formosa, "a man with a tail more than a foot long, covered with reddish hair, and not unlike that of an ox; and that this tailed man assured him that the tail was a consequence of the climate, for all the natives of the southern part of the island had tails of the same kind," and that Marco Polo describes the men in the mountains of the Kingdom of Lambry as having tails a palm long.† It is certainly worthy of his consideration whether this be not an admirable example of reversion, if, indeed, it do not indicate the remnant of a race which has preserved its arboreal habits longer than others. We have already noticed Lord Monboddo's theory as to the manner in which the tail was lost. According to Mr. Darwin this occurrence took place in a way which we should like to see extensively applied—it took its departure because it was wanted no longer.

Our two authors agree no less in the opinion that our early ancestors were incapable of speech. This opinion is found in various places through Lord Monboddo's *Metaphysics*. In vol. iii., p. 48, he gives an account of "two human creatures that were brought from New Holland;" and says that "one of them, being young, was at last tamed and taught to speak; and when he had the use of language, he said that the people of the country from which he came, had not the faculty of speech, nevertheless they lived together in Society, and communicated their wants to each other by signs and wild cries." He also gives an account of a nation without speech, spoken of by Diodorus, and says that "the fact concerning this strange people must be believed unless we are resolved to reject all ancient history."‡

Mr. Darwin takes it for granted that our ancestors were originally speechless, and gives us in the following passage his

* *Descent*, vol. i., p. 206. † Buffon, *Hist. Nat.*, vol. iii., p. 332. ‡ P. 51.

view as to the manner in which this faculty originated—"It does not appear altogether incredible that some unusually wise ape-like animal should have thought of imitating the growl of a beast of prey, so as to indicate to his fellow monkeys the nature of the expected danger. And this would have been the first step in the formation of a language."*

We cannot help here remembering a remark of Swift, who says—"I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds, witness harlequins, scaramouches, and masqueraders. On the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind."† We had not realized how much this imitation of lower animals on our part had affected the destinies of our race, but we certainly think that the first quadruped that ventured to stand erect must have looked very silly.

We might carry on this part of our subject to much greater length, for Mr. Darwin is so anxious to prove men to be monkeys, and Lord Monboddó to prove the Orang Outan to be a man, that they enter into many details on their respective subjects. We wish they could have met. We cannot, however, pass to another part of our subject without alluding briefly to two other remarkable peculiarities related by our lover of paradox to have been observed in some branches of the human race. We refer to the story of a nation of men with one leg, and of a race with one leg much larger than the other. For the former, Lord Monboddó quotes the authority of Strabo, who however, he tells us, seemed to doubt the truth of the story; but his Lordship observes on this point "that a spirit of incredulity had begun as early as the days of Strabo."‡ With respect to the latter assertion, it appears that our learned Judge had reached the limits of his credulity, for he absolutely refuses to believe it. For ourselves, when we remember the elaborate dissertation of Mr. Darwin on the fact that one of the chelæ of certain crustaceans is larger than the other,§ which he considers to have been developed by greater use, we wonder whether any curious gymnastic exercise could have produced the deformity in question; and scarcely less, how it is that, though for generations immemorial men have been accustomed to use the right hand and arm in preference to the left, the difference in the

* *Descent*, p. 57.

† Vol. xii., p. 202. Octavo Edition.

‡ Vol. iii., p. 250.

§ Vol. i., p. 330.

muscular and osseous development should still be so nearly imperceptible.

It is time for us now to consider some of the points of difference between the systems we are comparing. We trust our readers will find the subject of equal interest with what we have been treating; it can hardly be so amusing. In a former paper* we have pointed out that a want of understanding of the true nature of the actions of animals has led to a confusion which has in some minds resulted in a belief that the intellectual operations and moral sentiments of man are of the same kind, and only differ in degree of perfection from the corresponding actions which we witness in brutes. It will be interesting to notice that whereas many of the theories held in the last centuries respecting the human race were ridiculous in the extreme, there existed at the same time a foundation of true philosophical principles which would never have allowed our forefathers to fall into the confusion exhibited by naturalists of our day. Lord Monboddo believed the Orang Outan to be a man, and not a brute, on account of certain supposed facts relating to his habits, which the credulity of the age led him to accept. And with that basis it is not surprising that he argued that we are descended from a state of nature the type of which that animal approaches; but he steadily maintained the essential difference between a man and a brute, and showed very clearly the distinction between true intellectual operations and those which bear some similarity to them in the inferior animals; a distinction which the naturalist of our day cannot appreciate; and the reason we believe to be exactly what our eccentric judge lays down, namely, that they have abandoned the philosophy of the ancients, and have substituted nothing which in depth of understanding and accuracy of analysis can have comparison with it. On this point Monboddo writes very correctly—“However great the genius of Dr. Priestley may be, I think it absolutely impossible that he could invent it (a system of Philosophy). It was the labour of ages, not only in Greece and Italy, but in Egypt, to bring it to the perfection in which we find it in the writings of Plato and Aristotle. It is only by the diligent study of these authors that we can hope to be good metaphysicians; for though I think it possible, even in these latter days, that we may make discoveries, not only in natural history, but in Philosophy, of things unknown to the ancients,

* MONTH, July—August, 1871.

we must begin with the study of their works, and take what assistance we can get from them; for if we would see further than the ancients, we must get upon their shoulders, and in that way, as it is commonly said, a dwarf may see further than a giant."*

We much wish this advice were followed at the present day, with that additional light which has been thrown on these subjects by the Christian Schools of the middle ages, which was wanting to Lord Monboddó. But his adherence to these principles, even though with much misunderstanding and error, gave him a great advantage over more modern writers wherever a real philosophical question, involving the operations of the mind either of man or beast, was touched.

As we are not undertaking here to lay down the distinction between man and brutes, but rather to point out how much better this distinction was understood a century ago by a man even of such eccentric views as Lord Monboddó, we shall again quote his words where he is pointing out what we ourselves believe to be the radical cause of the confusion which Mr. Darwin and others have made, and consequently of the erroneous conclusions they have drawn as to the nature of the mind of brutes. "I have endeavoured to show," he says, "that it is by ideas that the intellectual nature operates, whereas the sensitive operates only by sensations, so that if we cannot rightly distinguish betwixt sensations and ideas, we can never properly make the distinction between man and Brute." The sense in which the word *idea* was used by the ancients, he tells us, was "the true etymological sense of the word, denoting the *form* of the thing, not that form which is seen by the corporeal eye, but what is seen by a much purer and nobler eye, the eye of the mind." A little further on he continues—"Mr. Locke was the first author in England, as far as I know, that made use of it, but not being a scholar, and altogether unlearned in ancient Philosophy, he has used it most absurdly to denote the perceptions of sense, which are common to us with the Brute, and in this manner he has confounded the Brute with Man in the very beginning of his work upon the human mind, nor does he appear to me ever to have rightly distinguished them, or formed a just notion of what an idea was, though it be mentioned in every page of his book. Since his time, ideas and sensations have been confounded in all our Philosophical writings."† A little later he says—"Idea denotes

* Vol. ii., p. 4.

† *Metaphysics*, vol. ii., p. 66.

the *inward form* by which everything is what it is and nothing else."* This is what he afterwards calls "the Nature and Essence of the thing which is perceived by the Mind, and by the Mind only, operating without the Body, and therefore the subject of our ideas; whereas the accidents of anything which flow from its nature and essence, being perceived by the senses, are the subject of our sensations."† Pursuing his theory he says, a little further on, "And here we may see very clearly the difference betwixt the Man and the Brute, for the Brute has no notion of that one nature, but perceives only the several external qualities of the things which affect his senses."‡

We believe that his Lordship has here sounded the right note, and we wish it could be made to echo through those schools of anthropology in which vain endeavours are made to explain the operations of mind and the perceptions of sense, without a solid basis of philosophy, which alone affords the distinctions necessary to unravel phenomena so complicated as are those of sensitive and intellectual life. We should not then expect to be told, as we have lately been, such nonsense as that mind generates mind as matter generates matter, or that the life that is within us may have had its origin in minute germs which chance had attached to some meteoric fragment, rescued it from the wilderness of space, and cast it upon this earth, the fruitful seed, not of the life of the individual only, but of empires and worlds.

A few instances will show the advantage which the old Philosophy gives in grasping and analyzing questions of this character. We shall take as a first example the faculty of *Consciousness*, one of those which, as Mr. Darwin tells us, "according to several recent writers, makes the sole and complete distinction between man and the brutes."§ Our readers will be struck at the looseness, inaccuracy, and weakness of his arguments, as compared with the clearness and precision with which our old philosopher handles the subject.

In the first place, Mr. Darwin tells us as to *Selfconsciousness, Individuality, Abstraction, General Ideas, &c.*, "it would be useless to attempt to discuss these high faculties, for hardly two authors agree in their definitions."|| We should not have thought that this proved the uselessness of a discussion, as this matter must evidently stand at the head of the whole subject he is treating. Mr. Darwin's mode of treatment of these high faculties seems to us almost a confession of utter ignorance on a matter respecting

* P. 70. † P. 75. ‡ P. 79. § *Descent*, vol. i., p. 62. || *Ibid.*

which he is nevertheless going to draw important conclusions. Let us go on. "Such faculties could not have been fully developed in man until his mental powers had advanced to a high standard, and this implies the use of a perfect language." In other words, a perfect use of language must have preceded a full development of self consciousness, *i.e.*, man must have been able to think and speak and conjugate and construe, before he could reflect that he existed and was thinking. He then satisfies himself on the subject by saying that we "cannot be sure that an old dog with excellent memory and some power of imagination, as shown by his dreams, never reflects on his past pleasures in the chase; and this would be a form of self consciousness."* In the first place, there is here nothing but a suggestion of what may possibly be the case, and even for this he has to assume that imagination, dreams, and such memory as that of which dogs are capable, have anything to do with self consciousness. Even were this true, in so important a part of his question, he should have established his premiss, but the assumption is utterly false. He then remarks—"How little can the hard worked wife of a degraded Australian savage, who hardly uses any abstract words, and cannot count above four, exert her self consciousness, or reflect on the nature of her own existence." And yet hard work, and such degradation as we see in an Australian, with the ignorance of number, can have nothing to say to the power which the mind has of reflecting upon itself, though the former may affect the leisure for doing so. And here, although he has just said, "No one supposes that one of the lower animals reflects whence he comes or whither he goes, what is death or what is life, and so forth," with these arguments he leaves us to conclude that there is no great difference between a dog and an Australian in this most vital question.

We shall now see how Lord Monboddo handles this subject. "This faculty," he says (*i.e.*, by which we are able to reflect), "is Consciousness, which is peculiar to the Intellectual Mind, and distinguishes us more from the Brute than anything I have hitherto mentioned. By other faculties of the mind we *perceive*, but by Consciousness we *perceive that we perceive*, or, to express it in common language, we *reflect*, and know what we are doing; and not only do we know in this way what we *are* doing, but what we *have* done, for Consciousness goes to the *past* as well as to the *present*. Now

* *Descent*, vol. i., p. 62.

that the Brute mind can turn upon itself in this manner, and review its own operations, no man can really believe. Even we ourselves, when we act not as an intellectual Creature, but as a mere animal, which we very often do, are not conscious, and are then very properly said to act without knowing what we are doing. In this way the Brute always acts, for though he perceives objects of sense as we do, has appetites and desires, feels pleasure and pain, provides for himself, his offspring, and often for the Community of which he is a member, and, indeed, does very wonderful things, he does not know that he does them, any more than the purpose for which he does them."* Our readers will, we hope, forgive us this long extract; it could hardly be shortened. His Lordship is not quite accurate, but in the main point is correct. We think, however, it will be conceded to us that in this point, at least, nothing has been added to clearness and precision by the abandonment of the old philosophy, but a great deal lost.

Mr. Darwin gives instances of the *memory* of animals as an argument to prove that they have the foundation of intellectual development, and in particular mentions a baboon which recognized Sir A. Smith after an absence of nine months, and a dog of his own which instantly followed and obeyed him after a separation of five years.† Lord Monboddo is ready with his explanation at once, and shows that the whole phenomenon may be explained without any recourse to intellectual operations. "The case truly is," he says, "that the perception being retained in their phantasia, is revived when the object is presented again; they have then a second perception of it, and they discern the likeness betwixt it and the image in the phantasia, just as they perceive the likeness betwixt animals of the same species, but how or when the image came they know not."‡ "Senses," he says, "are necessary to the animal—imagination also, or phantasia, by which the objects of sense are retained in the mind, is absolutely necessary for his economy: and it is necessary that he should know those objects again when presented to him. And this is what is called the *memory* of a Brute. But by all these faculties no ideas can be formed, and therefore the Brute still continues a Brute."§

Mr. Darwin, again, argues from the fact that beasts have *some faculty* of reason; and we may here remark that this is a proposition which few would feel themselves called on to deny.

* Vol. ii., pp. 87, 88. † Vol. i., p. 45. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 95. § P. 24.

Exhibitions of what may be called some sort of reason, using the word in a large and inexact sense, must be familiar to us all. "Few persons," he says, "any longer dispute that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may commonly be seen to pause, deliberate, and resolve."* Then follow several interesting facts relating to the sagacity of Esquimaux dogs when treading on thin ice, the experience gained by monkeys in eating eggs, and, amongst other curious anecdotes, one of a monkey which, when lumps of sugar wrapped up in paper had been given to it, and a live wasp secretly substituted in one of the packets, by which he was stung, would never open another without first putting it to its ear to detect any movement within. Nor can we omit the story told by Colonel Hutchinson of a retriever which, having a wounded and a dead partridge to convey to its master, and being unable to convey both at once, "deliberately murdered the wounded one by giving it a severe crunch, and then brought away both together."† We cannot help thinking, however, that the *deliberation* of the act would be rather hard to attest. The conclusion which Mr. Darwin draws is that animals participate in some degree the faculty which stands at the summit, as he expresses it,‡ of all those belonging to the human mind. He makes no analysis of the actions which he records, but writes, as we have said before, as though he were totally ignorant of the distinction between intellectual and sensitive operations, or, as Lord Monboddó with ourselves would express it, between ideas and sensations, which may be called the alphabet of this subject. "Any one," says Mr. Darwin, "who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, would not be convinced by anything that I could add." We agree with this; but does this settle the question?

Let us now see how Lord Monboddó disposes of the matter. "It is said," he tells us, "that the Brute compares, and therefore he reasons, for to reason is to compare. And it is so. But let us consider what it is the Brute compares, and then we shall be able to distinguish the reasoning or comparative faculty, which no doubt Brutes possess in a certain degree, from the reasoning of a man." He then tells us that as all reasoning is a comparison of perceptions, and perceptions must be either ideas or sensations, this comparison must take place in one or other of three ways—sensations with sensations, ideas with ideas, or ideas with

* P. 46.

† P. 48.

‡ P. 46.

sensations. "Now," he continues, "the Brute having no ideas (which has already been established), cannot compare in either of the two last ways; but it is in these only that men reason, for in every proposition, as well as in every syllogism, there must be at least one general idea. It remains, therefore, that the Brute can compare only sensations, either presently apprehended by the senses, or preserved in his Phantasia. It is in this latter way, as I have before observed, that he knows the things that he has before seen, and that he distinguishes different species of animals and different individuals of the same species."

Again, he remarks that all reasoning properly so called supposes a reflecting upon the consent already given to the premisses; in other words, supposes consciousness, which has been shown to be wanting to brutes. Thus it may at once be explained that the comparison of two sensitive perceptions was quite sufficient to teach a monkey not to smash an egg against a stone if he wished to secure the contents, or to listen for the buzzing of a wasp before opening the packet in which it was contained. And as to the dog that murdered the partridge so as to be better able to carry it, we see nothing in it but that instinct of nature which teaches the animal the best means to its end, for which sensitive perception is quite sufficient, nor is there the slightest sign that the dog reflected upon the motive of his conduct, or had the slightest interior consciousness of the process, whatever it was, which was going on in his mind.

Mr. Darwin does not pass by the question of Beauty, of which he says, "This sense has been declared to be peculiar to man." And he proceeds to show that this is incorrect. "When we behold male birds elaborately displaying their plumes and splendid colours before the females, whilst the other birds not thus decorated make no such display, it is impossible to doubt that the females admire the beauty of their male partners." In the first place, we must notice that there is a confusion in the outset in this use of the word *sense* fatal to any argument. The truth is that that notion of beauty which is said to be peculiar to man is not, correctly speaking, a sense, but an intellectual idea, derived, it is true, from sensitive perceptions. No one will deny that animals are in some way affected by beautiful objects, and it will consequently be easily understood that instinct may in some way teach the male bird that his partner will be affected by such objects as much as he is; but this feeling of pleasure excited in them by a beautiful object is no more intellectual than is

the pleasure excited by the use of food, or the satisfaction of any other of the animal instincts. We shall here again allow Mr. Darwin's ancestor to read him a lesson by which he might well profit. The true doctrine on this point is given clearly and precisely by our old Philosopher. "In the first place it is evident," says Lord Monboddo, "that the perception of beauty is not a perception of sense. The mind no doubt perceives beauty in the objects of sense; but that perception is quite different from the perception of the objects, and, accordingly, the brute perceives the object as well as he, but has no perception of beauty." If Mr. Darwin had inherited Lord Monboddo's philosophy as well as his fancies, his readers would have been spared a good many shallow pages.

In another place Mr. Darwin remarks—"The Imagination is one of the highest prerogatives of man." And a little further on he adds, "Dreaming gives us the best notion of this power," and he proceeds to show that "as dogs and cats have vivid dreams, we must admit that they possess some power of imagination;" but here surely there is confusion. Imagination is indeed a wonderful faculty, and when guided by reason is a high prerogative of man, but the "imagination" which Mr. Darwin speaks of is certainly not a faculty of the intellect. It is active in sleep, when the intellect certainly is not in operation. And here again it is interesting to see how clearly the Scotch judge lays down the doctrine concerning dreams and imagination, a knowledge of which would have saved Mr. Darwin from the mistake of appealing to the imaginative faculty as a proof of the identity of nature of our souls and those of beasts, which is the object at which he is aiming throughout these chapters. "Dreaming," says Lord Monboddo, "certainly belongs to the sensitive or animal part of our nature, as much as our sensations do, and, indeed, the Phantasia, which is the seat of dreams, may be considered as a secondary sense, supplying the place of the five senses when they cannot operate, either through weariness and sleep, or because the objects are not within their reach, and as it belongs to the animal nature, so it is common to us with some of the Brutes, as Aristotle has observed." The contrast between the two writers on this and kindred points, makes us wonder whether Mr. Darwin has ever given any part of his valuable time to such a study as that of an elementary course of mental philosophy.

We feel that we have laid ourselves open to two objections in what we have written. On the one hand we shall be asked, and not without some show of reason, why we spend so much time in discussing the opinions of a philosopher who has been forgotten for nearly a century, and who, when he lived, was best known for his paradoxical opinions. On the other hand, we shall not be surprised to hear the advocates of the modern philosophy exclaim, on reading the explanation we have given, "*Such explanations were very well in the last century, mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" This distinction between ideas and sensation, between intellectual and animal operations, is antiquated, and it is precisely the emancipation from such systems that forms the great glory of our century." We must say a few words in answer to each of these objections.

We have already stated our reason for quoting Lord Monboddo. It was precisely because his paradoxes agreed so curiously with those of our modern naturalist that we introduced him, but we must here add that his Lordship was very far from being the fool that some people may imagine him to have been, and to convince our readers of this, if they still retain any doubts on the subject, we shall cite the testimony of Dugald Stewart, who was far from agreeing with him in everything. "The author," he says, "(whom I knew well, and for whose memory I entertain a sincere respect), was a man of no common mental powers. Besides possessing a rich fund of what is commonly called learning, he was distinguished by natural acuteness, by a more than ordinary share of wit, and, in the discharge of his judicial functions, by the singular correctness, gravity, and dignity of his unpremeditated elocution."* And De Quincey tells us that "the Burnets of Monboddo were a race distinguished for their intellectual accomplishments through several successive generations, and the judge in question was eminently so."† There can be no doubt he added to his great natural talents an eccentricity which has made the same author write—"It did him no injury that many people regarded him as crazy." No doubt, also, this singularity of character went far by itself to lead him into the absurd opinions which he advocated, but to us it is a subject of deep reflection how vast is the change which a period of less than a century has made in the acquisition of natural truth. At the present

* *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, pt. ii., ch. vi., note.

† Introduction to the *World of Strife*, p. 81.

day there is no region of the earth, however remote, if we except the few degrees round the Poles, which has not been explored by enlightened men, capable of comprehending the true character of the facts they record. Natural history is reduced to a science based upon well investigated facts, and travellers no longer strive to astonish us with wondrous tales of what they have seen, but to fill our museums, enrich our gardens, extend the knowledge of species, and perfect the classification of various branches of natural history. It was quite otherwise a century ago; so imperfect were the notions of natural history, so few were those who could visit distant regions for the purpose of scientific investigation, that tales of wonder were believed with a readiness astonishing to us. It was thus that Buffon did not totally discredit the story of the men with tails in the Island of Formosa, and it was thus, too, that Monboddo accepted stories about the Orang Outan, the evidence of which he thought he could not question, which convinced him that that animal was not a brute, but a man in a low state of development. And it may perhaps be added, as some excuse for his credulity, that he had before him a sermon which is found among the works of St. Augustine, and which he no doubt did not know to be spurious, in which the holy Doctor is made to say that he had seen in Ethiopia men without heads, with an eye in their breasts.*

The great difference, then, which distinguishes the two writers whom we have been comparing seems to be that Mr. Darwin, with the full light of modern natural history, has reduced men to the character of Brutes by denying any essential distinction between their natures, while Monboddo, writing in the dawn of this science, has made the Orang Outan a man, though he vigorously and consistently maintains the distinction between man and brute. In one point, then, they agree. The Orang Outan is of the same nature as ourselves, and we can conceive the Shade of the judge (to use a style of which he was so fond), if it should meet that of Mr. Darwin in another place, addressing him as Lord Palmerston once did a member of the Opposition who had been complimenting him on his policy—"I thank the honourable gentleman for his commendation, but not for the reasons with which he supported it." He would no doubt applaud his adhesion to his conclusions, but be very much ashamed of the means by which he maintained his theory. And we need hardly

* *Sermo ad Fratres in Eremo*, 37. See Migne, vi., cap. 1234.

point out which of the two forms of error is the most respectable. Lord Monboddo knew a good deal more about man than Mr. Darwin does, and if he knew less about brutes, it was hardly his own fault.

And now we must say a few words in answer to our other interrogator. In the first place, we have already stated that it was our intention to expose the system by which the phenomena of the operations of animals were explained a century ago by a man who, in some points, adopted the very same conclusions as Mr. Darwin, and we have shown how far, in point of precision and accuracy of expression and consistency of doctrine, the advantage was on the side of the earlier writer. We must now take a higher point of view. It is not our purpose here to review the writings of those innovators in mental philosophy, who, it must be said, have so great a part in the errors which inundate modern society. Our business is with Mr. Darwin, and with mental Philosophy in as far as he treads upon its precincts. We have received an inheritance of a body of philosophical truth, or, for the sake of those who do not accept it, we shall say a philosophical system, the growth of the study of God and nature during the space of two thousand years. This system has been applied to the solving of the greatest problems which the world presents; it has been the occasion of the most severe conflicts of thought, the greatest antagonism of Schools which the world has known; it has been purified by every conceivable attack from without, and has been perfected by the application of all the efforts of the most enlightened minds from within. Amongst the subjects to which it has been applied, the greatest and most sublime, after the study of the Creator, is the soul of man and its distinction from that of brutes. *Nosce te ipsum* points out to us the most noble object on which the reason of man can spend itself among things here below, as truly as it did in the days of the Father of philosophers.

To this subject the greatest intellects have applied their powers from the days of Aristotle—or, indeed, of Pythagoras—to those of Bossuet, and they have left us a consistent system by which the actions of beasts are explained, and the dignity of man is upheld immeasurably above the common herd of senseless brutes which surround him and are subject to him. Mr. Darwin has entered the field and undertaken to explain the actions of brutes, without allusion to the ancient Philosophy and with no reference to the principles and distinction of terms which belong

to it. We cannot help asking ourselves, was he ignorant of them? and if so, we are compelled to wonder at the rashness which could lead him to tread such ground without a guide, or, at least, without a mark by which to trace his course. Was he acquainted with these principles? If he was, then, we ask, was it ingenuous to ignore them, and to come before a simple public as one who has knowledge—to hide from them the doctrine of all ages, while tickling their ears with a confusion of words, unmeasured, undistinguished, inaccurate, as though there was no other side to the question, as though there could be no other philosophy but his, as though, indeed, the philosophy of all civilized ages had been rejected as obsolete by all men of learning, and the principles of a handful of men of to-day so universally accepted as to need no proof?

We need not say how utterly untrue, how utterly without even an appearance of truth to justify it, how outrageous such an assumption would be; but there is a still higher view to be taken of the case before us, for the religious belief of ages deserves at least as much consideration as their philosophy. The civilized world has inherited a system of dogmatic truths, at the basis of which is the belief that the Soul of man is a Spiritual substance created directly by God, and tending to God, by the fulfilment of moral laws, as its last end. It is, therefore, essentially distinct from the souls of beasts, which have no such laws and no such end. The philosophy of two thousand years accords with this faith, confirms and illustrates it. A system has started up in our own days which rejects the teaching of antiquity, denies the existence of what is unseen, overthrows the distinction between mind and sense, and consequently between our immortal souls and those of beasts, destroys the possibility of a moral law, and takes away the inheritance which is our only hope, the only bright line on our horizon, and plunges us into an ocean of doubt, of unbelief, and of despair. No wonder De Quincey, speaking of the time when his brother applied Monboddo's theory to his dream-land of Gombroon, says—"Overwhelming to me and stunning was the ignominy of this terrible discovery."* This, however, is only a part of what Mr. Darwin would lead us to. Now, Mr. Darwin can hardly be ignorant of the results of his theories. He must know as well as we can tell him what their effect on morality and faith must be, and what is the natural consequence of

* Introduction to the *World of Strife*.

sending forth upon the ignorant mass of mankind, ever eager to find plausible pretexts for neglecting whatever restrains their passions, doctrines under the fair name of Science such as those for which he is responsible. And yet it must be obvious to any one who has read his book how little consideration and respect he has in advancing his theories for the common belief of Christians. We are quite mindful of those words addressed to the disciples of old—*In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras*.* But we ask—in the interests of Science itself, which certainly can never be served when reason and fairness are trampled on in its name—if it is tolerable that the doctrine of all ages should be set aside and new theories assumed, to the destruction of morality and faith, and then put before a simple people as if there was no other philosophy, no other truth?

A. W.

* St. Luke xxi. 19.

Some Letters of St. Francis Xavier.

IT is the almost inevitable lot of the great Saints who have to labour as Apostles in the Church of Christ, and especially of those whose vocation it is to bear the light and grace of the Gospel to heathen nations, that they should have to work in great loneliness, and find but little sympathy and few congenial hearts among such companions as may join themselves to them. It is almost a part of the character on which the great graces which are so often given to them are grounded, to be tender, sensitive, sympathetic, prodigal of affection to an extraordinary degree, and the quickness, largeness, warmth, and depth of their feelings are enhanced and intensified as divine charity more thoroughly penetrates and possesses them. But the hearts that are most ready to give love are also most eager for its return, and most poignantly dissatisfied by its absence. The hearts of the Saints approach more and more nearly the intense delicacy and tenderness of the Heart of the Saint of Saints. To one who practises attentive and thoughtful meditation on the life of our Lord, His own great loneliness will, perhaps, sometimes dawn in a fresh and more powerful light, as a feature in the history of which a cursory acquaintance with that history had given him a very inadequate idea, and we find the same feature in that picture of the mind and heart of the great Apostle of the Gentiles which has been drawn for us by himself in his Epistles, especially, perhaps, in the second Epistle to the Corinthians, and in his Epistles to St. Timothy. The Cross of the Sacred Heart itself was wrought to a great extent by the coldness, ingratitude, and obstinacy of those whom our Lord loved so tenderly, and in this respect, even His friends and dearest Apostles had some share in the wounds which pierced It. One heart alone beat entirely and unceasingly in accordance with His own, and from that motherly heart He was often separated outwardly by the Providence which guided His steps on earth.

In the case of St. Francis Xavier it could hardly be otherwise. Almost every line of his Letters shows his immense affectionateness. He had left the men who had been for so long his brothers in heart and life behind him in Europe, and before he set sail from Lisbon he had to abandon the hope of having even the single companionship of Simon Rodriguez in his labours in the East. His letters show us how he yearned with all his heart for marks of their sympathy from a distance, and how large a part of his thoughts and affections was ever occupied with them, and with that other great and ever increasing band of brethren whom he had never seen in the flesh, but who were so closely linked to him by the spiritual ties which united all the members, living or dead, of his religious Society to one another. When one lonely heart is thus joined to many at a distance who have abundance of companionship to surround their daily life, it is but natural that the yearning for some sort of communication should be more deeply felt in the case of the first than in that of the last. So we may suppose it to have been here. While Francis was full of thoughts of his brethren, and writing to them at every opportunity, it would appear—not indeed that he was forgotten, for St. Ignatius, to speak of no other, was not a man to forget one who had entered so deeply into his heart as Francis Xavier—but that the multiplicity of their occupations and the immense distance between them made letters and communications to him from Europe few and far between. Other companions whom he hoped for and seemed to reckon upon in Portugal failed him also. Those who went with him, Father Paul of Camerino and Francis Mancias, were good and zealous in their way, but we are sorry to find that they both gave him a good deal of trouble, nor were they men at all capable of repaying in kind the intense and watchful affection which he lavished upon them so freely. We shall have to make the same remark upon many others that joined him from Europe, for where there is a great scarcity of able workmen in the Church, and a great demand for the work of such men at home, it is almost inevitable that distant missions even of the highest importance should fare comparatively poorly, and have but little choice as to the men who are spared for their needs.

Our immediate business is with Francis Mancias, to whom we are incidentally indebted for an insight into the thoughts and feelings of St. Francis such as but for him would be altogether wanting. Mancias was his fellow labourer in his

second period of preaching on the Malabar Coast and in the South of India. The two, however, were seldom now together, and Mancias was in constant need of direction and encouragement, which he received from St. Francis in a series of letters, many of which are most fortunately preserved to us. Some of these letters are no more than short hasty notes. Francis sometimes wrote more than one on the same day, containing repetitions of instruction or advice, which he sent by different messengers as if to make the safe arrival of the contents more sure. The letters to which these were answers are not in our possession, but if they were, they would hardly, perhaps, add very much to our knowledge of the character of Mancias himself, which is unconsciously portrayed by his correspondent. Mancias was not yet a Priest when these letters were written (except the last). He did not ultimately persevere in the Society, and we can see traces in the correspondence of some of the faults of character which brought about his dismissal. But we are, as we have said, greatly his debtor for preserving to us this series of notes and letters, which make us, indeed, long for more records of the same sort, but which still throw a very great light upon the character of Francis Xavier. Most of these letters were unknown to his earlier biographers, and they have hardly been sufficiently used even by the later writers on his life. They come from his heart, and enable us to form a far more lively picture of the trials of his missionary career in India than if we possessed only a simple narrative of his labours.

Among the difficulties with which St. Francis had to deal, we must in the first place reckon Mancias himself. He seems to have been hot tempered and violent, easily moved to anger and indignation, apt to have recourse to severity on every occasion, and at the same time—as is often the case with men of strong temper—easily disheartened, and wanting in energy and perseverance in his weary and apparently thankless work. This work was neither specious nor easy; it required strength, resolution, and immense patience. It was of the most elementary and laborious character. Francis Xavier had early learnt that the greatest hopes of the future Christian community, which was to be formed out of the native population, lay in the children. We have seen how, writing to his religious brethren in Rome, after having spent a year on the Malabar Coast, he spoke of the intercession made in heaven for him and his friends by more than a thousand children whom he had baptized with his own

hand, and who had died before attaining to the age of reason. He was always zealous to baptize and cause to be baptized all the new born children that he and his fellow missionaries met with in the newly converted populations, and this was one of the charges which we find him most frequently repeating in the letters to Mancias. He had also made provision, as we have seen, for the constant teaching of the Catechism to all children of an age to learn, appointing native masters in all the villages, and securing them a salary. These men required constant supervision and encouragement, and it was very necessary to make them feel that a watchful eye was kept over them, and that their salaries might depend on the zeal with which their duties were performed. Then there were the meetings of the adults on Sundays and Feasts to be looked to. Men and women were to be assembled separately, to repeat the Creed, the Commandments, and the prayers which Francis had taught them. Besides this, there were the adults to be baptized as soon as they were sufficiently prepared and proved, the sick to be visited and prayed over, the poor to be attended to, and numberless affairs to be settled by the missionary, who was to be father and ruler to these ignorant and indolent people as well as religious teacher. His time could not be spent in any one place; he was to travel from village to village, baptizing, catechising, visiting the sick, examining the schools and urging the catechists to their duty, and as soon as he had made his round through the circle of country committed to him, he was to begin again and again in the same way. This is what Francis himself had done during the first year of his work among the natives, and to this work he now had to keep Mancias. On his return from Goa in the early months of the year 1544 he left this latter at some spot among the Christian settlements—it seems, at Punical—while he himself was occupied in another part of the country, and the letters, nearly thirty in number, begin at the end of February of that year and close in the middle of December, when St. Francis left the mission for awhile to go to Cochin to confer with the Vice Roy on matters of importance, and removed Mancias from the scene of his former labours to another part of the mission. There is one letter also, written the following year.

Francis' first letter shows that he was already afraid that the temper of his colleague might fail under his trials. "Pray God," he says, "to strengthen you with much patience."

Remember the instructions which I gave you in writing when we parted, and pray to God to strengthen you with very great patience, the quality necessary above all others in dealing with the people you have to do with. Make up your mind that what you are to suffer among them is to be to you a sort of real Purgatory, and that you are to pay from this time forth the penalty for your faults: and acknowledge how singular a favour it is that God grants you, to be able, while still breathing the breath of this life, to make atonement for the sins of your youth, while you have the opportunity of gaining immense graces by it (which could not be in Purgatory), and at the same time have so much less pain than you might have there (Feb. 22, 1544).

The next, ten days or so later, contains the same urgent entreaty—to which he adds a concession to the severity of Mancias, sending a beadle, or some officer of the kind, to punish drunkard women.

My dearest brother in Jesus Christ,—Your letter has given me great comfort. I implore you over and over again to deal with that poor degraded people as good fathers do with bad children. Don't let your courage give way, however many may be the depraved and wicked things you see them do: for God Himself, Whom they so grievously offend, nevertheless does not kill them, as He might by a single nod. He does not cease to supply them with what they need for their life and support, and yet, unless He were to keep His bountiful hand open to them, all these things would fail, and the poor wretches would perish for want, as indeed they deserve to perish. I would have you consider the example of God, and conform your mind to greater indulgence, casting aside all needless worry and anxiety.

Your labours where you are are more fruitful than you think, and, although you may not make all the way that you desire, still, take my word for it, you are doing very sufficient work, and work which you will never repent of. And, after all, whatever may be the success of your labours, you have a sure consolation in the fact that it was not your doing nor your fault in any way that it has been otherwise than could be wished. For the rest, as we have good precedents as well as good reason to show us that we may lawfully use the King's authority to break down the indomitable and stiffnecked obstinacy of a race over which he rules, I send you an officer whom I have asked of the Vice Roy, who is commissioned to exact a fine of one *fana* (two silver pieces) of any woman who continues to get tipsy on *arrack*, contrary to the edicts lately issued, and also to cast any one found guilty of such intemperance into prison for three days. And you must take care to have it published with all possible clearness throughout all your villages and dwellings, that this law will in future be inexorably enforced, and tell the Patangats (the heads of the villages) that if after this any *arrack* is drunk in Punical, they must themselves expect severe punishment from me.

Exhort Matthew to behave to me like a good son; and say that, if he does this, I will give him far greater good things and advantages than he could ever have expected from his own parents. And just in this interval during which I am prevented from getting to you, as I am in

haste to do, give some serious warnings to those Patangats you speak of; tell them, if they are wise, to amend their bad ways, otherwise, that I have made up my mind to use the power which the Vice Roy has given me, and that all whom, when I come, I find still addicted to their favourite vices, I shall order to be taken in chains to Cochin; and they need not flatter themselves that they will soon get off with a light punishment. I have firmly resolved on what I now declare, that I will take good care that they shall never be allowed to return to Punical. It is as clear as it can be, that all the many crimes and wickednesses that are committed in their country are to be laid to the fault and charge of these Patangats alone (March 14).

The Matthew here mentioned seems to have been a lad whom St. Francis had left with Mancias as an assistant, and the letters frequently speak of him in a playful way, as will be seen in our next extract. Mancias must have written, in the course of the same month, to tell Francis that he was well and enjoying great consolation and delight in his work. The answer is full of joy, sympathy, and, at the same time, warning.

My dearest brother in Jesus Christ,—Your letter has given me incredible joy, and done my soul immense good, because it tells me that you are very happy in your Mission and are visited by God with wonderful consolations. And now that you have had experience that God remembers you, do not let yourself ever forget Him. Beware of growing weary of your work, however ungrateful it may be, and don't let any kind of disgust weaken you so as to relax your keen and unconquerable perseverance in the good which you have begun. Keep always a humble and lowly spirit before God, with a meek feeling of internal thankfulness, that He has chosen you for so lofty an office as that which you are discharging. You have the paper of injunctions that I gave you; I have nothing to add to them, nothing new to recommend. Remember me always, for I never forget to think of you. Tell Matthew to be my good child, and that he will find me a good father. I am always on the look out for occasions of helping him on. Tell him also that I order him, on Sundays, when he repeats in church the answers to the Catechism, which you have taught him at home, to speak so loud that not only all the congregation may hear him, but that his voice may reach us here at Manápar. Let me know also about the Christians of Tutucurin, in what state they are, and whether the Portuguese who have stopped there give them any trouble; also what news there is about the Vice Roy—whether he is to pass the winter at Cochin, or not.

Here we have an affair of great magnitude just beginning—one that promises a splendid opening for the service of God our Lord. I beg you to pray to Him very urgently that He may be pleased to bring the hopes which He has let us entertain to a prosperous issue, and ripen the good beginnings of the opportunity which we so much desire.

I entreat you to show continual marks of very great love to the whole of the people you are among, rulers and nobles, and also the lowest classes. The consequence will most certainly be that they will love you

in return, and if you once get to that, the ministry by which you are trying to lead them to the knowledge and worship of God our Lord will find its course more easy and its fruit more abundant. Accustom yourself to bear with great patience all their weaknesses and their slips from frailty, keeping up in your mind the merciful and charitable hope that though they are not yet good, they will one day become so. And after all, if you can't make them advance quite as far as you intended, still don't repent of having tried, and take that little good which you have been able to beat out of them as a sufficient reward. For my part, this is the way I comfort myself in suchlike troubles (March 20).

This last letter mentions two matters which gave St. Francis much thought and care at this time. The fear that the Portuguese should trouble the native Christians was, unfortunately, by no means imaginary. There has probably never yet been a zealous European missionary in any part of the heathen world in which Christians from his own country have been settled, or which they have occasionally visited for purposes of commerce, who has not found among them the worst enemies to his work. No exception can be made as to this lamentable truth in favour of Catholic nations: Spaniards, Frenchmen, Portuguese have as much to answer for in this respect as Dutchmen and Englishmen. Some Catholics, under such circumstances, have done infinitely more for religion than can be claimed for Protestants, and we shall find noble instances of this among the Portuguese merchants, as well as among the officers of the Crown, in the time of St. Francis. But many Catholics have done quite as much against religion as any others, and this dark thread of the bad treatment of native Christians on the part of the Portuguese settlers, merchants, soldiers, and even officials, runs through this part of the story before us. Another matter which now occupied St. Francis' thoughts was an excursion which he was planning to the court of the King of Travancore, who seems to have been known in those parts of India as the "Great King," a sort of sovereign prince over many subordinate rulers. Francis hoped to find him ready to give him leave to preach and make converts in his dominions, and, which was perhaps still more important, to give leave also to his subjects to become Christians. This is probably the matter of importance to which reference is made above. How these expectations were suddenly interfered with will be seen from the following indignant letter—

Here are three nobles come to me from the Court of the King of Travancore, complaining of a Portuguese who, they say, has arrested at Patanai a slave of their prince Iniquitribirim, and taken him in chains

to Punical. They hear that the man boasts that he will take him to Tutucurin. Find out what the truth of the matter is, and write about it, I beg you, to the Commandant. And if it should be that the Portuguese be found there, whoever he may be, turn every stone that the poor prisoner be set free at once. If it be that he owes the Portuguese anything, let the complaint be laid before his own prince, who is sure to decide what is just, and who will maintain, as he always does, the rights of our people. This advice is no doubt given too late, for this is what they should have done in the beginning, and no subject of an allied prince ought to have been seized and taken out of a place in his dominions without his being consulted. How absurdly we use our strength! We spare our enemies and plunder our friends. This act of injustice shuts me out from access to the King, who is otherwise well disposed, for it would be the unwise thing in the world for me to present myself to an indignant Court, boiling over with the sense of so grave an insult lately received. I can well forgive their anger, which has a just cause to kindle it. For what can be more intolerable than that men who call themselves the allies of a King should lay violent hands on the servants of one of his friends in his own dominions, without waiting for or asking his consent, an outrage never heard of even in the time of the Pulas, when they ruled in those parts in a manner that was simply tyrannical. As for me, I really don't know what line I shall take, so entirely are all my measures and precautions upset by the inconsiderate outbreak of this reckless miscreant. I feel strongly urged to be off and have done with it, for why should we waste more time here, among men who are utterly regardless of any considerations of justice, and who never care a straw at the cost of what damage to religion or to the State they indulge their own passions? above all, whose outrages are encouraged by impunity? Every one can see that if the men who were concerned in that shameless robbery of the myoparon the other day had been punished as they deserved, we should not find the Portuguese now breaking out in outrages of the same sort. It will be a narrow escape for us now if the King of Travancore, irritated by so wanton an insult, do not take some severe measures against the Christians who are his subjects.

I wish you to write and tell the Commandant how much I am distressed at this act of violence on the person of the King of Travancore's slave, not only on account of the bad feeling which so scandalous a crime must produce, but also on account of the positive evils which threaten us in consequence of it. I myself have almost made up my mind never to write again on such matters, for these people want to do just what comes into their head, and they can't bear to be told what is disagreeable to hear. They seem to think that it is an injury and an insult to them if any one dares to open his mouth while they are trampling on rights of all kinds. If it should happen that you get certain information that the slave carried off by the Portuguese is at Tutucurin, then, I conjure you, by all the desire you have to please God, go yourself at once to the Commandant, and work upon him by all the means in your power to get the poor fellow set free at once. And let the Portuguese who had him arrested come here and make his claim or his complaint, and he will find all that consideration of his rights which is needed to give him full satisfaction.

I wonder whether the Portuguese would think it good if, when one of the natives happened to have a dispute with one of themselves, he was to seize the Portuguese by main force, put him in chains, and have him taken out of a place in our territory and carried up the country? Certainly not. The Indians must have the same feelings: why should we do to them what we don't wish to be done to ourselves? Why should we be astonished that they, like ourselves, are indignant when they are injured? There would be more to excuse the aggression if they denied us justice; but what plausible excuse can we plead now, when they undertake to do justice with the utmost faithfulness, observe exactly all the conditions of the alliance, and when they keep the peace and deal with all the equity we could desire in their intercourse with us? Where can we possibly find a pretext to cover even speciously the shameful disgrace of our faithless breach of agreement? If any insurmountable obstacle should prevent you from going yourself at once to the Commandant, send Paul Vaz to him with a letter from you.

I declare once more that this news has disturbed me more than I can express by letter. May our Lord God give us the strength of mind that is needed for us to bear with becoming patience such reckless excesses as this! Though what I have said about the affair has been ascertained on good authority, still please not to think it too much trouble to write to me a thorough account of the whole matter, as far as you can find out on the spot. Is it true that a Portuguese has seized a slave of the King of Travancore within the territory of the latter? If he has, what reason does he allege for it, and does he really intend to take the man to Tutucurin, and for what? I should be very glad to hear something at least which may diminish the atrocity of this detestable action, and prove that report had exaggerated it. If there is no way of lightening the ill feeling which has been caused, and if the facts really are what they are said to be, then I must give up my plan of going to see the King, with whom I was going to treat of matters concerning the service of God. You well know how these people are incensed at these seizures of slaves, especially from territory of their own; and there can be no doubt that they must all be calling out for vengeance, and heaping reproaches upon the whole race of Portuguese, and even on the Christian religion. It would never be wise for me to expose myself to all this hostility. No, I shall have to think of going elsewhere. I have long thought of it, and now shall have to set myself to work to carry it out. I have long had the idea suggesting itself to my mind, and it really seems very attractive, of leaving India altogether, where so many obstacles are placed in the way of the advancement of the Gospel from quarters from which least of all such obstacles should arise, and going instead to Ethiopia, where there is a great and probable hope to invite us of advancing greatly the glory of our Lord God by preaching the Gospel, and where there will be no Europeans to oppose us and pull down what we have built up. I cannot hide from you that I feel so strongly impelled that way, that it is not unlikely I shall embark at Manapar on one of the little country vessels, of which there are plenty, and go to Goa at once to prepare all that is necessary for my departure for the dominions of Prester John (March 21).

The next letter mentions another outrage, this time on the Christians—

To hear as I do that our Christians are persecuted and oppressed both by the heathen and by the Portuguese is a thing which wounds my heart to the very core, so atrocious and so mischievous is it. But I have had so much of this sort of thing, that if, as they say, the sting of such sorrows could be dulled by frequent practice, I ought long ago to have lost all feeling about it. Somehow I cannot find any relief or alleviation for this misery in the medicine of habit and lapse of time. It racks me with intense pain every time that I either see for myself or hear from others how these tender sucklings of the Church are exposed to every kind of violence and outrage from the very persons in whom such conduct is most shameful—how, new and fresh as they are in the faith, like infant children in the holy religion they have adopted, and when they ought to be indulgently cherished and nursed up by kindness on the part of their elder brothers, rather than left in neglect and contempt, or even subjected to violence and injury by them, they are cut to pieces and plundered by savage attacks, which no efforts we can make for their protection are able to delay, much less to avert. Wherever I go I carry this grief like a pain which eats out my heart. I heard three days ago from the Patangats of a most wicked act of violence—the seizure of several slave girls—committed at Punical by certain Portuguese. As soon as I heard the miserable news I wrote to the bishop's vicars at Colaun, and Cochín, begging them earnestly to publish a threat of the major excommunication against the ravishers, and to make a public inquiry who they are, that their names may be known, their prey rescued from them, and the penalty enjoined by the law inflicted on them to warn others by their example (March 27).

We pass over a few pages, and we find St. Francis in comparative quiet and good hope. The report about the Travancore outrage must have died away, and he is expecting some communication from the Vice Roy about the terms which he may offer to the King of Travancore, who may be in need of the Portuguese alliance to protect himself against some insurgent vassals. But another trouble is upon him, in the instability of a certain John d'Artiaga, who had been named in a former letter as companion to Mancias himself. He seems to have left his post, and then to have left St. Francis.

John d'Artiaga has gone off, carried away by some disturbing imagination which left him no peace of mind, and which came, as far as appears, from the Evil Spirit. But this he neither sees himself, nor goes the right way to learn. He told me when he left that he was going to Combatur* to teach the people there. He said also that he chose a

* Some of the translations of the letters have identified the place with Coimbatour, in the Carnatic. But Coimbatour is far to the north, and inland. The place here spoken of is evidently, as we may gather from the Letters, on the coast, not very far from Manapar, whence St. Francis writes (Munahpaul).

place not far from where you are on purpose to be near you. He may have wished this at the time, but whether he will persevere in it I know not. You know what an inconstant fellow he is, and how every wind turns him. However, whatever happens, if he comes to see you, I hardly think it will be worth your while to spend any length of time in talking with him (April 8).

There was more in this trouble than might appear at first sight. This John d'Artiaga was not a member of the Society, and so not strictly under obedience to Francis Xavier. His going off in a fit of humour on his own account, and choosing his own place of work, might have led to a good deal of mischief. Some days later, we find Xavier expecting a message from the King of Travancore. The narratives of his life which, on the authority of persons on the spot at the time, fill up the picture of which the Letters give only a part, relate how he preached with great success in Travancore in the course of this year, working a great many miracles, and winning the hearts of all, from the King downwards. The period of the year is uncertain. He now says to Mancias—

I long immensely to see you, and I have reason to hope that God in His mercy will soon grant me my prayer. Meantime not a day passes that I do not watch you in spirit. I doubt not that it is the same with you, and that we continually enjoy the presence of one another in heart. Now, for the love you have to God, write, I pray, and tell me about yourself and all the Christians; how you are, what you are doing, how all your affairs are going on. And I wish you to tell me all minutely and precisely. Here I am, a whole week waiting for a Pula from Travancore. I don't think he will fail, for he wrote to say that he should come within that time. How am I myself, you ask? Well, my heart is strong with a lively confidence in the goodness of God, that something will come of this interview which will have somewhat to do with His own service and honour. Whatever comes of it, I will let you know at once, that you may give thanks to God our Lord.

A few days after this he was attacked by a severe fever, and writes to Mancias (May 1) to announce his convalescence. He tells him that the good news which he had sent him about the mission had almost made him forget that he had been ill. He hopes to see him so soon, that he will not write more. This Pula, or noble, from Travancore, must come tomorrow, at the latest. But a fortnight later he has to give up his visit to Mancias, that he may stay and settle certain troublesome quarrels, which threatened mischief among the native Christians. "We must both of us," he says, "be willing to postpone the consolation of seeing one another, which we have been longing

for, to the great advantage which may be expected to the service of God from this peace which I hope to make, and we must rejoice that we are to be, not where we might wish to be, but where the most holy will of our Lord God and the interests of His Kingdom and of His greater glory require." Then he goes on to soothe Mancias, who had again been complaining of the troublesomeness of the people whom he has to deal with. St. Francis softens him down, and at the end gives him leave now and then to indulge his native severity.

I must again and again pray you, do not get angry with these poor folk, however much their faults and frailties move your bile. I know what an extreme annoyance it is to be perpetually interrupted, when one is thoroughly absorbed in some work, by persons calling one away to attend to their own business, which is all they care for. Never mind, gulp down their importunities, keep a quiet mind all the time, and lend yourself tranquilly to the occupations which come of themselves to you from every side. Just do what you can do, and what you can't do now, let it go or put it off, and, when you cannot give them satisfaction in deed, take care to make it up in word, excusing yourself kindly, saying that you are not as able to help them as you could wish, and if you can't give them what they want, give them some hope of it in the future—a thing which generally softens people when they are disappointed as to getting what they desire. You owe great thanks to our Lord God, and I suppose you give them, for placing you where you can't be idle if you would, where so many affairs surround and besiege you at every moment with something to be done, one upon another, but where—what is the sweetest of all condiments to any toil, however great—everything of this kind which besets you is clearly a call which belongs to the service of God.

I send Peter to you, and do you send us Antonio in return, as soon as he is well, which we hope may be in six days or a week. I have sent to Manuel da Cruz a careful letter, pressing him both by entreaties and arguments to make haste about finishing the church. Send me my box by the first boat that sets sail for this place. I shall get through the work I have here on hand as soon as possible, and then be off to you, for in truth, I long—much more, I believe, than you suppose—to stay and talk with you for some days. Let me know by letter at once whatever you want, either of help or advice; you will be sure of finding a messenger, there are so many going to and fro daily. Bear these people on your shoulders, as it were, treat them with unwearied patience and long suffering tolerance, keep them from evil, and advance them in good as much as you can, and then be content. And, after all, if you find some whom you cannot win to their duty by indulgence and kindness, consider that the moment is come for the exercise of that work of mercy which consists in the timely chastisement of those who deserve punishment, and who can't be driven to good except by severity (May 14).

We have soon a fresh source of annoyance to chronicle, which pierced the tender heart of St. Francis to the very core,

and brought out in the brightest light his immense charity. The Christians along the coast of Cape Comorin had been "harried," plundered, driven from their homes, and forced to save their lives in caves in the rocks and other like places, by a horde of military heathen called Badages, whom we now meet with for the first time. We must not pause to go into the full history of these formidable invaders, who are mentioned over and over again in this series of letters. There is considerable uncertainty about them, as our accounts come from missionaries or other Europeans who were not, perhaps, perfectly acquainted with the relations between the various States and potentates of the South of India. In a letter of a missionary in 1568, nearly a quarter of a century later than the time of which we are speaking (Maffei, *Ist. delle Indie Orientali*, p. 394. Ed. Ven., 1589), we are told that they were sent to collect tribute for the "King"—who appears to have been the King of Bisnaghur or Madura. At the time of St. Francis, the King of Travancore appears to have been called the "Great King," and these Badages were in nominal allegiance to him, which, however, the Letters before us inform us that a large part of them had thrown off. The pretext of collecting revenue may have been alleged on the occasions on which we meet them in the history of St. Francis, but there can be little doubt that it was a mere pretext, and that the Badages consisted of a large horde of horsemen, who rode first in one direction and then in another, plundering and ravaging on their own account, and that they had a particular delight in making attacks, when they were likely to be successful, on the Portuguese, and on the far more defenceless native Christians. This is enough to introduce the first letter in which mention is made of them by St. Francis.

I arrived on Saturday evening at Manapar. On the road, at Combutur, I met with very sad news about the Christians at Cape Comorin, which has made me quite wretched. The Badages have fallen upon them with the sword, driven them from their houses, plundered them, made a great number of them prisoners, and the rest have taken refuge in the caves of rocks which run out into the sea, where they are perishing of hunger and thirst. I am going to help them as fast as I can, and set sail this very night with twenty barques from Manapar. Pray to God for these poor creatures and for us! and see above everything that the children pray to God for us.*

* The date of this Letter is given in the translation as Monday, June 20th, 1544; but it is not easy to make all the dates of these Letters agree with statements in their text.

The voyage, however, was unsuccessful; here is the account of it—

On Tuesday last I came back to Manapar, and God our Lord knows what I had gone through in my voyage. I had set off with twenty barques to comfort the Christians whom the Badages have driven into flight, who, as I was told, were dying miserably of hunger and thirst amongst the rocks which bound the shores of Cape Comorin; but I met with strong winds from the opposite quarter, and neither by rowing nor tacking could we make head against the sea, and I was not able once to get a single vessel to the Cape. If these winds fall, I shall go there again to take what relief I can to these poor creatures in their extreme distress, for a man must be harder than iron if he could give up making all efforts in his power to relieve the miserable case of these people, who are our brethren in the worship of Christ—a case, I really think, the most calamitous that can be found anywhere. Many of the fugitives arrive every day at Manapar, without clothing, nearly dead with hunger, destitute of everything. I am writing to the Patangats of Combatur, of Punical, and of Tutucurin, to collect for them some little alms and get them sent to us; but bidding them, however, to exact nothing from the poor, but simply to ask the captains of vessels, and others who have some means, to contribute of their own freewill what they can for so pious a work. But though I have enjoined this, still, as I know what sort of persons the Patangats are, I very much fear that they may make this an opportunity for exacting money from the poor. I am also afraid that they are likely to do the whole business badly, as they seem to do everything, and to make a great many mistakes, so I should like you to be on the watch that everything goes well, and especially, as I have said, that nothing be accepted from the poor, and that even the rich be not compelled to give, but be asked to contribute freely as much or as little as they like. I wish you to take a large part of the business on yourself, and indeed I think it necessary that you should, for I have hardly any hope that the Patangats will do anything well and fairly. All my trust is in God.

Nothing daunted by his ill success at sea, he set out by land—

I went off, after all, by land to the Cape, to visit those unhappy Christians who have survived the plundering and cruelties of the Badages. A more miserable sight could nowhere be seen; faces white with exhaustion, livid with hunger; the fields covered with dead and dying, the disfigured corpses which had had no burial, or the poor creatures who were at the point of death from wounds untended or sickness unrelieved. There were old men there utterly powerless from age or hunger, trying in vain to drag themselves along—there were women giving birth to children in the public roads, their husbands moving about them, but unable to help them, so universal and common to all was the very extremity of destitution. If you had seen this as I did, your heart would, I am sure, have been pierced with a pang of pity you would never have got over. I had all the poor taken to Manapar, where the greater part of this most afflicted people is now

collected for us to take care of as well as we can. Pray to God that He may touch the hearts of the rich with some mercy for so many miserable creatures, pining away in the utmost distress.

This last letter was written at the beginning of August, and it would thus appear that the danger from the Badages was not a merely cursory matter. Early in the same month we find him writing to Mancias, who seems to have been himself in danger, and to have desired to retire from so arduous a post. He promised him that he would never himself rest until he had set him at liberty, if he should happen to be taken prisoner. He then tells him that he has sent a priest to warn the people in the parts where Mancias is, having received private information that the Badages are again on the move against them.

I have also written to the Commandant, begging him to send one of the larger craft (catamarans) well armed, to serve as a protection for all the boats of the Christians, which are quite unarmed. And do you over and over again enjoin on the inhabitants and especially those most distant from the sea, to set faithful and watchful sentinels at the proper points to report how things are hour by hour, that they may not be caught by a night attack of the horsemen before they are able to get to the boats which they have made ready, and set in safety off the shore. But even when you have told them all this as urgently as you can, I would have you put but very little confidence in their doing what you tell them. I know too well their laziness and obstinate stupidity, and I quite expect they will grudge spending two *fanons* to pay the necessary expenses. So do you by yourself, and by means of persons whom you can trust, undertake all the watching and all the care, urging them to get the women and children on board the boats which are already launched; and take the opportunity of this time of calamity to require of them all, and especially of the weaker in sex and age, to have recourse to God by reciting their prayers. Fear is a grand teacher of prayer, especially when, as is the case with these poor folk, they have no one to look to for help but God alone (Aug. 3, 1544).

A fortnight later, we find him writing again most urgently to Mancias to do all in his power to relieve the misery of the Christians. But now there is danger in another quarter. Tutucurin (Tuticorin), to the north, on the eastern coast of the extremity of the peninsula of India, has been threatened. There have been disturbances of some sort, in which we gather that it is only too probable that the Portuguese—a small garrison, apparently, holding a fortress of some kind, rather than the whole town—have had something to do. Francis is afraid that all this will make the case of the Christians harder than ever. Reports reach him that some Portuguese have been wounded, if

not slain. Mancias must have been at Tuticorin, or nearer to it than Francis, for the letter requires him to let him know how things are. Then there is a postscript: he has just heard that the Christians had been plundered and chased into a forest by the Badages. "We are overwhelmed with bad news from every side. God be praised always!" (Aug. 19). The next day he writes, evidently in answer to a letter from Mancias, speaking very severely of the complicity in the misfortunes of the Christians of some who ought to have been on their side—probably some Portuguese officer. Mancias, like the Apostles in the Gospel, has been inclined to call down the vengeance of heaven on the offender. St. Francis writes—

Those words of our Lord, "*He that is not with Me is against Me*," will make you understand how destitute we here are of any friends to aid us in bringing this people to Jesus Christ. But we must not despond, for God at the end will render unto each one according to his deserts, and it is very easy for Him, when He pleases, to accomplish by means of a few what seemed to require the work of many. I say again and again, I feel far more of compassion for those who fight against God, than of any desire to call down greater vengeance on their heads—they are already miserable enough in the mere fact that they do so fight. Why should we draw down on them God's vengeance, which will certainly not fail at its own time? And how severe are the punishments which God at last inflicts on His enemies, we see well enough, as often as we turn our mind's eye to the inextinguishable furnace of hell, whose fires are to rage throughout all eternity for so many miserable sinners.

Once more he implores to have news sent him. Again we have another letter on the following day. Mancias has been asking to be removed to a more secure spot. Francis tells him that he will send a Priest in his stead as soon as his country is free from the alarm of the Badages: he is to go to Manar, an island off Ceylon, of which we now hear for the first time, but which soon became famous in the Christian history of India. Francis himself is at Punical, where Mancias had been at first stationed. He has no interpreter, but finds works enough to do in baptizing children and taking care of the sick and poor. He is going off to Tala, to comfort the sufferers from the late raid: but the Badages have left his part of the coast free for the present. He hopes to reduce them to peace by the authority of the King of Travancore.

He is still thinking of an interview with this potentate; but he has as yet had no answer as to the insult offered to him by the Portuguese who was said to have carried off the slave of one

of his nobles. A native prince living at Tala had shown great friendship for the Christians, and the King himself had lately received one of the missionaries, Father Coelho, with great kindness; but Francis must hear the truth about the former story if possible. Mancias has written to him that he had something to tell him about it, which it would not be safe to communicate except by word of mouth. "I can readily suppose," says Francis, "that there is something at the bottom about the Commandant himself, or the Portuguese, or even the native Christians, which I ought to know, to be able to set the matter right, but which, at the same time, cannot be committed to writing, lest it be intercepted and bring odium upon you." He tells him to get some one else to write it for him, and send such a letter as, if it be intercepted, may not betray its author. Its contents will determine him whether he shall go to the King, or not. Meanwhile he begs Mancias to obtain from the Commandant a sort of "truce of God"—at all events, during the whole month of September to abstain, and make all other Portuguese abstain, from any act of violence or aggression on the King of Travancore and his subjects. The nation has been found remarkably well disposed to receive Christianity, and he intends to make a great effort for the cause of religion during this September. He cannot doubt that the Commandant will let those arguments have great weight with him. Who this Commandant was, we are not told; but it is unfortunately too natural to conclude that he was one of those officers, of whom there were but too many in India, who on account of their own interests and the great opportunities which they possessed of furthering them with impunity at the expense of the cause of religion, became in fact more deadly enemies of the Gospel than the Badages themselves. It is enough for us to mention here, that less than half a year from this time we find Francis Xavier writing to Simon Rodriguez in Portugal—"Suffer no one who is a friend of yours to be sent out to India in an official position, to have anything to do with the royal revenues or the business of government. For of such you may very well understand those words of Scripture, '*Let them be blotted out of the book of the living and let them not be reckoned among the just.*'" However much you may feel confident of the virtue of any one whom you may perchance know and love well, yet trust what I say—make every opposition and fight as hard as you can to save him from exposure to such a risk; otherwise, unless he be confirmed in

grace, as the Apostles were, beware of hoping that he will persevere in doing his duty and remain constant in his innocence. There is, I may almost say, a force which nothing can resist to thrust such men headlong into the gulf—when an overwhelming flood of bad example and vicious custom comes in upon them, to add its weight to the attractiveness of greed, to their many opportunities of plunder, to their natural craving for pelf, stimulated by the taste of stolen wealth." The officer of whom we are speaking, who was probably in command of one or more of the Portuguese garrisons along the coast, had written to Francis before his letter could reach Mancias, declaring that he would have nothing to do with his friendship, and loading him with reproaches and insults. It is quite clear that Francis must have crossed him unwittingly in some of the measures he had taken for the protection of the Christians, or to curb the aggressive and tyrannical violence of the Portuguese. But the poor man was soon an object of pity to all, as well as to the Saint. It would appear from one of two letters written only two days after the letter mentioned above, that he had in some way played into the hands of the Badages, instead of protecting the Christians, and had thus tried to purchase the friendship of the invaders for himself. His reward was that he shared the fate of the Christians of Tuticorin: his ship was burnt, as well as the building or fortress occupied by him on the shore, and he was driven like the Christians first of Cape Comorin, and then of Tuticorin, to take refuge on some barren island off the coast to save his life. Francis was eager to help and save him. He urged Mancias to get provisions on board some boats—water to drink especially—and set off at once to his relief, and he wrote also to the native magistrates along the coast to do the same. He would go himself, he says, but he has just received the letter in which the Commandant renounces his friendship, and he would be sorry to pain him at such a time of extremity by the sight of one to whom he could use such language.

It will seem almost hard to believe, but the very next letter of St. Francis, written two days later (September 7), speaks of a fresh provocation given on the part of the Portuguese, not to the King of Travancore, who seems, as far as we can gather, not to have resented the injury already mentioned to his noble, but to the terrible Badages themselves in the person of their leader, Beterbemali. St. Francis had gone off, after giving

directions to Mancias and others for the relief of the Commandant, to visit some Christian settlements on the western side of Cape Comorin, and was proceeding on his road, when he was arrested by the news that some Portuguese had seized and carried off the brother in law of Beterbemali himself. The act may perhaps have been one of reprisal. The Portuguese were generally safe enough in their vessels or their fortresses, though the late calamity at Tuticorin may have warned them not to be too secure even there, and they may have had little fear of any revenge that the Badages might take. That revenge would be taken on the defenceless native population, who had placed themselves in so questionable a position in the eyes of their fellowcountrymen by becoming Christians—a position which gave them the character of friends of the foreigner without ensuring to them protection from him. They were like the Catholics in England after the attempt of the Catholic King to overthrow Queen Elizabeth had failed, save that they had no claim on the forbearance of their countrymen on account of their own tried loyalty. It was easy work for the unscrupulous men who formed these garrisons to commit outrage upon outrage, for which the native Christians were to pay, and this abundantly explains their aggressiveness, and the position of St. Francis with regard to them. The Christian populations were nothing to them, and all to him, and he had not only to convert the heathen, form the new converts into Christian communities, and then secure them at least liberty and toleration from their natural rulers, but also to meet storm after storm which swept over them in consequence of the depredations and outrages of the Portuguese.

In the case before us we have a letter of unusual length, in which he explains to Mancias what steps he has taken. The Badages had sworn vengeance against everything bearing the Christian name, but they were pretty sure to confine their revenge to those Christians who were at their mercy. The whole of the Christian population of the Comorin Coast was in danger of the fate which had already befallen them once before, and which now was befalling the people of Tuticorin. Coelho, the secular priest already named, seems to have been left in Travancore by St. Francis in the course of his preaching there, which must already have begun and been carried on for some considerable time during this present year, and this Coelho is sent to protect the Christians on the spot, and to use the name

of Francis to pacify them.* He hopes also in future to secure for the converts an asylum, not under the illusory protection of the Portuguese, but in the territories of this heathen King, who had become his friend, and who had also political reasons for hoping some advantage to himself from the friendship of the Vice Roy. We give a passage of the letter in question, which shows how confidently St. Francis could speak of his own influence—

As soon as I heard all this, I wrote at once to Father Francis Coelho that immediately on receiving my letter he was to hasten to the place where the Christians of Comorin have taken refuge, to protect as far as may be by my influence these unfortunate people, and preserve them from the terrible disasters which threaten them on this occasion. I know that amongst the Badages there is a great deal of talk about my credit with Iniquitribirim, whom they call their King, though they are far from obeying him implicitly, and indeed some of them, who follow Beterbemali, have openly shaken off his authority. Still the greater part have still a certain respect for the King's name, so I hope that Father Coelho, as sent by me, and representing, as he does, me, may find some respect paid him, and be able to protect these cruelly used people. I have all the more hope of this, as I learn from Father Coelho's letter that it is not only the rebel Badages that are incensed at the capture of Beterbemali's brother in law, but that the rest of the nation is being roused to arms against the people of Comorin by a relation of Iniquitribirim, King of Travancore, who has lately gone among them. Now with this chief a recommendation from me seemed likely to be of some use in preventing him from using violence against the Christians, because he knows that I am in some sort of account and honour with his King. My hope was strengthened by news which Coelho gives me in the same letter, written quite lately, that the King of Travancore had sent three or four of his principal courtiers to see me, who would have been here already if the fatigues of the journey had not made them halt

* The present article, as the reader may have perceived, is an extract from a chapter of the *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*. But, in order not to exceed the space at our disposal, we have omitted much of the history of this year's preaching, as gathered from the Process of Canonization and other sources, and confined ourselves in the main to the illustrations of St. Francis' character which are to be drawn from his letters. It is certain that he preached with great success in the kingdom of Travancore, where he worked several miracles, and founded what afterwards became forty-five Christian congregations or churches. It was at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Travancore, near Cotate, that the famous incident occurred of his going alone to meet a horde of the Badages who were about to invade the country, and ordering them in the name of God to desist—which order they obeyed. After this he was naturally in great favour with the King. It does not seem certain at what part of the year this incident is to be placed, and it would be out of place to enter on the question here. But it is certain that his letter from which we are quoting, written in September, speaks as if he were not only certain of obtaining anything that he asks from the King, but as if his influence with the King was perfectly well known, even to the Badages.

at Manapar to take some repose. They are the bearers of a letter from the King, in which he begs me not to think it too much trouble to come to him, and not to delay, for that he has to communicate some business of very great moment, which it is of much importance both to him and to us that he should talk over with me. As far as I can fathom the matter at this distance, I think I see reason for supposing that the King takes this line because he feels himself in much need of the protection of the Vice Roy of India. Current reports say that the subordinate chiefs who are not loyal to him, the Pulas of whom we have heard so much in these parts, have grown very powerful and become very rich from long prosperity, so that the King has some reason to fear that they may make large presents to the Portuguese Vice Roy, and get him on their side, so as to help them with some troops.

Knowing all this of the state of Iniquitribirim's affairs, makes me more ready to believe the letters which I have this moment received from him; in which he promises me, in the strongest and plainest terms, that he will show all favour to the Christians, whom he even invites into his dominions, answering for it that they shall live in perfect security and tranquillity. So I shall go to him with all speed, and intend to leave this tonight. My chief motive is the anxiety which I feel so strongly to do something at once for our unfortunate Christians who have been driven out of Tutucurin and Bembare, and to secure for them a fixed and safe place of settlement in the dominions of the Great King. The first thing that I shall settle with Iniquitribirim, and with the utmost diligence, will be to get him to assign a certain territory where these most miserable exiles may dwell unhurt and in peace (Sept. 7).

We may add a passage from the next, a few days later, in which he speaks of other concessions he hopes to obtain. The Adigars mentioned in the letter are local magistrates or princes—

On Tuesday, about two hours before daybreak, I sent Father Francis Coelho to the prince, the King of Travancore's relation, who is now staying at Tala, about two leagues from Manapar. Father Coelho was most graciously received by him. I sent him in hopes of thus giving peace to all this country, which is now in suspense, disquiet, fear, and, indeed, in perfect consternation at the threatened inroad of the Badages. I should like, before I go away from this, to leave these afflicted people, if not at perfect peace, at least with some truce to their miseries. The prince told Coelho that Beterbemali was making great haste to meet the Great King by sea, with the intention of giving him battle. Another reason for my sending Coelho was to obtain letters from the prince to the Adigars, commanding them to allow the exportation of rice and other useful articles of food. On the afternoon of the same Tuesday I got your letter, I immediately sent off a safe person to Father Coelho, with a letter which he was to deliver from me to the prince. In this letter I have begged him to write to the Adigars of your country not to oppose, as they have hitherto done, the importation of provisions to Punical, nor to continue to vex the Christians, but rather to treat them with kindness. In short, I am doing all I can so as

to leave this Coast in some sort of tranquillity before setting out on my journey to Iniquitribirim. I hope to return armed with more effectual powers under the royal authority itself to resist the injustice of these Adigars.

We are now approaching the end of this interesting series of letters. About the 10th of November we find St. Francis once more at Manapar, and on the point of joining a Portuguese officer, who seems to have been a relative of the Vice Roy, and to have been sent by him to negotiate with the native princes, when he receives a message, either from Cochin or Cambaia, where the Vice Roy seems to have been, which made him think it necessary that he should return in that direction to see the Vice Roy himself, and then to have another meeting with the King of Travancore. But he determines to go by land along the coast from Cape Comorin, thus taking a route full of danger to himself, but which would give him the opportunity of visiting many scattered Christian settlements, of baptizing many converts, and perhaps even of losing his life for the faith. It is interesting to read his account of his own feelings, coming directly after the severe injunction contained in the first part of the next extract—

I beg of you strictly to charge Nicolas Barbosa not to summon to the pearl fishery any of the people at Tutucurin who have established themselves in the dwellings of those who are now in exile. The King and the Vice Roy have given me a certain authority in this matter, and I will not have it that Christians in revolt and rebellion, or, to call things by the right name, Apostates, should partake in the fruits of the sea which belongs to us. It may be allowed to the people of Punical, and if any of them are disposed to go and dive off the isles of Tutucurin to bring up the mother of pearl shells from the bottom of the sea, they have my leave. So Barbosa may employ them to work for his profit. If he show himself inclined to resist this, give him a stern admonition from me that he had better take very great care, on his own account, not to be guilty of any fresh fault, for he has committed a very great abundance of transgressions in times past, with which many are quite as well acquainted as himself.

I rely much, for the aid of God to help me in the hazards of my journey and in the doubtful issues of the affairs I have to manage, on your prayers for me and those of the children where you are, and I beg of you not to let my request for them be in vain. They will be an assistance and a shield to me, and I shall go with head erect and heart undaunted to confront all the terrors which the Christians vie with one another to frighten me with, insisting on it that for me to undertake a journey by land through those countries is to run into almost certain destruction, because they think that the barbarous tribes who inhabit them will certainly pour forth all their burning hatred for our holy

religion on my head, as on its principal support. But to tell you the inmost thoughts of my heart, I am so weary of my life that the very thing which they make an objection of in order to frighten me from the journey is an attraction to me the other way. I really think it a thousand times better for me to be killed out of hatred to our holy faith and law, than to live on and witness so many sins against God committed every day under our very eyes, which we try to prevent and cannot. It is the real truth that nothing in myself has more disappointed me than that I have been unable to oppose the men—you know whom I mean—who are guilty of offences so enormous against God.

After this letter, we lose sight of St. Francis for more than a month, from November 10 to December 16. Then he emerges at Cochin, a city second only to Goa in importance, where the Vice Roy seems often to have wintered, and where there was a large and rich Portuguese population. On his way he had no doubt incurred numberless dangers, with which indeed he was familiar, but he had also had the consolation of instructing and baptizing a whole tribe of natives who followed the pearl fishery on the coast of Travancore. He also found another tribe ready for baptism, to whom he tells Mancias that he would gladly return, but that the Bishop's vicar urged him to go to the Vice Roy at Cambaia, to concert measures for an expedition to Jafanapatam, of which we shall hear more in the next chapter. So he orders Mancias himself to visit the new Christians at once. His words are very urgent—

As soon as you have read this letter, I implore you again and again by all the love which you bear to our Lord God, and by all your desire to please Him, set off at once to go and visit the new Christians whom I have lately baptized in great numbers on the sea coast of Travancore. Establish schools in each village, where all the children capable of instruction may be collected every day, and appoint a master to teach them. To pay them, and for any other expenses which this schooling may require, you should take with you, I should think, about one hundred and fifty *fanons* of the money set apart for that purpose. Distribute this sum among the schoolmasters in the several villages, as soon as you see that they have begun their work and got it into order, and let every one have a part of his salary paid before you go away, so that they may work on with greater alacrity, and be eager to prove how well they have worked, by the progress they may have to show, on the part of the children, when we return, and may also be encouraged by the hope of greater reward. Don't leave a single hamlet in that whole country right up to the Greater Fishery, in which you have not both yourself held these daily meetings of the children and made good provision for their continuance when you are gone.

The tone of this letter is cheerful and hopeful. Francis was always buoyant and sanguine, even under the blows which

pained him so intensely because they seemed to destroy the work of God, to which his whole heart was dedicated. But he had had great consolations at Cochin. Miguel Vaz was there, the good Vicar General, who had been the first to convert the people of the Malabar Coast, and on whose report Francis had first gone among them. The two were entirely agreed in their views as to what was requisite for the interests of religion, and Miguel Vaz even undertook to go himself to Europe to lay them before the King of Portugal. Nothing less than the personal representations of a man of so much authority was likely to be of any avail, and we shall see how earnestly Francis commends his friend to the attention of the King. Moreover, his heart was gladdened at Cochin by a number of letters from Portugal, bringing him good news of the Society there and in Europe, and announcing the departure of two of the body as missionaries to join him in the East. Not all that he wanted, certainly, but still something to encourage him. Leave had also come for Mancias himself to be ordained Priest without any title.

We pass over for the present the arrangements made by Francis with the Vice Roy at Cambaia, and shall close this article with a part of the letter to which we have already referred to the King of Portugal. It was taken to Europe by Miguel Vaz, as mentioned above.

I would fain that your Highness may be fully convinced, and the reflections of your own heart may continually tell you, that God our Lord has given to your Highness, before all other Christian princes of the earth, the empire of the Indies, that He might therein test your virtue, and prove with what faithfulness you discharge the business committed to you, and with what active gratitude you answer to His benefits: and that in this God's purpose was not so much to enrich your royal treasury with the profits of precious fruits from distant lands and the influx of wealth from abroad, as rather to present to you occasions of heroic labours and afford your intense and religious devotion the means of making themselves pleasing to His Majesty, in bringing, by your own burning zeal, and by the work of skilful ministers employed by you, the unbelievers of these countries to the knowledge of the Creator and the Saviour of the world.

Justly and rightly, therefore, does your Highness recommend to your servants, whom you send hither, to exert themselves much in propagating widely our holy Faith, and in the advancement of religion. Since your Highness well understands that God will require of you an account of the salvation of so many nations, who are ready to follow the better path if any one will show them it, but meanwhile, for want of a teacher, lie in blind darkness and the filth of most grievous sins, offending

continually their Creator, and hurling their own souls into the misery of eternal death.

Your Highness will receive a report from Don Miguel Vaz, who has been the Vicar General of the Bishop of Goa, and is now leaving for Portugal, as to what his experience has been of the readiness of these nations to be taught the faith, and of the other openings which present themselves here for the good progress of religion. He has left behind him so great an amount of regret at his departure, that his return at the end of a year is very advisable for their consolation and protection; though there is quite reason enough for his return in your Highness' own interests. I mean that you may thus confide to a servant so entirely competent and industrious the grave duty which is urgent upon you of advancing the glory of God in India. If you set this faithful and experienced steward over this business you may rest in full security, for you may rely on his eminent virtue, proved by so many years' experience, and which has won for him the veneration of the whole nation, for losing no opportunity of defending or advancing religion. Again and again I entreat and conjure your Highness, that if you wish to provide well for the service of God and the interests of the Church, if you have any regard for all the good, well reputed persons who live here in India, for the Christians lately converted to our holy Faith, and I may add, if you wish to do me a real kindness once in this life, order Don Miguel Vaz, who is now leaving us, to come back again. I have no other reason for begging this than the service of God, the increase of our holy faith, and the discharge of the conscience of your Highness. God our Lord is witness that I say the truth. I know how much a man like that is regretted here, and how useful he is. And so, to fulfil my duty and to discharge my own conscience as well as yours, I declare and protest to your Highness, that it is quite essential, if you desire that our holy Faith should be promoted and spread abroad here in India, and if you wish those who are already gathered into the Church not to be torn from her and to fall back into their old superstitions, scandalized and scared away by the many grievous injuries and vexations which they suffer—and especially from your Highness' own servants—that you send hither again Don Miguel Vaz, who has so brave a heart and so constant a courage in resisting those who persecute the Christians.

Although the Bishop is a prelate of all that consummate virtue which he in truth possesses, yet, as your Highness is aware, he is now bent down with old age, and has besides so much to suffer from disease, as no longer to possess bodily strength sufficient to undergo the very great labours which are required for the exact discharge of all the duties of the Episcopate out here, however much he abounds in vigour of mind, and, indeed, increases in it daily. There is a reward which God is wont to grant to those who have persevered for many years in His service, spending all their life and prime in undergoing great labours for His sake, until they have attained to an almost entire victory over the rebellion of their body against the spirit—to such men God gives in their late old age this victory as a fruit of their continual struggles—and that others their subjects may see their example and imitate their perseverance—that they feel themselves as it were growing young again in the renewal of spiritual strength just at the time when nature gives way under the weight of all the troubles of decrepitude and

old age. They have spent their lives in the practice of virtue, and as its strength gradually fails them the earthly body is changed into a heavenly spirit. So it is with our good Bishop, and the time has come when he needs assistance for the labours which his office lays upon him.

I entreat you, my lord King, and conjure you for the sake of God's service, that as I write what follows with the purest intention and in the most perfectly sincere truthfulness, so your Highness may be pleased to receive what I suggest with like kindness, favour, and goodwill. It is indeed with the single motive of procuring the service and honour of God, and out of the desire which I feel to deliver your royal conscience from a heavy burthen, that I entreat and beseech you not to be content with recommending by letter to your servants here the interests of religion, but also to make your recommendation authoritative and weighty by letting men see examples of just retribution in the punishment of those who have failed in their duty in this respect. For there is danger that when our Lord God calls your Highness to His judgment—which will be when it is least expected, and there will be no hope or method of avoiding it,—there is danger, I say, that your Highness may hear angry words from God, "Why didst thou not punish those who owned thy authority and were thy subjects, and who were enemies to Me in India? Thou wouldst surely have been severe in punishing them, if they had been found negligent in their care of taxes due to thee and in matters of thy revenue." Nor do I know, Sire, what weight in excusing you at that moment will be allowed to the answer you may make, and say—"Every year when I wrote to my Ministers, Lord, I recommended to them the interests of Thy divine service." For the answer will come at once—"But those who altogether trampled upon those solemn commandments thou didst allow to do so unpunished, and at the same time those whom thou didst find unfaithful and remiss as to their attention to thine own interests, thou didst duly chastise."

Again, Sire, by all the zeal which burns in you for the glory of God, and by the very great care which I am sure you have to discharge before God the obligations of your royal office, and to keep your conscience free from burthen, I conjure and beseech your Highness to send to India a special and competent Minister, armed with all due authority, whose single office it may be to provide for the salvation of the countless souls here which are now in danger of being lost. And let him have for his discharge of this duty powers from you quite independent of all authority or command of your officers whose duty it is to attend to the revenue and management of your government. In this way the troubles and scandals may be avoided which have hitherto so grievously and so frequently disturbed the progress of religion.

I would have your Highness take an exact account, and add up the full sum of all the revenues and temporal advantages which, by the goodness of God, you receive from India. Then deduct what you spend here for the service of God and the cause of religion. And then, when all has been fairly reckoned up, make such a division of profits between what is to go to your royal purse and what is to be given to God and His Heavenly Kingdom, as shall seem just and good to your grateful and religious heart, taking care that the Creator of all things may never seem to be repaid poorly and charily by your Highness by too small a portion of the gifts which He has poured so lavishly into your bosom. And let

your Highness do this without any delay or procrastination, for, however quickly it be done, it will always be later than it ought. What urges me to write is the true and burning charity of my heart towards you, for in truth, I seem to hear voices rising to heaven from these countries against your Highness, complaining, on the part of India, that she is dealt with in a niggardly way by your Highness, since while your treasury is being enriched by immense revenues from her, you barely give in return so very small a pittance in aid of the relief of her most grievous spiritual necessities. . . . As I expect to die in these Indian regions, and never to see your Highness again in this life, I beg you, my lord, to help me with your prayers, that we may see one another again in the next world, where it will certainly be with more full leisure and rest than here below, asking for me of our Lord God what I in return ask for your Highness—that is, that He may give you the grace so to think and act now as at the hour of your death you would be glad to have thought and to have acted.

This letter is known to have produced a great effect upon the King. Miguel Vaz returned to Goa after two years' absence, and he brought with him the strictest orders from the King at great length, enjoining upon his officers in the most urgent manner to provide diligently for the interests of religion. The orders were read in the Council of Government with great reverence—and then became almost a dead letter. The only true remedies had been pointed out by St. Francis, but his advice was not carried out. No example was made by the severe punishment of officers guilty of the crimes of which he complained, and no special Minister was sent out to act as the Protector of the Native Christians. And yet it is but fair to add, that so thorough was the teaching which these native Christians along the Travancore and Malabar coasts had received from Francis Xavier and his companions, and so firmly was the Christian religion rooted among them by his labours, the influence of his example and character, and the greatness of his miracles, that a few years later the Fathers of the Society could write home to say that even if a supply of Priests and teachers were to fail them from Europe, the new Churches could stand by themselves. This single fact may give some idea of that about which the letters on which we have been dwelling preserve a deep silence—Xavier's own heroic activity in preaching, teaching, converting and guiding souls, all the time that he was encouraging, soothing, and urging on Mancias, running to the aid of every one who was in misery, risking his life among hostile tribes, and devising means to protect whole populations from the rapacity and licentiousness of the Portuguese and the ferocity of the Badages.

H. J. C.

Reviews.

DR. WORDSWORTH AND THE DUTCH JANSENISTS.

MANY of our readers are perhaps quite unaware of the existence of the Jansenist "Church" in Holland, which has, however, suddenly attained to a certain amount of notoriety by the fact that some late schismatics in Germany have shown a desire to have recourse to it as a support against the Holy See and the Catholic Church in communion with it, and that two Anglican Bishops have also attempted to fraternize with the so called Bishops of Utrecht, Haarlem and Deventer. This fraternization has its uses. It enables every one to see how absolutely heretical, and how wholly different in word and action some Anglican Bishops are, from, not only the great and illustrious Prelates who actually govern and guide Catholic Christendom, but also from such men as Cyprian, and Irenæus, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine, and Optatus, and Jerome, all of whom gloried in their union with Rome, wrote on its high prerogatives, and ceaselessly proclaimed the Pope to be the Vicar of Christ, the centre of unity and the guardian and unfailing conservator of the faith. Heretics and schismatics, all who denied the faith of the Apostolic See or tore themselves away from it, they denounced as out of the ark of salvation and severed from the Church, where alone was truth and grace and every heavenly gift. Assuredly it never crossed their minds to look upon disobedience to their great head, or opposition to his decrees as tests of orthodoxy meriting those evidences of ecclesiastical union, which they called *litteræ formatae*, such as Dr. Harold Brown and Dr. Wordsworth have recently sent to "our most Reverend Brethren in Christ, the Lord Archbishop of Utrecht, Metropolitan of the Netherlands, with his Comprovincials the Lords Bishops of Haarlem and Deventer." It is amusing to find how anxious the Bishops of the Church of England are to hook themselves on to other prelatie lines. Though the Catholic prelates here and elsewhere differed, before the reformation, in Headship, in worship, in doctrines and Sacraments from the ministers of the Church established by law in the sixteenth century, the latter have endeavoured to hide these differences and unite themselves to the ministers of that Church, which was rejected and cast away, as a Church plunged in damnable Idolatry! And now, though they differ too in doctrines and worship from the Schismatical Church of Holland, which consists of an infinitesimally small section of Christendom, they are obviously desirous of concealing the fact, whilst they designate the whole hierarchy of the Church of their adoption—three excommunicated persons—"our most Reverend Brethren in Christ."

As for the Bishop of Lincoln, he has proved himself to be an anti-historical enemy of Rome and its creed for years. Without proofs,

without even the semblance of a proof he assumed in his work entitled *St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome*, &c., that Hippolytus the supposed Author of the *Philosophumena*, was a Catholic, represented the views and belief of his age, was the Bishop of Portus, a doctor, a martyr, and a Saint. This he did, anxious to show, even eighteen years ago, that the "Bishops of Rome may err and have erred, as Bishops of Rome, in matters of faith." Great scholars however had already proved that if a person called Hippolytus was the Author of the *Philosophumena*, that person could not have been the Hippolytus of Portus; that no great writer, or writer at all, of that name, was ever honoured as a martyr; and lastly that there is every reason to believe that the writer of the *Philosophumena* was a Novatian heretic, and as such bitterly opposed to the Roman Pontiffs.* Displaying too, later, an ignorance of Catholicism, thoroughly unintelligible in a man of his pretensions in the nineteenth century, he adopted a spurious and libellous profession of faith, called the Hungarian profession, as a true exposition of Catholic doctrine. He could overlook the dogmatic decrees of the Council of Trent, ignore the Catechism published by the authority of the same Council, and the profession of faith of Pius the Fourth, and cling to a thing so absurdly bad as to necessitate one change at least, of paramount importance, by himself. It will cause no surprise then we are sure, in any one, to find a miserable body of schismatics, whom Wordsworth must himself condemn if he believes the Thirty-third Article of Anglicanism—for surely the Pope has at least as much authority over Catholic, as the Sovereign has over Protestant Bishops—encouraged in their rebellion and praised for their denial of a Dogma, decreed in solemn Council, promulgated by the Head of the Church and accepted by Clergy and people as a divine truth. We may for the amusement of our readers transcribe a portion of Dr. Wordsworth's letter addressed to the Schismatical Bishops as it appeared in the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, and then add such observations of our own, as will enable any one to judge of its folly and of the lamentable position of those, to whom the *Euge Euge* of sinful approbation has been so unfortunately awarded.

We desire to assure you of our veneration and love for you, on account of the benefits formerly conferred by your Church upon our own. As you remember with gratitude that sacred name of Willibrord, both ours and yours, and of his companion, burning with Apostolic zeal, and preaching the Gospel of the grace of God to your ancestors, so cherish we the illustrious memory of Erasmus of Rotterdam, who for years dwelt in England and held up to us the torch of Reformation. Nor, in latter times, can we forget the constancy and courage of your Episcopate in vindicating and maintaining the true Catholic Faith, and in contending against the Popish pretence of ecclesiastical tyranny, especially in that bitter strife which arose from the Bull *Unigenitus*. We ourselves have seen in our own day, with admiration, the undaunted energy with which you have rejected the novel falsehood of the Immaculate Conception, and have upheld the primitive religion of Christ as contained in the Inspired Scripture and preserved in the genuine traditions of the Catholic Church. God grant that we may be associated with you henceforward in closer bonds of faith and charity.

There are three things in this note, to which we will as briefly as possible direct our readers attention. The first two are two strange

* See Giesler in the *Studien und Kritiken*, 1853, p. 770.

historical antitheses, and the third is simply an insult to Christianity. First, then, Dr. Wordsworth reminds the Schismatics of the sacred name of Willibrord, who burning with Apostolical zeal, preached the Gospel of grace to their ancestors. Secondly, he draws attention, too, to the illustrious memory of Erasmus of Rotterdam, who for years dwelt in England and held up to Englishmen the torch of the reformation; and thirdly he addresses the Schismatics as forming a Church which has conferred great benefits on England. Let us consider each of these three points. First then what was the faith of Willibrord and by whose authority did he leave his native land to preach with burning zeal the Gospel of Jesus Christ to distant nations?

Willibrord of Northumbria, born in 658, was sent whilst yet a boy to the Monastery of Ripon which was then governed by the zealous defender of the rights of the Holy See, the venerable St. Wilfrid. There he put on the monastic cowl and was soon admitted to the monastic vows. His Father imitated his example and became the founder of several religious houses. As Venerable Bede informs us, he next went to Ireland, where he remained for twelve years, perfecting himself in piety and learning and fitting himself for the missionary life, like hundreds of other monks who there adorned the monastic state. Whilst Wilfrid was labouring among the South Saxons, and Ceadda among the people of Mercia, Willibrord and Kilian and Columba and Boniface were similarly engaged, in respectively announcing the Gospel in Friesland and Franconia and Sweden and Hessa and Thuringia. Like other missionaries he hastened in 692 to visit the Roman Pope, "in order to undertake the task of evangelizing the nations with the permission and blessing of his Holiness,"* as well as to obtain a supply of relics &c., for the foundation of churches.† On his return he laboured incessantly and with such success, that Pepin sent him to the Pope a second time, in order that he might be consecrated Bishop. Sergius received him with more than paternal kindness; made him Bishop; conferred upon him the pall, the badge of authority and of union with Rome, and appointed him Metropolitan of Friesland.‡ His zeal knew no bounds:—fearlessly he preached the Gospel throughout the whole of Friesland; consecrated several Bishops to supply the wants of distant parts of the dominions of Pepin, raised up Churches wherein he and his attendants offered up the holy sacrifice and eventually chose Utrecht as his See. Besides Swidbert, and Adelbert, and Werenfrid and Wiro, and Plechelm and Otger who were associated for a long period to the labours of Willibrord, there was another Englishman as zealous as themselves who toiled and laboured with them for the space of three years; and that one was Winfrid, afterwards known as St. Boniface.§ Before entering on his missionary career Winfrid went like his predecessors to Rome, with letters of recommendation from his Diocesan, Daniel Bishop of

* Bede, *H. E.*, v., cap. 11.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*, and Alcuin, ii., p. 186.

§ Though born at Crediton in Devonshire, Winfrid is said by Marianus to have been *tum matre tum Patre Scottus*. Trithemius also says that he was an Irishman and this is clearly proved in Pertz's *Monumenta Germ. historica*, vol. vii., in *Chron. Mariani ad ann. 737, 745, 762, &c.*

Winchester. The Pontiff—Gregory the Second then occupied St. Peter's chair,—was pleased with the zeal of the pilgrim and appointed him "in the name of the indivisible Trinity and by the authority of the Blessed Peter, the prince of the Apostles, whose office of teaching he held, and whose holy See he administered, to preach the Gospel in any pagan Country into which he might penetrate." The fame of Winfrid's zeal and successes soon reached Gregory's ears, who accordingly again called him to Rome and after a thorough examination of the purity of his faith, ordained him Bishop in 723. On this memorable occasion he made a public profession of faith and bound himself by oath to observe it. He promised Peter and his successor Gregory, to observe the true Catholic faith unto death, and never to do anything opposed to the unity of the universal Church, but to defend the interests of the Church for ever.*

Is such a history as this referred to in justification of heresy and schism, and the grossest as well as most uncanonical opposition to Rome? Why, if Dr. Wordsworth had intended to damn his own cause and to publish to the world a solemn denunciation of the Schismatic Bishops of Holland, he could not have succeeded better than he has done. Willibrord, Boniface, and his companions, were types of Catholic Bishops. They received their mission from Rome, and their orders from Rome; they professed too the faith of Rome and through Rome were, as their histories show, in communion with the rest of Christendom. Truly we may use the words of holy Writ, *Mentita est iniquitas sibi*, as we refer to the futile endeavours of the Bishop of Lincoln to encourage schism and heresy. England then gave to Holland Catholicism in the seventh and eighth century; what did Holland give to England in the sixteenth? A Protestant of the English Church? Assuredly not. When Erasmus came to England, it, like nearly the rest of Christendom, was in communion with the Holy See. The Pope was the Supreme Head of the Church in England, and as such was addressed even by him, who eventually separated England, in faith, from the rest of Christendom.† Was he a Lutheran? No: "Luther I cannot join," he says "for I cannot accept his doctrines." Was he an apostate? He will say no: "Sometimes I am tempted," he again adds, speaking of the manner in which he was treated, "but I say to myself 'Will you to gratify your spleen raise your hand against your mother the Church, who begot you at the font and fed you with the word of God?'"‡ What then did Rotterdam give to England? A trimmer? perhaps. A satirist, a scoffer, an accuser of his brethren, a literary scavenger gathering together from every quarter all kinds of filth to the exclusion of what was really good valuable and ornamental, to Christianity? Yes: And hence perhaps the value set upon him by one who is walking in his footsteps and faithfully copying a great original. Let us now see, thirdly, if the so called Church of Holland is deserving of one moment's consideration To enable our readers to form a correct judgment we will make a few observations regarding the past and present condition of the Dutch hierarchy.

* See *Indiculus Sacramenti quod Bonifacius edidit &c. apud Epist. Greg. II.*

† See Henry the Eighth's *Assertio* 7 *Sac.*, and Leo's Bull conferring on him the title of Defender of the Faith.

‡ See these extracts in Froude's *Times of Erasmus and Luther*, p. 126.

(1) As we have just seen, Willibrord was the first Archbishop of Utrecht. (2) Eventually, Utrecht became simply a Bishop's See; and as such it remained down to the year 1559 when Paul the Fourth again raised it to the dignity of an Archiepiscopate with five suffragan Sees, viz., Haarlem, Middleburg, Deventer, Groeninguen, and Bois-le-Duc.* This state of things did not however last long. Owing to the revolt of the united provinces, religion was reduced to the lowest ebb. There was not a Priest to be found in Zealand, Friesland or Guelderland, and hardly one in Utrecht, Haarlem, Delft or even Amsterdam.† To meet the great difficulty Pope Gregory the Thirteenth appointed Sarbold Vicar Apostolic, and to him he subjected all the Clergy and people in federated Belgium, in the year 1583. Eventually he was, on the 22nd of September 1602, consecrated Archbishop of Philippi *in partibus*, at the request of Albert and Isabella of Belgium, but was ordered still to act as Vicar Apostolic at Utrecht. But the Senate would not receive him on his return. They said that he had entered into relations with Spain, and in consequence he was ordered to quit not only Utrecht but the Confederation. Accordingly he went to Cologne, whence he governed his Vicariate as well as circumstances would permit. On his death he was succeeded by Philip Rovenius, who was eventually made Archbishop of Philippi *in partibus* on the 17th of October 1620 by order of Paul the Fifth. This prelate, however, was not satisfied with his position in the Church. He ambitioned the See of Utrecht, and in order to realize his wish, requested the famous Cornelius Jansenius to urge his cause at the Court of Madrid. In this however he was foiled. Without permission he did indeed sometimes style himself, though only Vicar Apostolic, Bishop of Utrecht; still, notwithstanding this assumption, he wrote to and obeyed Propaganda, thus proving his real character and position in the Church. And in fact, how could he do otherwise, since in the Brief of Paul the Fifth dated 17th of October, it is distinctly stated, that he exercised "*in illis partibus Apostolici Vicariatus munus*." And this fact was universally known. "*Il est Archiepiscopus Philippensis, et souvent il s'écrit aussi Ultrajectensis, mais ce titre ne lui a jamais été donné à mon avis. Il est Vicaire Apostolique de Holland et des Provinces Unies, avec pouvoir d'Ordinaire, quoi qu'il ne semble pas être Ordinaire des Evêchez qui y sont.*"‡ Owing to the progress of religion, the Vicar Apostolic chose several Councillors from the Secular Clergy. This body was called the Vicariate at first, and eventually the Metropolitan Chapter. This was not done however by the authority of Rome, and hence the title was utterly worthless, since no Vicar Apostolic has, as such, the power of forming a Chapter. At length, Rovenius applied to the Holy See for a Coadjutor. His health had been failing for a long while, and so the Pontiff Innocent the Tenth chose James de la Torre in 1640 Aug. 24th *Coadjutorem in munere Vicarii Apostolici*. He was eventually consecrated *titulo Ecclesie Ephesine in partibus*, but having incurred the displeasure of the civil authorities was forced to leave Holland. Meanwhile Rovenius died and Zachary de Metz was appointed Bishop of Tralles with right of succession whenever death might remove the Archbishop of Ephesus. This appointment of De Metz

* This Archbishop's name was Frederick Schenck.

† *Batavia Sacra*, par. 2, fol. 47, cap. i.

‡ Epist. Cornel. Jansenii, ann. 1631.

was made on the 3rd of February 1656. Subsequently Alexander the Seventh named Neercassel Coadjutor to Baldwyn Catzius, under the title of *Eclesiæ Castoriensis, in partibus*. He at once transmitted to the Holy See, an account of the mission, of the missionaries and of the Vicariate. Propaganda called for further particulars respecting the *Vicariate*. They wished to know what the Vicariate really meant, and by whom it had been established and authorized &c. The Bishop at once replied. He described himself as a Vicar Apostolic, his Priests as missionaries and his College as a body of able Councillors, whom he petitioned Propaganda to confirm in their office in case they had not already been approved of by the Holy See. Later he went to Rome to render an account of his stewardship. There he was received with every mark of respect and treated as one who had deserved well of the Church. Whilst at Rome, hearing of a report that he was accused of Jansenism, he denied the accusation on oath and utterly repudiated the five Propositions condemned in the writings of Jansenius. Before his last illness, he addressed a remarkable pastoral to the Clergy and people, from which we can easily learn, what were the relations between Holland and Rome, and what the belief in respect to the Pope, as an infallible expounder of truth in the year 1679; a portion of this interesting document we will lay before our readers. "I should sin, Reverend Sirs and dearest Brethren," he says, "against that devotion and veneration which you exhibit towards the Vicar of Christ, if I imagined that you require to be admonished to subject your feelings to his definitions. You believe with Irenæus that it is necessary that all the faithful should agree with the Roman Church. Following with Jerome no first but Christ, you are united to our most blessed Father Innocent the Eleventh, that is to the Chair of Peter. . . . Clinging to no private writers and opinionists, out of reverence to the Apostolic See, to which as Cyprian testifies, perfidy cannot have access, you ignore Vitalis, . . . persuaded that those scatter who do not gather with the Roman Pontiff. . . . For as you refer, according to ancient custom in controversies, to the faith of the Romans whom the Apostle praises, most prudently seeking thence replies, with the Bishops of Tarragona, where nothing is ordered in error, nothing by presumption, but wholly with pontifical deliberation, so also you strive with the Bishops of Dardania to obey with common faith and devotion, the Apostolical and one See."

When this Prelate died, endeavours were made by the Episcopal Councillors to secure the appointment of one Van Hussen. But Innocent would not, without further inquiry, grant their request. Van Hussen had been accused of erring with regard to the authority of the Roman Pontiff as likewise with regard to the doctrine of Indulgences. On the first point however he readily cleared himself. He declared that the Apostolic See could not err with respect to faith, and that its judgment in such matters was final, even without the consent of the universal Church or of an Œcumenical Council. On the second point however he was not equally successful. Hence, though urged again and again to appoint him, Innocent refused. At length, after the most suppliant petitions on the part of the Clergy and expressions of entire dependence on the Holy See, Innocent chose Peter Codd for *his Vicar*, with the title of Bishop of Sebaste *in partibus*. But he did not long retain his Episcopal honours. Suspected of Jansenism he was summoned to the Holy

See. When requested to subscribe the five Articles he absolutely refused. Clement the Eleventh in consequence deposed him and nominated Theodore de Cock his successor, to whom he sent a brief dated May 13, 1702. But the Pontifical nominee was not acceptable to the refractory Council, especially to Van Hussen who still ambitioned the mitre, and so they determined not to obey the summons of the Bishop or to recognize the pontifical brief. They affected to believe that the document was a forgery and De Cock simply a forger, notwithstanding the testification of the authenticity of the Papal instrument by the Internuncio and his commands that the Pontifical order should be at once obeyed. They asked for time to appeal to his Holiness and receive another answer. Clement in consequence requested the Bishop of Sebaste who was still in Rome to recommend obedience to the factious Clergy, which he did in the following truly Catholic words: "The judgments of God are to be adored: scandals are to be removed and the decrees of the Apostolic See must be venerated." But even now they would not obey. They had crossed the Rubicon and practically cut themselves off from Catholic Communion.

In vain did Pontiff and nuncio threaten excommunication; they were determined, notwithstanding the hypocritical letters which they addressed to the Pope full of expressions of devotedness and obedience, never to allow De Cock to wear the mitre, and hence their appeal to the Senate and misrepresentation of the meaning of the Apostolical letters. The Senate published its decree Sept. 14, 1702, in which the Bishop was interdicted the exercise of his Episcopal powers and the faithful were forbidden to obey him. Rome once more wrote, but in vain: the self constituted electors of Utrecht declared—*Novimus, nostrum esse, ut pareamus, sic ubi parere nobis impossibile non est*—but they added, it is impossible now to obey owing to the State edict. "If we obey we shall be ruined, our property will be seized and we may be incarcerated." Urged to do so, the Pontiff allowed the suspended Bishop of Sebaste to return to Holland; but in order to make his position better known, Clement sent two briefs to Holland in which he distinctly stated that the Bishop was entirely deprived of his jurisdiction as well as his former Councillors. Codd obeyed: but the Council headed by the audacious Erdel, still pretended to exercise an authority to which in reality they never had the slightest claim. The ringleader of the faction feeling sure that Rome would never receive his nominee, resolved to prevent by every means every appointment of Rome. Hence when the Pontiff preconized a venerable and noble priest by name Daemen as Vicar Apostolic, Erdel had recourse to all kinds of unholy means to prevent him from taking possession of the Bishopric. He maligned, abused, pointed to the Jesuits as the causes of existing difficulties, and induced the Government to join with him in expelling Daemen from the States. Seeing that leniency and endurance only eventuated in evil, Erdel was excommunicated formally and by name on the 17th of January, 1711. The sentence was however despised, and the wretched man acted as if in full possession of priestly faculties and even capitial power.

For some years no ordinations had been held in Holland. Priests had died off, but there were none to replace them; and thus gradually the schismatics were collapsing. The pretended Chapter, headed by Van Hussen endeavoured to meet the difficulty. No Bishops in

Belgium would help them, nor did they hope for much assistance from France, so eventually at the suggestion of a monk, twelve young ecclesiastics set sail for Dublin. They were provided with letters dimissorial by the pretended Dean, Hussen, and an Irish prelate not doubting the existence of an Utrecht Chapter, ordained the party sent to him. This caused much joy to the schismatics, but even then their wants were not half supplied. They next endeavoured to induce the Bishop of Boulogne to ordain others—but in vain. Their application, however, to the Archbishop of Paris proved more successful. He too was thoroughly ignorant of the real position of the so called Chapter, and so, though too infirm to ordain whilst offering up the Holy Sacrifice, conferred Holy orders upon the Dutchmen, whilst another Priest celebrated the Mass. The Roman Pontiff who was startled at the wickedness and effrontery of Hussen and his Associates, ordered a strict examination to be instituted in respect to the names of the ordainers and ordained, and forbad the latter under pain of excommunication, to officiate at the Holy Altar. Hussen did not long survive this act of impiety: he died 13th February, 1719. He died expressing veneration for the Holy See, and a desire to die in the Catholic Church to whose judgments and decisions he entirely subjected himself! Cornelius Steenoven succeeded to the place of the wicked Hussen. Of him we shall have to speak presently.

The Holy See had recently appointed De Varlet Bishop of Babylon. He had laboured hard and long in the Missions of New France and at length was appointed to a Bishoprick. Whilst in France he had allied himself to the Jansenists and like them was secretly an opponent of the Bull *Unigenitus*. Fearing detection, he quietly left Paris and went to Amsterdam where he found several partizans. They endeavoured and not unsuccessfully, to induce him to confer confirmation. At first indeed he hesitated but at length assented, under the belief that the request was made by a really canonical Chapter—the Chapter of Utrecht. He soon however discovered his mistake, and anxious to evade responsibilities, hastened to the East. However, on entering Persia he received a document sent by the Holy See, by which he was suspended from his Sacred office. He durst not proceed to his Episcopate and so returned to his friends in Holland, who were delighted on seeing him return. De Varlet, they said, is a Bishop and we can use him as our tool. He will ordain our Priests and consecrate our Bishops, whom we so much need. They knew indeed that he was suspended; but what cared they? had they not defied the thunders of the Vatican, and rejected the Prelates sent by Rome? They would select their own Bishops, and thus establish a hierarchy of their own choosing. Their position was clearly, even to themselves, abnormal. For (1) their authority to elect had never been admitted by the Holy See: they were not constituted canonically a Chapter. (2) Orders given by a suspended Prelate and out of his Diocese, would be clearly illicit: the ordained and ordainers would at once incur ecclesiastical censures and be incapable of exercising acts of jurisdiction. (3) The Confirmation of the Holy See was necessary—that would never be given. (4) It was opposed to the Canons, for only one Bishop to consecrate another; who should give the necessary dispensation? (5) It is prescribed too in the *Pontifical* that the senior assistant shall thus address the consecrating Bishop:

"Reverendissime Pater, postulat sancta Mater Ecclesia Catholica, ut hunc præsentem Presbyterum ad onus Episcopatus sublevetis;" and that the Bishop should subsequently ask: "Habetis mandatum Apostolicum?" If these words should be omitted, it would be a sin: but if used, what could be said, but *non habemus!* Their determination however had been taken; and so, as if to add insult to crime, they wrote to Innocent the Thirteenth to ask him to confirm him, whom they might choose as Bishop, on the 30th of September 1722. De Varlet too had addressed Propaganda in the following words: "Ex ea suspensione, ab omnibus tum ordinis tum jurisdictionis officiis, vestro latâ nomine, me eximite" March 19, 1722. Further, to ensure the approbation of the State, a long letter was addressed to the Senate full of misstatements, but intended to impress deeply on the public mind the great advantages that would accrue from the proposed consecration. Without further sanction, this so called Chapter proceeded to elect a Bishop. Their choice fell on Steenoven. He, prostrate at the feet of his Holiness and with the determination "to exhibit himself a model of filial obedience" hereafter, asked the Pope to confirm his election.* The indignant Pontiff, seeing that all that was intended was to seem to have observed a legal form, did not deign to return a reply. But after his death, the Cardinals addressed a letter to the papal nuncio Spinetti stating the whole of the case affecting the Church of Utrecht; this together with a noble letter from himself the nuncio communicated to all the Catholics in federated Belgium. The opponents were filled at first with alarm: they dreaded the consequences of the exposure, and to avoid them, affected not to believe in the authenticity of either instrument. "They were the work of Jesuits." The Belgian Bishops were invited to assist at the consecration; but no one obeyed the summons; indeed few, from want of due notice could, even if so minded, have attended—the invitation was a sham and nothing better; and so at last the Separatists could boast of possessing an excommunicated Bishop, consecrated by a suspended Babylonian prelate. Such was the origin, on the 15th of October 1724, of that schismatical establishment, which election after election, has sought for the approbation of the Holy See, without any intention however of obeying him, whose approval was solicited. Benedict the Thirteenth was horrified when he heard of the uncatholic proceeding, and in a brief full of dignity and grief, denounced the crime and forbade all Catholics to hold communion with Steenoven, or listen to the words of one who had so shamelessly entered the fold. This new schismatical Bishop was not to enjoy his honours long. Death seized him at the beginning of April 1725. Unfortunately however the schism did not end here. Another was found to be willing to continue the unholy line, in the person of Cornelius Barchman. Who consecrated him, was kept a profound secret—such a deed of night was that consecration—but Barchman wrote to the Pontiff Benedict the Thirteenth to apprise him of the fact. He did more, he audaciously assumed the title of Archbishop. But Christ's Vicar soon exposed him in his true character. He declared the election of the man null and void, the consecration a sacrilege and the title of Archbishop a mere mask. And since he looked upon the actors in this sad tragedy as incorrigible, as a warning to others, he not only declared

* Letter of the 18th of May, 1723.

the election to be null and the consecration sacrilegious, but by the authority of God he excommunicated and anathematized and separated from the Church the lawless Bishop and all who had in any way furthered or taken part, in the appointment of Cornelius Barchman, on the 6th of December 1725. And yet this line of bold, sacrilegious and excommunicated men—for the tragedy is still repeated—is praised and backed and held up as a race of model men; and the petty Church to which these men belong and which they affect to govern, consisting in its entirety of fewer members than ordinarily form a Catholic Parish—the number does not exceed four thousand—is honoured as a divine establishment! It is not Lutheran; it is not Calvinist; it is not Anglican; it has no alliance with any so-called Church of Christendom: it lies a lopped off branch, without fruit and without real vitality. Possibly the similarity of action, and the unworthy subterfuges and disobedience to the Roman Pontiff, of both the Anglican and Dutch Churches, have endeared the latter to the Anti-Catholic Bishops of Lincoln and Ely.

SENIOR'S JOURNALS KEPT IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

Journals kept in France and Italy from 1848 to 1852. With a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. By the late Nassau W. Senior. Edited by his daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. Two vols. Henry S. King and Co., London, 1871.

The writer of these volumes was a clever, brilliant Master in Chancery, who had been distinguished at Oxford, and had become the friend of a great many of the Liberal leaders in English politics and society. His position kept him from taking an active part in politics himself, but his great interests, as well as his chief friendships, were political. Circumstances of health, unless we are mistaken, took him a great deal abroad during his vacations, and he became acquainted, particularly after 1848, with a number of political notabilities in France and Italy. In the latter country, his acquaintance were chiefly on the advanced Liberal side: and by no means to be compared in point of judgment, ability, or cultivation, with some of his French friends, notably de Tocqueville, of whom he saw a great deal, and with whom he held many conversations which the editor of the present volumes reserves for future publication.

These few remarks will give our readers an idea of what they may expect in the work before us. The first volume opens with a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848, which has already appeared as an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. Then we have a journal kept in Paris in May, 1848—while the "Executive Commission" was still in power—another at the same place in May, 1849, while the French Expedition to Rome was on the *tapis*—an account of a Visit to the Pyrenees in the August, September, and October of the same year, supplemented by some more journalizing in Paris in the same October. In May and October, 1850, Mr. Senior was again in Paris; in November we find him in Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence; and in December at Naples. He spent part of January, 1851, at Palermo, returning northwards by Naples and Rome before the end of April. In May, 1851, and again in December, he was in Paris—on the eve, therefore, of the *Coup d'Etat* and just after it—remaining till early in January, 1852. The last part of his

story is full of forebodings of evil, for the friends of a man like Mr. Senior could never have looked on the way in which the *Coup d'Etat* was carried out without indignation and fear for the future.

Filangieri, Prince of Satriano, at that time Viceroy of Sicily, was certainly one of the most remarkable men with whom Mr. Senior became acquainted. Here is an account of a conversation with him—

General Filangieri, or, as he is usually called here, Prince Satriano, the Viceroy, sent word yesterday that he would see me to-day at eleven. He received me in a corner which he has had glazed off from a large room to make a boudoir for himself. There is no fireplace in the Palace, and as he has to write many hours every day he suffers much from cold. He is sixty-five, large, with an agreeable countenance and a charming manner and address. If I were to be a slave I should not wish for a pleasanter master. "His first object," he said, "on assuming the government, was to produce security." This he has effected. All Sicily is now as safe as France. I told him that I had been assured before I had left England that I could not travel in the interior. "I should not advise you," he said, "to attempt much at this season. The accommodations are horrible; even leather sheets, which are indispensable, will not protect you; but if you will accept *hospitalité ambulante* from me, and go round the island in April, I will show you a great deal, and with little comparative discomfort." I replied that I feared my time would not allow me to be tempted even by such an offer.

"Having made the country safe," he added, "I am now trying to render it prosperous. It is not a country, if there be such a one, in which manufactures ought to be artificially encouraged. Our agricultural and mineral industry is not half supplied with capital or with labour. Our business is to export sulphur, salt, fruit, silk, flax, shumac, wine, and corn, and to import manufactures. You are our best customers and our best suppliers; you take a third of our exports and give us more than half of our imports. I have no object more at heart than to increase the intercourse between England and Sicily."

"The greatest difficulties," he continued, "with which I have now to contend are the results of your unhappy interference in September, 1848. Never was a more cruel piece of kindness. Sicily at that time had not suffered much from her revolution. The wretched Provisional Government had been amusing itself with making a Constitution as childish as might have been expected, in choosing a king, in driving out the only teachers that the island possessed, and in trying to revolutionize Calabria. They had not had time to spend much money or to make us spend much. They had prepared no means of resistance, so that in less than a fortnight I should have been master of Sicily, probably without further bloodshed. Early on the morning of the 7th, after four days' severe fighting, I received a note from your Captain and the French one, entreating a truce, during which the terms of capitulation could be arranged. I sent word that I was ready to cease firing as soon as the Sicilians did, and that I wished to know what were to be the bases of the proposed capitulation. No answer came for three hours, and then one so absurd that it must have been dictated by the mob of Messina. It proposed to leave to the decision of the insurgent Parliament whether I was to retain Messina or not. So I could only thank Captain Robb and Captain Nonay for their well meant but fruitless mediation, and continue the attack. Four days after, when Messina was as submissive to the royal authorities as Naples, and the municipal authorities had resumed their functions, I had a note from the two captains to say that they were ordered by their admirals to require me to suspend operations against the rebels until France and England could settle the differences between my King and his subjects. I told the captains that if I were able

to march I should laugh at their interference; that neither Admiral Parker nor Admiral Baudin, nor both of them, could stop an army, unless it was absurd enough to march along the sea shore; but that all my guns, except two, were unserviceable, that I had lost one in seven of my men, and that I could not move for five days; that, during those five days, I would take no offensive measures, but that at their expiration I certainly should march on Catania, whatever the English or French might do, unless I was expressly forbidden by the King. Unhappily for all Sicily, but particularly for Catania, the King was advised to submit to the dictation of Parker and Baudin. I was kept inactive for seven months. The revolutionary Government bought steamers and guns in England; some of the latter they got from your Government stores; they raised forced loans, they mortgaged the public revenue, particularly the municipal revenues of Palermo; trade, and to a great degree production, were interrupted; and even if, when you were pleased to let me move in April, I had been as little opposed as I should have been in the previous September, that interregnum of seven months would have done enormous harm. As it was, you forced me to ruin Catania, and were very near forcing me to destroy Palermo. As to the atrocities which Admiral Baudin and Admiral Parker could not contemplate without interfering, in the first place they did not, indeed they could not, interfere till long after those atrocities had ceased. When they stopped me I had been for four days quietly master of Messina, and probably should have been master of Sicily without firing another shot. In the second place, they personally knew nothing of the facts. They were in the Bay of Naples, two hundred miles from Messina. They trusted to the reports of Captain Robb and Captain Nonay; and Captain Robb and Captain Nonay, who were at sea, trusted to what they could see through their glasses, and to what the townspeople, who fled to their ships, told them with all the exaggerations of terror. Without doubt there was much cruelty and violence on each side. It was a war between two hostile races, neither of them very civilized. All my soldiers who fell into the hands of the insurgents were shot or torn to pieces. But was this a reason for taking measures to prolong the contest? If the admirals believed the reports of their captains, they ought to have rejoiced to think that the submission of Messina must speedily be followed by the rest of Sicily."

Here is de Tocqueville on the *Coup d'Etat*—

"This," said Tocqueville, "is a new phase in our history. Every previous revolution has been made by a political party. This is the first time that the army has seized France, bound and gagged her, and laid her at the feet of her ruler." "Was not the 18th Fructidor," I said, "almost a parallel case? Then, as now, there was a quarrel between the Executive and the Legislature. The Directory, like Louis Napoleon, dismissed the Ministers in whom the Legislature had confidence and appointed its own tools in their places, denounced the Legislature to the country, and flattered and corrupted the army. The Legislature tried the usual tactics of parliamentary opposition, censured the Government, and refused the supplies. The Directory prepared a *coup d'etat*. The Legislature tried to obtain a military force, and failed; they planned an impeachment of the Directory, and found the existing law insufficient. They brought forward a new law defining the responsibility of the Executive, and the night after they had begun to discuss it their halls were seized by a military force, and the members of the Opposition were seized in the room in which they had met to denounce the treason of the Directory." "So far," he answered, "the two events resemble one another. Each was a military attack on the Legislature by the Executive. But the Directors were the representatives of a party. The Councils and the greater part of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie were Royalists; the lower orders were Republican; the army was merely an instrument. It conquered, not for itself, but for the Republican party. The 18th Brumaire was nearer to

this; for that ended, as this has begun, in a military tyranny. But the 18th Brumaire was almost as much a civil as a military revolution. A majority in the Councils was with Buonaparte. Louis Napoleon had not a real friend in the Assembly. All the educated classes supported the 18th Brumaire; all the educated classes repudiate the 2nd December. Buonaparte's consular chair was sustained by all the *élite* of France; this man cannot obtain a decent supporter. Montalembert, Baroche, and Fould—an Ultramontane, a country lawyer, and a Jewish banker—are his most respectable associates. For a real parallel you must go back 1,800 years."

I said "that some persons, for whose judgment I had the highest respect, seemed to treat it as a contest between two conspirators, the Assembly and the President, and to think the difference between his conduct and theirs to be, that he struck first." "This," said Tocqueville, "I utterly deny. He indeed began to conspire from December 10, 1848. His direct instructions to Oudinet and his letter to Ney, only a few months after his election, showed his determination not to submit to parliamentary government. Then followed his dismissal of Ministry after Ministry, until he had degraded the office to a clerkship. Then came the semi-regal progress, then the reviews of Satory, the encouragement of treasonable cries, the selection for all the high appointments in the army of Paris of men whose infamous character fitted them to be tools. Then he publicly insulted the Assembly at Dijon, and at last, in October, we knew that his plans were laid. It was then only that we began to think what were our means of defence; but that was no more a conspiracy than it is a conspiracy in travellers to look for their pistols when they see a band of robbers advancing. M. Baze's proposition was absurd only because it was impracticable. It was a precaution against imminent danger, but if it had been voted it could not have been executed. The army had already been so corrupted that it would have disregarded the orders of the Assembly. I have often talked over our situation with Lamoricière and my other military friends. We saw what was coming as clearly as we now look back to it, but we had no means of preventing it."

"And how long," I asked, "will this tyranny last?"

"It will last," he answered, "until it is unpopular with the mass of the people. At present the disapprobation is confined to the educated classes. We cannot bear to be deprived of the power of speaking or of writing. We cannot bear that the fate of France should depend on the selfishness, or the vanity, or the fears, or the caprice of one man, a foreigner by race and by education, and on a set of military ruffians and of infamous civilians, fit only to have formed the staff and the Privy Council of Catiline. We cannot bear that the people which carried the torch of liberty through Europe should now be employed in quenching all its lights. But these are not the feelings of the multitude. Their insane fear of socialism throws them headlong into the arms of despotism. As in Prussia, as in Hungary, as in Austria, as in Italy, so in France the Democrats have served the cause of the Absolutists. May, 1852, was a spectre constantly swelling as it drew nearer. But now that the weakness of the Red party has been proved, now that 10,000 of those who are supposed to be its most active members are to be sent to die of hunger and marsh fever in Cayenne, the people will regret the price at which their visionary enemy has been put down. Thirty-seven years of liberty have made a free press and free parliamentary discussion necessities of life to us. If Louis Napoleon refuses them he will be execrated as a tyrant. If he grants them they must destroy him. We always criticize our rulers severely, often unfairly. It is impossible that so rash and wrong-headed a man, surrounded, and always wishing to be surrounded, by men whose infamous character is their recommendation to him, should not commit blunders and follies without end. They will be exposed, perhaps exaggerated, by the press and from the tribune. As soon as he is discredited

the army will turn against him. It sympathizes with the people, from which it has recently been separated, and to which it is soon to return. It will never support an unpopular despot. I have no fears, therefore, for the ultimate destinies of my country.⁹

DR. PUSEY ON THE MINOR PROPHETS.

The Minor Prophets. With a Commentary, Explanatory and Practical, and Introductions to the several books. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church. Oxford, Cambridge, and London: Parker, Rivingtons, &c. Four parts. Hosea—Nahum. 1866—1871.

Many of those to whom Dr. Pusey's controversial writings have given pain—not because they were controversial, but from a certain manner and spirit which characterized their controversy—will be glad to meet him on ground which is in a peculiar manner his own, and from which it would have been well if he had never strayed. He has qualifications rivalled by none in his own Communion for the task of an expositor of the Hebrew prophets—a large acquaintance with the ancient commentaries, a sufficient knowledge of the languages cognate to Hebrew, and an industry which has placed at his command whatever is worthy of attention in modern research and modern criticism. We may be quite sure that Dr. Pusey has spared no pains to master all that is really valuable even among his enemies the German rationalists, on whose part we see complaints made in some criticisms on his work as if he had not always treated them quite fairly. That there has never been anything unconsciously unfair in his dealing with them is more than we can be prepared to say, especially as we believe that there are certain persons whose minds are so constituted as never to be quite capable of seizing the view of an adversary. But we have every reason for hoping that the nature of the case here has excluded the chance of that kind of mistake as to the meaning of an author or a text which was so natural in a controversialist approaching the Catholic system from without, and judging of its details and of their bearing upon one another and upon the children of the system itself from his own preconceived notions, without any communication with sources from which certain explanations might have been derived. The German critics upon the Old Testament are mainly wrong in certain principles of interpretation and judgment which cannot stand for a moment when weighed in the balance of Christian truth. No doubt, they may sometimes be accused of having clung to a particular interpretation or adopted a particular decision out of deference to utterly unfounded rules, such as that which denies the possibility of true prophecy or of miracles, when they may really have been guided by some more sane principle. The mistake will then have been one of detail only: and we are satisfied that the present publication, like his work on Daniel, which has also been complained of as frequently unfair, will give Dr. Pusey the high position which a writer who has been so long the Hebrew Professor at Oxford might be expected to take, among the long roll of Anglican commentators who have rendered very considerable services in the field of Scriptural Exegesis.

The form of these four parts is somewhat clumsy, reminding one of

the large quarto Anglican Bibles with D'Oyly and Mant's notes, which are now, we suppose, on the way to be superseded by far more respectable works, such as the *Speaker's Commentary*, and that of which the book before us forms a portion. It would have been well, we think, if Dr. Pusey had adopted the more convenient form of the *Speaker's Commentary*. His commentary on the Minor Prophets has got about half way through, having reached the end of the prophet Nahum. A copious Introduction is prefixed to the book of each prophet, and leaves little to be desired on historical and antiquarian grounds. The text which follows is illustrated with a profusion of notes, which often occupy nearly the whole of the page. The work, when completed, will be by far the best commentary on the Minor Prophets within the reach of English readers, and it will enable them to understand some of the most obscure parts of the Old Testament to a degree which will, we think, surprize them. The later history of the chosen people of God is interwoven with that of the prophets, who rose up among them from time to time, and for a considerable period in an unbroken chain, with a special mission of their own, not, as has been foolishly said, in opposition to the appointed priesthood and hierarchy at Jerusalem, but rather parallel and supplementary to the office of the ordinary teachers and authorities, as the great Saints of the Catholic Church, century after century, rise up to found new religious orders or to meet in other ways the special needs of each generation. We can never have a full idea of the manner in which God dealt with His chosen people until we understand the office of the Prophets, and the manner in which it was discharged. Moreover, few things are more remarkable than the way in which they witnessed to the fact declared afterwards by St. Paul, that God was not only the God of the Jews, but of the Gentiles also. They very frequently, indeed, as in the notable instances of Jonas and Abdias (Obadiah) had to address themselves mainly, at least on the particular occasions which are recorded or illustrated by their works, to nations other than the Israelites, and the whole scheme of God's dealings with all the nations of the world, as well as with the twelve tribes, must be gathered very principally from the prophetic books.

STORIES OF IRELAND.

1. *The Bardic Stories of Ireland*. By Patrick Kennedy, author of *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, &c. Simpkin and Marshall, 1871.
2. *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. By William Carleton. New edition. Tegg.

We have more than once had occasion to acknowledge Mr. Kennedy's contributions to the legendary lore of Ireland, connecting his tales also with the various myths of the Aryan nations; and we now gladly welcome another volume of what may be called the folk lore of Ireland, as it would have been sung or rhymed by scalds or bards. It has been well said that the Celtic race lives in the past, and dwells with passionate regret upon its own departed greatness or renown. This is equally observable with the Scotch and Welsh as with the Irish, and this characteristic lends an intrinsic sadness and deep pathos to the tales and music of the three peoples. There is, however, the richest

intermixture of fun in the Irish strand of the cord, which distinguishes it at once from the two kindred races; and it is this intermixture which so essentially popularizes the Irish legendary tales. The delightful way in which shreds of history, actual chronology, barefaced fiction, and impossible geography are all kneaded up in them, and presented with the same assurance; how the wicker boats coming from Asia found a channel of water cutting Europe asunder where Poland now is; how the adventurers successfully steered from Ireland to its nextdoor neighbours Greece and Spain, or view the coasts of each from one another with prehistoric telescopes—make the text of what is really very slight matter most amusing reading. The Kerry men, for instance, must certainly feel some special glow of heroic pride of ancient descent on learning that Parrolaun landed in the Kenmare river straight from Greece only three hundred years after the Flood. Still more amusing is the account of the "Fight of the Southern Moytura," where the first mention is made of the Lia Fail, or "Stone of Destiny," which was brought with a magic spear, sword, and cauldron from Scandinavia. But, as Mr. Kennedy quaintly observes, "everything about our early ancestors was marvellous."

The prettiest story in Mr. Kennedy's volume is, we think, the "Four Swans," with its genuine Aryan framework of the stepmother's hatred of the four stepchildren, and changing them into swans with a charmed twig. The father's name, also traditional, is Lear, or Lhir. The eldest girl, Fionula, as in the Hindoo tales, protests and advises her three brothers, and prevents her father from giving way to despair.

For thirty years [she says], we must inhabit this lough, and then for many a weary century we are doomed to the cold and stormy waters of Moyle, that separate the northern part of this land from the great island of Britan Maol. We are lost to wander on the wild and fierce waters of the West, and not expect deliverance till the sweet bells of a holy messenger of Heaven, shall frighten away all evil powers from "Inis na Gloire" in the heart of the country of the Fírbolgs. In our sorrows and sufferings pitying Heaven has given such a charm to our voices that while we sing no listener can feel or remember his sorrows. . . . They began to sing, and all that were in hearing, Lear and his train, lay down on the banks and continued through the quiet starry night in one ecstasy of transport.

For thirty years this consolation lasted, and then, as Fionula had said, the day came for the swans to be exiled to the north. They mournfully bewailed their fate in pathetic cries, and repeated, "We go to return no more! Dear hapless parent, you shall never look on us, nor we on you, till blessed Patrick of the bells and psalms comes to deliver our country from the dominion of demons. May you be comforted! We return no more!" In their miserable existence near "the giant pillars of the northern coasts," Fionula was her brothers' comfort and joy: "When they were scattered by storms, when their feathers were torn off, and their limbs left bleeding from rocks and ice, still would poor Fionula gather them to her side, shelter them with her wings, and utter her sweetest songs for their comfort." After a very pretty, suggestive passage of the flight of the sorrowful-hearted human-souled swans over the woods and lakes and rath where they once lived happily at home, but where now their father had for centuries lain in his grave, and the Spanish "Golav" had extinguished the brave early Danaan race, they

passed the western isles and rested on the stormy waves of the "world's rim" (Atlantic), and had come to Innis na Gloire, off Erris, when suddenly, through the pitchy darkness, light flashed from the shore, and the music of silvery bells smote their ears. Their weary wanderings and pains were over at last, and filled with joy, they swam to the shore, where they found a Priest before the altar on which stood the Cross, singing hymns, with a number of children around him. The four swans took up the strain, and amazed every one by the beauty of their songs.

They were instructed, and in spite of their shape, were about to be baptized, when the Queen of Conacht (Connaught) desired her messengers to seize upon and send her the wonderful swans. In spite of the Priest's remonstrances they were accordingly seized, when suddenly three aged men and a woman lay upon the flags covered with garments of down. They were quickly baptized, and immediately Fionula and her brothers departed to their well earned rest. So famous is this beautiful legend of the sufferings and patience of Lear's children, that it is one of the *Tri Triugha*, or "Three Sorrows," of Irish bardic story.

Some of these legends show certain long established national qualities, as in the "Disputed Claymore," where the Tara noble, Duibhnean, for an attempted theft of the wonderful sword, was degraded "to hold henceforth the craftsman's tool," or implement of the labourer. In this legend the dress of King Cormac is given from the Book of Ballymote, and brings exactly before us the old Irish monarch in his copelike cloak with the *morse* or clasp, his jewelled girdle, golden neck-torque, and gilded sandals.

In others we trace the old Pagan myths, told with the northern additions of greater marvel and pathos, as in the "Fortunes of Diarmuidh and Grainne," in which Diarmuidh is slain by the enchanted boar, and refused the water of life by the vengeful Fionn. The stories of Venus and Adonis and Lycidas are both kindred to the tale of Diarmuidh's death, which is beautifully told by Mr. Kennedy. The Marquis of Lorne claims Diarmuidh as his ancestor. The "*Amadhān Mor*," or Big Fool, is an amusing version of the old Aryan tales showing the victory of the foolish, maimed, or weak, when faithful and good, over the crafty and strong. In short, here are in this little volume tales heathen and Christian, sad and merry, to suit all ages and tastes.

No surprise can be felt at the appearance of a new edition of Carleton's vivid and inimitable tales. It is a pity that the present volume, published by Mr. Tegg, is both cumbrous to hold and blinding to the eyes. In the Introduction there are many things worthy of careful note, and as Mr. Carleton justly says that he has taken pains to give a panorama of the Irish character—the bright shades as well as the dark, the admirable qualities of faith and faithfulness, as well as the darker ones of crime, his stories must be read not so much as fictions as a truthful record of the characteristics of his countrymen. Scarcely anything could be added to the force of the following passage—

I know that it is a very questionable defence to say that some, if not principally all, of their crimes originate in agrarian or political vengeance. Indeed, I believe that, so far from this circumstance being looked upon as a defence, it ought to be considered as an aggravation of the guilt; inasmuch as it is, beyond all doubt, at least a far more manly thing to inflict an injury

upon an enemy face to face, and under the influence of immediate resentment, than to crouch like a cowardly assassin behind a hedge and coolly murder him without one moment's preparation, or any means whatsoever of defence. This is a description of crime which no man with one drop of generous blood in his veins can think of without shame and indignation. Unhappily, however, for the security of human life, every crime of the kind results more from the dark tyranny of these secret confederacies, by which the lower classes are organized, than from any natural appetite for shedding blood. Individually, the Irish loathe murder as much as any people in the world; but in the circumstances before us, it often happens that the Irishman is not a free agent,—very far from it: on the contrary, he is frequently made the instrument of a system, to which he must become either an obedient slave, or a victim (General Introduction, p. 13).

In the "Geography of an Irish Oath," which is full of the richest details of Irish character, nothing can be better told than the story of Peter and Ellish Connell and Peter's oath against "the drink." The married life of the pair, the wife's death, the husband's mingled genuine grief and drunken absurdities, the kindly wiles of the Priest to win him back to a sober life, and poor Peter's hopeless struggles and end, make up a complete epitome of Irish life.

But Paddy! Put *him* forward to prove an *alibi* for his fourteenth or fifteenth cousin, and you will be gratified by the pomp, pride, and circumstance of true swearing. Every oath with him is an epic—pure poetry, abounding with humour, pathos, and the highest order of invention and talent. He is not at ease, it is true, under *facts*; there is something too common-place in dealing with them, which his genius scorns. But his flights—his flights are beautiful; and his episodes admirable and happy. In fact, he is an *improvisatore* at oath-taking; with this difference, that his *extempore* oaths possess all the ease and correctness of labour and design (p. 361).

Some of the most exquisite touches of Irish life are given in the "Poor Scholar," in which the Priest's inimitable but broadly caricatured sermon is directed as a powerful engine for getting together the supplies needed for the "Scholars'" College course. With this quotation we must conclude a notice which could be extended to a far greater length.

When the night was nearly half spent, the mother took a candle and privately withdrew to the room in which the boy slept. The youth was fair, and interesting to look upon—the clustering locks of his white forehead were divided; yet there was on his otherwise open brow, a shade of sorrow, produced by the coming separation, which even sleep could not efface. The mother held the candle gently towards his face, shading it with one hand, lest the light might suddenly awake him; she then surveyed his features long and affectionately, whilst the tears fell in showers from her cheeks.

"There you lie," she softly sobbed out, in Irish, "the sweet pulse of your mother's heart; the flower of our flock, the pride of our eyes, and the music of our heart! Jimmy, avourneen machree, an' how can I part wid you, my darlin' son! Sure, when I look at your mild face, and think that you're takin' the world on your head to *rise* us out of our poverty, isn't my heart brakin'! A lonely house we'll have afther you, acushla! Goin' out and comin' in, at home or abroad, your voice won't be in my ears, nor your eye smilin' upon me; An' thin to think of what you may suffer in a strange land! hunger, sickness, and sorrow may come upon you *when you'll be far from your own, an' from them that loves you!*"

This melancholy picture was too much for the tenderness of the mother; she sat down beside the bed, rested her face on her open hand, and wept in

subdued but bitter grief. At this moment his father, who probably suspected the cause of her absence, came in and perceived her distress.

"Vara," said he, in Irish also, "is my darlin' son asleep?"

She looked up, with streaming eyes, as he spoke, and replied to him in a manner so exquisitely affecting, when the circumstances of the boy, and the tender allusion made by the sorrowing mother, are considered—that in point of fact no heart—certainly no Irish heart—could withstand it. There is an old Irish melody unsurpassed in pathos, simplicity, and beauty—named in Irish "*Tha ma mackulla 's na foscail me*,"—or in English, "I am asleep, and don't waken me." The position of the boy caused the recollection of the old melody to flash into the mother's heart,—she simply pointed to him as the words streamed in a low melodious murmur, but one full of heartrending sorrow, from her lips. The old sacred association—for it was one which she had sung for him a thousand times,—until warned to desist by his tears—deepened the tenderness of her heart, and she said with difficulty, whilst she involuntarily held over the candle to gratify the father's heart by a sight of him.

"I was keepin' him before my eye," she said; "God knows but it may be the last time we'll ever see him undher our own roof! Dominick, achora, I doubt I can't part wid him from my heart."

"Then how can I, Vara?" he replied. "Wasn't he my right hand in everything? When was he from me, ever since he took a man's work upon him? And when he'd finish his own task for the day, how kindly he'd begin an' help me wid mine! No, Vara, it goes to my heart to let him go away upon sich a plan, and I wish he hadn't taken the notion into his head at all."

"It's not too late, maybe," replied his mother: "I think it wouldn't be hard to put him off of it; the crathur's own heart is failin' him to lave us. He has sorrow upon his face where he lies."

The father looked at the expression of affectionate melancholy which shaded his features as he slept; and the perception of the boy's internal struggle against his own domestic attachments in accomplishing his first determination, powerfully touched his heart.

"Vara," said he, "I know the boy—he won't give it up; and 'twould be a pity—maybe a sin—to put him from it. Let the child get fair play, and thry his coorse. If he fails, he can come back to us, an' our arms an' hearts will be open to welcome him! But, if God prospers him, wouldn't it be a blessin' that we never expected, to see him in the white robes, celebratin' one mass for his parents. If these ould eyes could see that, I would be continted to close them in pace an' happiness for ever."

"An' well you'd become them, avourneen machree! Well would your mild and handsome countenance look wid the long heavenly stole of innocence upon you! and although it's atin' into my heart, I'll bear it for the sake of seein' the same blessed sight. Look at that face, Dominick; mightn't many a lord of the land be proud to have sich a son? May the heavens shower down its blessin' upon him!"

The father burst into tears. "It is—it is!" said he. "It is the face that 'ud make many a noble heart proud to look at it! Is it any wonder it 'ud cut *our* hearts, thin, to have it taken from afore our eyes? Come away, Vara, come away, or I'll not be able to part wid it. It *is* the lovely face—an' kind is the heart of my darlin' child!" As he spoke, he stooped down and kissed the youth's cheek, on which the warm tears of affection fell, soft as the dew from heaven. The mother followed his example, and they both left the room.

"We must bear it," said Dominick, as they passed into another apartment; "the money's gathered, an' it wouldn't look well to be goin' back wid it to them that befrinded us. *We'd* have the blush upon our face for it, an' the child no advantage."

"Thrue for you, Dominick; and we must make up our minds to live widout him for a while."

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At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—"It's right," said he, "that we should all go to our knees, and join in a Rosary in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intintion. He won't thrive the worse becase the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endayvours."

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending. When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, craved humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education (pp. 579—581).

VON SYBEL'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.

History of the French Revolution. By H. Von Sybel. Translated by W. C. Perry, M.A. Four vols. London: Murray, 1867—9.

It is hardly to be expected that the French Revolution will soon lose the attraction which it has so long exercised over the historical students of Europe. The events of our own time have indeed been great and even portentous, and we are as yet but on the eve, perhaps, of changes more striking and more fundamental than any that we or our fathers have seen. But the Europe of the present day is still the child of the Great Revolution; nor will it ever have true peace and resume its onward path in the way of progressive civilization until it has learnt the real character of the idols which it has worshipped—with some amount of fear and trembling, certainly,—ever since they were set up for its adoration by the French nation in 1789. We may add, that a good history of the Revolution does not as yet exist. We have plenty of clever pictures of its scenes, plenty of collected documents which explain its more intricate phases and its more secret history, and a certain amount of acquaintance with its external phenomena is the necessary possession of every one who pretends to education and culture. But it is not the less true that we have no good history of the French Revolution: no book that lays bare its long preparation under the absolutism and profligacy of Louis the Fourteenth and his successors, no book that does justice to the good intentions, noble efforts, and generous sacrifices of the higher and better portion of French society before it began and at its outset, no book which explains the very great and very fatal influence of the Jansenist element in the Assembly, and how very large a share in the final excesses and catastrophes is to be attributed to the mismanagement of religious questions. Other heads

might also be named as to which our present histories are defective and unfair, defective from want of materials or want of appreciation of the importance of particular considerations, or unfair from national or religious prejudice. There is also a need for a good history which would give us a fuller account than we as yet possess of the reception of the Revolution in Europe, of the attitude assumed by the various Courts, and the policy of the several countries which made up what was still in those days called Christendom, towards the new power which had sprung up in full life and strength in the midst of them.

The work named at the head of this article is intended to supply this last want. It is above everything else, a history of the French Revolution in its European aspect, and of the policy pursued towards it by the several Courts. It gives us a much fuller narrative of the contemporary history, especially as to Germany, Russia, and Poland, than any former work on the same subject. Even as to affairs in France itself, the author claims to have had access to documents which had not been used by his predecessors. Moreover, every year produces a certain number of new publications, official or private, which throw fresh light upon some scenes or some characters of the period of the Revolution. But our author's peculiar advantage has been the access permitted to him to the rich Government archives of most of the German Courts—Austria is the chief exception—and he has been able also to make use of treasures of the same sort at Naples and in London. Altogether, he comes before us with great claims on our attention, because he has had unusual opportunities, and has availed himself of them with much industry. His history is too important a publication, and is based upon too large a foundation of documents and researches, not to do a great deal of good or a great deal of harm, according to the use which he has made of so vast an assortment of materials.

Unfortunately, however, Professor Von Sybel belongs to a particular political school in Germany, and his book is written in accordance with the views of that school, and with a determined purpose to make the facts of the past square with them. Hardly any recent book can be named which more thoroughly embodies the principles of what goes by the name of the Gotha or *Kleindeutsche* party. This name was given to the party from the fact that its members have adopted, in reference to the German question, the programme of those members of the Frankfort Assembly of 1848, who, in 1849, at Gotha, supported the proposal for a Union of the German States under the leadership of Prussia to the exclusion of Austria. When a prominent member of this party sets himself to write history in accordance with its views, his tendency naturally is to exalt Prussia and degrade Austria. We may add that most of the members of this party are Protestants, and that, therefore, Catholicism cannot expect to meet with much favour at their hands.

The very erudite work before us suffers very much from the unfortunate prejudices of its writer. It ought, as we have hinted, to be a very good history indeed—and so it might have been, but for the fact on which we are dwelling. The first volume takes us down to the crisis of the 10th of August, the real end of the Monarchy, and about a third of it is given to European history in connection with that of France. The second volume, which may be said to be chiefly European in its history, carries us on to the second partition of Poland and the recovery of Belgium by

Austria in 1793. The other two volumes give us quite as large a proportion of general history, and at their close we only find ourselves in 1795, at the demise of the French Convention and the first appearance of Napoleon Buonaparte with his "whiff of grape-shot." This slight sketch is enough to show that if Professor Von Sybel writes German and European history with a bias and an object, he has abundance of opportunity of indulging his own views in the history called after the French Revolution. It is very strange if we have to say that the best parts of his work are those in which he has had fewer peculiar advantages, and which are less special in their character as distinguishing the book from other histories of the same period. But this is true, nevertheless. The French chapters are throughout much better than the German chapters, because they do not so much reflect the author's own strong prejudices.

These prejudices fasten upon a number of objects. First we may place anything "feudal"—which Professor Von Sybel considers as dividing class from class, and enriching the privileged orders at the expense of the oppressed. Again, the author is full of bitterness against the Church. He is even inconsistent with himself here, for he describes the French clergy before the Revolution as degenerate, while elsewhere he cannot help doing homage to the noble refusal of the clergy to take the Constitutional oath, and their patience under the subsequent persecution. He speaks, again, in strong language of the oppressed state of the peasantry, and then tells us that the Church was the only body which, in this miserable state of things, showed any spirit. Some of his charges against the Church are not even based on any alleged facts—from which we may gather that Professor Von Sybel is by no means one of the most enlightened and moderate of Protestants. Austria comes in for a large share of his hatred, along with the feudal system and the Catholic Church. In all that refers to the relations and conduct of Prussia to Austria, the history is nothing better than the special pleading of a partisan, and we may cite as justifying this censure all that he has written as to the destruction of Poland, the first revolutionary war, and the separation of Prussia from Austria by the treaty of Basle—a separation which came to be fully appreciated at Berlin in 1806 after Jena and Auerstadt. The whole treatment of this part of history by Professor Von Sybel gives us the uncomfortable feeling, unfortunately confirmed by many other passages in the work, that the Gotha school does not contend very heartily for the observation of the moral law of right and wrong in matters of politics. Prussia's conduct on the first partition of Poland is defended, for instance, on the ground of the duty of keeping war off German soil. Louis the Sixteenth is censured for allowing his conscience to interfere in the consideration of measures of State, and Frederick William the Second is blamed for refusing to annex Dantzic and Thorn while they *de facto* and *de jure* belonged to Poland. Later on, the responsibility of the second partition of Poland is thrown on Austria, because she refused to violate the treaty which she had just made with Russia, in which the complete integrity of Poland was guaranteed!

On the whole, then, we must frankly say that if any one desires to find at last a full and impartial account of the conduct of the several European States at the crisis of the French Revolution, he must look for it somewhere else than in the pages of Professor Von Sybel. He has

had very great opportunities, and he has used them industriously: but he has added another name to the long list of modern historians whose opportunities and whose industry have been mischievously used, because they have not been used with fairness and impartiality.

ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

England in the Reign of Henry the Eighth. A Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and Thomas Lupset, Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford. By James Starkey, Chaplain to the King. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by J. M. Cowper.

We have already had occasion to notice the books of the "Early English Text Society," and need hardly say how welcome such publications must be, if the works are judiciously selected and intelligently and fairly edited. The volume now before us is chiefly worth notice as confirming a sketch of the evils and abuses of the period, given by Sir Thomas More in the *Utopia*. There is some attraction in the quaintness of style, which is quite a study of the transition of language, whilst it is not so far removed from that of our own time as to be difficult reading. The plan of the book is an imaginary Dialogue between Cardinal Pole and a Thomas Lupset, supposed to be Lecturer in Rhetoric at Oxford. However, it is certain that the student of Ecclesiastical History would find at least some difficulty in recognizing Cardinal Pole by the opinions here placed to his credit. The author, Thomas Starkey, Chaplain to the King, was clearly well adapted to an office under such a master; his mind was evidently leavened with those un-Catholic views which at that period prevailed among many still declaring themselves Catholics, and which ultimately led to separation from the Church. We cannot fail to be struck by the shrewdness of Starkey in foisting upon Cardinal Pole his own anti-Catholic theories, while Lupset is so weak an opponent that, like a ninepin, he seems only placed there to be knocked down.

Giving Starkey credit for greater fairness in political than in controversial matters, we shall find here a lively enough picture of various abuses, which were rapidly leading to great misery. The conversation opens by Lupset pressing upon Cardinal Pole's notice the troubles and difficulties of the times, using a judicious mixture of flattery and reproach in urging upon him the duty of considering these grievances and their remedy. Of course these philosophers go back to first principles, and spend some time in agreeing together upon the position of man as a relative being. They acknowledge that abuses creep in owing to the malice of man, and the larger part of the book is taken up in enumerating them. The second part contains some propositions for the cure of all these woes, though approval of the measures suggested would entirely depend on the political bias of those to whom they might be submitted.

In attempting to open the discussion, Lupset alludes to the opportune occasion under the Ruling Prince for fearless search after justice, since, he says,

There never was Prince reigning in this realm which had more fervent love to the wealth of his subjects than hath he; there was never King in any country which bare greater zeal to the administration of justice and setting forth of equity and right than doth he. (!)

This view of the case seems soothing to the mind of the imaginary Pole, who thereupon speedily plunges into the discussion. Having come to an understanding as to what the public good "should be," the two friends begin to search diligently into its disorders, though Lupset pithily observes, "Much easier it is to spy out two faults than amend one." However, the necessity of reform is clear, and Lupset gives a sad picture of the state of England, thus—

Who can be so blind or obstinate to deny the great decay, faults, and misorders of our commonwealth; either when he looketh upon our cities, castles, and towns, of late days ruined and fallen down, with such poor inhabitants dwelling therein; or when he looketh upon the ground, so rude and so waste, which by diligence of people hath been before time occupied and tilled, and might be yet again brought to some better profit and use; or yet above all, when he looketh into the manners of our people and order of living, which is as far distant from good and perfect civility as good from ill, and vice from virtue and all honesty.*

Pole considers that the falling off in prosperity may be traced to the great lack of people, and that the alleged scarceness of food "no thing proveth over great number of people, but rather the great negligence of those which we have." A spirit of discord among the various classes, and the extortions of those in authority, are naturally among the causes of complaint; the Clergy get an ample share of blame, but this excites less surprise, since the state of Lawyers, Judges, and Princes, is declared so utterly corrupt that bribery is the only argument of any weight. But we must add, that in addition to this criticism of the lawyers, who are represented as causing much of the mischief by their covetousness, the Law itself is also declared to be partly in fault, because it is "over confuse. It is infinite, and without order or end. There is no stable ground therein, nor sure stay." Another subject on which Pole seems moved to descant is the errors that prevail in regard to "Learning," but here courage fails him, for both in the Universities and Grammar Schools, he perceives evils that would require "each a whole book to set forth," and we are consequently referred to one, written by the Bishop of Carpentras.

At last we are brought face to face with a practical difficulty, and one which might in itself explain a great proportion of the poverty—namely, a neglect of tillage, owing to an extravagant mania for the production of wool; all other occupations were laid aside, and due cultivation of the land neglected, for the purpose of breeding sheep, because of the high price which just then wool fetched in exportation. The completion of the picture drawn above is a truly sorrowful one—

If ye look to the villages of the country throughout this land, of them you shall find no small number utterly decayed, and there, where as before time hath been nourished much good and Christian people, now you shall find no thing maintained but wild and brute beasts; and there, where hath been many houses and Churches to the honour of God, now you shall find no thing but sheepcots and stables to the ruin of man; and this not in one place or two, but generally throughout this realm.

This mention of sheepcots leads us to the second division of the subject and the one of most actual importance, namely, the injury done

* In this and other quotations, we give the phraseology of the period, merely altering the spelling.

to the land by the preponderance of sheep farms and enclosures, but in giving full weight to this grievance, we must remember that each period of history seems loaded with its special grievance, and that the day may come when some of what are now our pet schemes will be pointed at as the origin of our discomfiture—the source of our deterioration. Still, a trouble at the time is none the less real because its cause is unperceived, and the shortsighted eagerness for gain brought its own punishment in the rapid increase of destitution among the many, in spite of the opulence among the few. We cannot be surprised if theft and crime should frequently appear hand in hand with extreme poverty.

The remedy naturally suggested here is a strict regulation regarding exports and imports, while the above mentioned idleness and "negligence of the people" may, it is anticipated, be checked by the appointment of "officers in every town, who shall see that there be no idle persons without craft or mean to get their living;" and these officers shall be as the Censors were in the old time at Rome, "which shall see to the Masters, as well as to the number and substance of the people."

The subject, perhaps, which is most fully discussed in this book is the law of primogeniture; and it is one that, even in these days, possesses considerable interest, for it has never been settled to the complete satisfaction of younger sons, although we have arrived at a certain routine in the matter. This question is broached with some boldness, by Pole declaring that even Kings should not succeed to the throne "unless worthy;" and when Lupset implores him to beware of treason, he defends himself by the argument that Princes should be chosen by their virtues, and that, in times past, many evils had arisen from the bad government of Kings whose right to govern was derived from succession alone. At first, Lupset puts forth such objections as shall enable the impersonator of Pole to express his views more clearly, and to achieve a complete triumph over Lupset, who, in his rôle of ninepin, is of course knocked down, and rather easily so, when we consider the loyalty he had expressed for his Sovereign in the person of Henry the Eighth. Spite of theories, however, the rule of Succession is pronounced safer at that particular time, "for the avoiding of all discord, debate, and confusion."

The next branch of this subject is naturally that of private succession, which Pole declares equally to need amendment. While he blames the practice of giving all to the elder son, he does not, on the other hand, advocate that the Patrimony should be strictly divided between all the sons in each family, for he yields to Lupset, that the elder sons of nobles should have large successions, because it gives them authority over the lower orders, who need "some heads and governors to control them." Yet he goes on to say—

How be it, some provision for the second brethren by the order of law also should be had, and not to leave them bare to the only courtesy of their eldest brother.

He objects to any preference for the elder brother, except in the instance quoted above, holding that—

To admit the same commonly among all gentlemen of mean sort, whatsoever they be, is not tolerable, for this bringeth among the multitude over great inequality, which is the occasion of dissension and debate.

Lupset suggests that the plan is somewhat fairer in France, Flanders, and Italy, where the second brother has also some castle or town appointed to him; but he confesses that, upon the whole, the practice of entailing property is injurious to the general welfare of the people. Some of the lesser evils arising from the present system are next discussed; but towards the close of the work, where a scheme is propounded for a new state of things altogether (literally a *Utopia*), the provision for younger sons is again brought forward by Pole, who declares—

That younger brethren should have a certain portion deputed out of the whole inheritance, either by the Will of the Father, or else, if he died intestate, by an officer appointed thereto; for it is against reason and the order of Nature that the eldest brother should have all, and the rest none at all.

Many pages are dedicated to showing up the tardiness and tyranny of the Law; but there are some very reasonable strictures on the severity of punishments in criminal cases. Lupset hints there should be still greater punishment, since that which existed failed to prevent disorders. This elicits from Pole the expression of a truth which, however, was destined to lie dormant many years before it could find its way to the intelligence and the hearts of English legislators. We give the whole sentence upon this question of hanging for theft—

Sir, yet me think a just moderation were to be had therein; for though it be so that the offence be great against the common weal, yet when it is done upon great necessity, and without murder, and at the first time especially, better it were to find some way how the man might be brought to better order and frame; for by and bye to hang him up is, without fail, over strait and too much severity. When it is done without respect, especially considering that it availeth not, also, to the repressing of the fault, as, by long time and many years, we have had proof sufficient.

It is remarkable that, in spite of many criticisms upon the teaching and practices of the Church, these two politicians are represented in all simplicity as hearing a Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost as a preparation for their study of reform. We do not forget that they are imaginary characters, but we conclude that this episode slipped almost unawares from the pen of Starkey, who, in the spirit which was gaining ground, might think it fine to criticize the Holy Sacrifice as a "mumbling up of words no thing understood," and yet could not even imagine any serious project being undertaken without first offering up this same Sacrifice of the Mass to obtain a blessing.

Notices.

1. THE Archbishop of Westminster has published two series of Lectures, the *Four Great Evils of the Day*, and the *Fourfold Sovereignty of God* (Burns and Oates). The latter series is supplementary to the former, as setting forth the positive truths with regard to man's duty to God, from a knowledge of which duties the character of his revolt against God depends. Removed as publications of this sort are from the sphere of Catholic criticism, we shall venture to make a single remark upon them. Few writers or preachers of the day, even among Catholics, are more generally considered as rating the claims of Ecclesiastical authority or the duties of the strictest orthodoxy more highly than Archbishop Manning. Is this a piece of ecclesiastical pedantry, or sacerdotal infatuation, or anything of the kind? The thoughtful Protestant who turns over the pages before us will easily be able to answer. The Four great evils of the day, Dr. Manning will tell him, are the revolt of the intellect, of the will, of society, against God, and the spirit of Antichrist. The fourfold sovereignty of God against which there is revolt, is His sovereignty over man's intellect and will, over society, and over the course of the world. If there are such things as theological subtleties, or ecclesiastical assumptions of tyranny, or the punctilios of red tapists, and the like, in the Church, there is certainly little enough of such things here. The state of the world is far too serious to admit of trifling or pettiness on the part of those who are on the side of right. We believe that the rights and the dangers on which Dr. Manning dwells are acknowledged as such by all philosophical minds outside the Church as well as within it, and that there is not a claim or a warning set forth in these pages as to which all such might not heartily agree.—2. Catholic Scotland seems determined to do honour to those to whom she owes, under God, the preservation of religion during the dreary time of the last centuries. Dr. Gordon's *Scotchironicon* is a really solid work, and we have now to acknowledge the exceedingly handsome reprint of *Bishop Hay's Works* (Blackwood), under the direction of Bishop Strain. It is really a monument worthy of Bishop Hay. His works are far too well known to need particular eulogy here, but their intrinsic value will of course preserve this beautiful publication from being merely a monument.—3. The Abbé Lagrange, author of the exquisite *Vie de Ste. Paule*, with which our readers are probably familiar, has enhanced our obligations to him as an author by a very good French translation of some *Lettres Choisies de St. Ferome*. The translation is a scholarlike as well as an edifying work, with the Latin text at the bottom of the page, and short notes introducing the letters as far as is necessary. We announce elsewhere an intended reprint

of an old English translation of these celebrated letters, the manly vigorous spirit of which may well seem required to reanimate the somewhat petty and cowardly religiousness which has crept in here and there in our own time. We wish both French and English translators a multitude of readers, who may not be afraid of the severe and beautiful piety recommended by St. Jerome.—4. The Rev. J. O'Reilly's *Martyrs of the Coliseum* (Burns and Oates) is one of those books which, when they appear, fill us with wonder why they were not written before. After all, the history of martyrdoms in the Flavian Amphitheatre does not extend over a hopeless length of time, as it begins with Vespasian and ends with Honorius. The "first martyr" Mr. O'Reilly considers to have been the architect of the Coliseum himself, Gaudentius, and the last, the famous monk Telemachus, who put an end to the gladiatorial shows at the cost of his own life, rushing between the combatants as we might imagine, the author tells us, "a capuchin monk in the sackcloth and cord of St. Francis rushing on the stage of" a theatre "in London to reprove the indecent levities of the ballet." The writer has done his task very well, taking the old *Acta* as his guides and authorities.—5. There seems to be a rising desire to possess the beautiful spiritual works of Louis de Blois, commonly known as Blossius, in English. An English member of Parliament lately reprinted for private circulation a fine specimen of seventeenth century translation into English, the subject of which was the *Speculum Monachorum*, or *Mirror for Monks*. We believe this reprint will be soon published for the benefit of all readers. Father Bowden, also, has published a volume of modern translation from Blossius (Washbourne), containing the *Rule of the Spiritual Life*, the *Spiritual Mirror*, and the *String of Spiritual Jewels*. We are not informed whether the translation is from the Latin or from the French. Another translation of the *Manual of the Spiritual Life* (Hodges) has appeared—this is only from the French. Blossius is an author full of beauties, and we can argue nothing but good from the use of these works.—6. The length to which our articles and reviews has run in our present number forces us to be more brief in our notices of new books than we could wish. We must content ourselves with acknowledging the appearance of the continuation of the *Men and Women of the English Reformation* (Washbourne); the *Bells of the Sanctuary* (Burns and Oates)—the last number containing an interesting sketch of the late Archbishop of Paris; *One Hundred Pious Reflections from Alban Butler* (Washbourne); the *Truce of God*—an interesting mediæval sketch, by G. H. Miles (Kelly and Piet, Baltimore); the *Happiness of Heaven*, by a Father of the Society of Jesus (*ib.*); *Heaven Opened*, by the practice of frequent Confession and Communion, from the French of M. l'Abbé Favre (Washbourne); a new edition of our old favourite *Tyborne* (Burns and Oates); a well known *Manual of Instructions on Christian Doctrine* (*ib.*), and of the very excellent little prayerbook called the *Catholic's Vade Mecum* (*ib.*), and the second volume of the new "Ascetical Library"—Mumford's *Remembrance for the Living to pray for the Dead* (*ib.*).

Ode to Pius the Ninth.

(FOR MUSIC.)

I.

HAIL to our Pontiff! the brave, the undaunted!
Vainly his foes their false triumph have vaunted,
Vainly their banner of treason is flaunted,
Vainly the godless blaspheme in their hour.
God's own anointed their tongues are reviling,
Shrines of the Saints their foul hands are defiling,
Princes and peoples their craft is beguiling,
Pius unconquered defies all their power.

Viva! viva!

On God and our Lady relying,
Inspired with unwavering hope,
All the foes of our Father defying,
We will live, we will die for our Pope!

II.

Raise the bright Cross in whose power Saints have striven,
March with the watchword which Pius hath given,
Mighty his war cry, it echoes in heaven,

"Christ He will triumph, His Vicar shall reign!"

Fear has no share in our hearts' deep emotion,
Faith lights our path and love fires our devotion,
Waft it ye winds over land and o'er ocean,

Victory's hymn shall be chanted again,

Viva! viva!

On God and our Lady relying,
Inspired with unwavering hope,
All the foes of our Father defying,
We will live, we will die for our Pope!

III.

Lord God of battles! Thy right hand extend him,
Helper of Christians, sweet Mary! defend him,
Glorious St. Michael and Angels attend him!

Prosper for ever the fearless Pope King!

Thou, Blessed Peter, in Pius still reigning,
Proudly they boast that thy empire is waning:
Perish their pride! all their terrors disdaining,

Pius their *Requiem æternam* shall sing.

Viva! viva!

On God and our Lady relying,
Inspired with unwavering hope,
All the foes of our Father defying,
We will live, we will die for our Pope!



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Archbishop Manning on the Sovereignty of God.
Four Great Evils of the Day.
Lagrange's Lettres Choisies de St. Jerome.
Morris' Condition of Catholics under James I.
Hartwig's Subterranean World.
The Martyrs of the Coliseum. By J. O'Reilly.
Autobiography of Lord Brougham.
Balaustion's Adventure, by Robert Browning.
Fitzgerald's Account of the Kemble Family.
Senior's Journals kept in France and Italy.
Laufrey's History of Napoleon I.
Robinson's Sub-Tropical Garden.
The Coming Race.
Proctor's Light Science for Leisure Hours.
Morelet's Travels in Central America.
The Nile without a Dragoman, by F. Eden.
Tyndall's Hours of Exercise in the Alps.
The Songstresses of Scotland.
Father Genelli's Life of St. Ignatius of Loyola.
Military Resources of France and Prussia, by Col. Chesney and H. Reeve.
The Life of Hernando Cortes, by Arthur Helps.
My Experiences of the War between France and Germany, by A. Forbes.
A New Sea and an Old Land, by W. G. Hamley.
Impressions of Greece, by Sir Thomas Wyse.
A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young (Tragedian), by Rev. J. C. Young.
Next Generation, by John Francis Maguire, M.P.
Dr. Ullathorne's Catholic Hierarchy in England.
The Playground of Europe, by Leslie Stephen.
The Siege of Paris, by Hon. Captain Bingham.
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Maguire's Pontificate of Pius the Ninth.
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* * The New Catalogue will be ready at Christmas.

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[The Life will be in the main the work of Father Ribera, the Confessor of the Saint, whose biography has been taken by the Hollandists as the foundations of their labours on St. Teresa, and the Letters and autobiographical writings of the Saint will be inserted in their places.]

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DIALOGUES ON THE COUNCIL.

[This work will contain the completion of the *Dialogues of Lydney*, so as to form a popular exposition of the decisions of the Vatican Council.]

THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1871.

ARTICLES, &c. :—

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NOTICES.

ODE TO PIUS THE NINTH.

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